FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. X.—No. 5. NOVEMBER, 1880. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

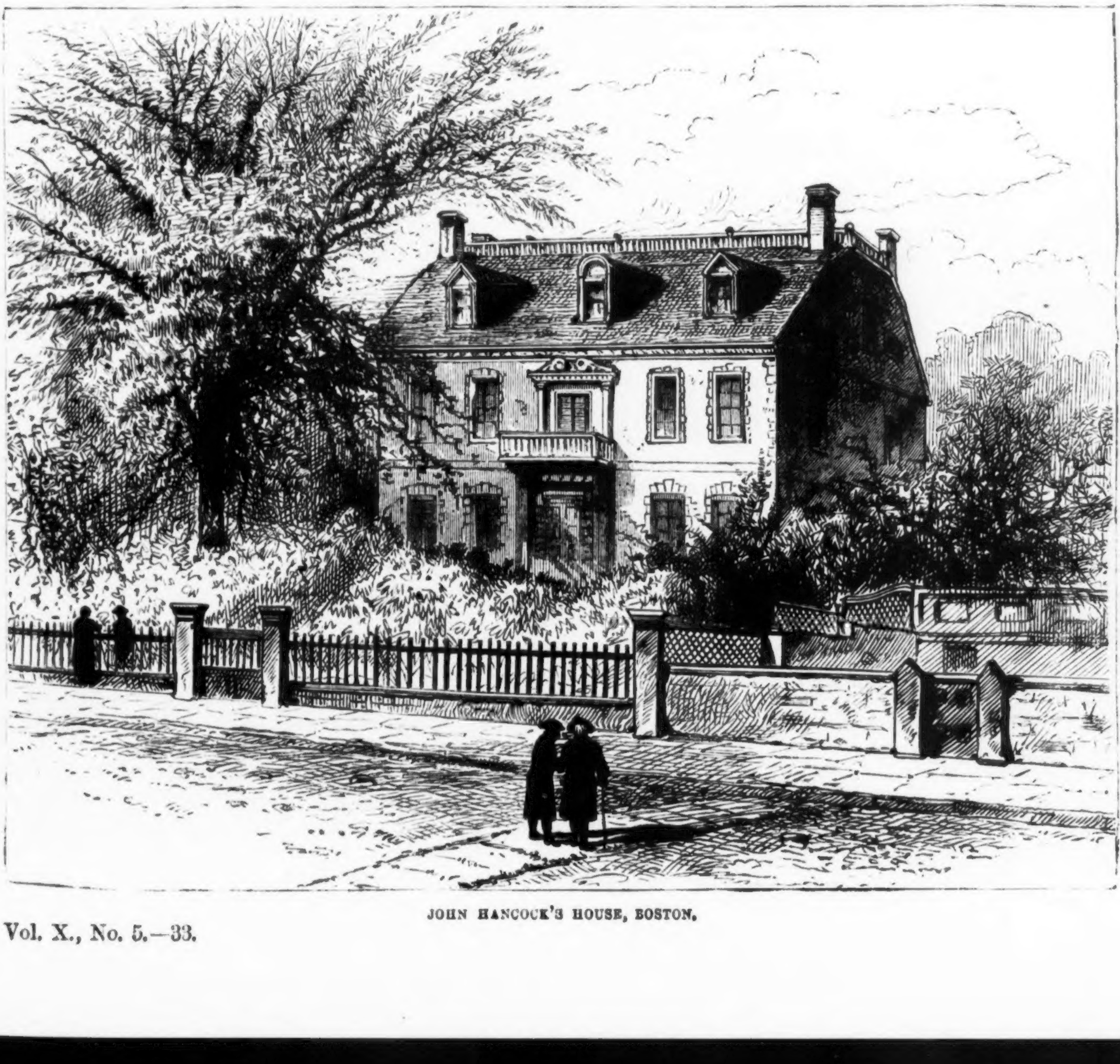
BOSTON, IN HER TWO AND A HALF CENTURIES OF EXISTENCE.

THE great New England city has just celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. She is not, by many a long year, as ancient as Saint Augustine or Santa Fé, but, while those old Spanish towns can boast of age, they have never exercised any influence on the country; and even New York, though she antedates Boston, cannot lay claim to have been as potent an element in American political and religious life as the capital of Massachusetts.

Boston has been the heart and brain of New England. To the old Canadian French, the people of all those colonies were Bostonians; and Indian tribes, from the Mohawk to the Columbia, gave the same name to all New Englanders, and, in time, to all inhabitants of the United States.

In the recent celebration, Mayor Prince eloquently said:

"Two centuries and a half make a small space of time in the history of a nation, and yet what astounding changes have occurred in our civic annals since John Winthrop, on the 17th day of September, 1630, landed with the Puritan settlers on this peninsula! The same ocean which bore the Pilgrims' bark to our shore still rolls in all its wild, mysterious grandeur. The same sun warms and lights the earth. In the same heaven still flames the bright belt of Orion—and its deep concave still shows the same vacant place, where the lost Pleiad conceals herself in shame for having wedded with a mortal lover. But all else, how



JOHN HANCOCK'S HOUSE, BOSTON.

CONDEMNED BOOKS.

XUM

different! Scarcely a feature of the landscape remains to tell us how nature looked before she was subdued by civilization. The sea has been converted into land; the hills have been leveled, the valleys filled up; the sites of the Indian wigwams are now those of the palaces of our merchant princes, and where 'the wild fox dug his hole unscared' Art has reared her beautiful temples for the worship of God and the dissemination of learning. Winthrop found in the territory but a single occupant, William Blackstone. To-day the population of our municipality, with that of its suburbs—which practically makes a part of our city—is nearly half a million. The domain of the great republic in the first year of our history was a wilderness, inhabited mostly by savage tribes and savage beasts. It is now the home of fifty millions of free, prosperous, happy and intelligent people, living in peace under the best government ever devised by man. Before Winthrop's arrival there were, it is true, some small settlements on the Atlantic coast. In Virginia a feeble colony was struggling to maintain itself. At Plymouth, a settlement commenced in 1620 was scarcely in a more prosperous condition. At Salem there were only three hundred colonists, who had come over two years before, and whose numbers were fast being decimated by sickness, suffering and the hardships of a settler's life. At a few other places attempts at colonization had been made, but they were all on the eve of being abandoned. Arrangements were made with certain companies holding grants from the Crown by the Pilgrims, by which they were permitted to establish a plantation in America. On the 20th of December, 1620, the *Mayflower* landed on Plymouth Rock, amid the snows and ice of a New England Winter, one hundred and one emigrants, weary, worn and tempest-tossed, but brave, hopeful and undaunted. One-half of these died during the first Winter from exposure and want; but the inflexible spirit and high resolve of the survivors did not abate, and none returned to their old homes.

"'Oh, strong hearts and true!—not one went back in the *Mayflower*—
No, not one looked back who had set his hand to that plowing.'

"The *first* century and a half of the history of Boston is the history of the colonization and settlement of the country; the history of the rise and growth of that invincible spirit of liberty which animated the people to assert their political rights, and ultimately led to the separation of the colonies from the mother country and to their erection into an independent nation. If we shall "make our annals true," no history of the Revolution nor of the United States, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to the close of the great civil war, could be written without narrating the *last* century of her history, for Boston has taken an active part in all the great political, social and military events which make this important epoch memorable. During all her 250 years of life, her thoughts, sentiments, policy, and political and moral principles, and the action of her representative men, native and adopted, have largely influenced, guided and controlled the country. Nor has she been actuated by the vulgar ambition to lead and direct: she has ever been prompted by the purest patriotism and the highest public spirit.

"The *Puritans* who came with Winthrop, and those who subsequently followed them, belonged to a different set of dissenters. They were dissatisfied with the Church as established under Elizabeth, and regretted that the principles of the Reformation had not been adopted to a fuller extent; but they did not wish to sever their connection with the English Church as completely as the Separatists.

"It has been claimed that the chief object of the emigrants was to provide an asylum 'where nonconformists might transport themselves and enjoy the liberty of their own persuasion in matters of worship and church discipline'; but it is difficult to see how they got this privilege through their charter. They could make laws and execute them, but they could make no laws 'repugnant to those of England.' All colonial legislation must accord with that of the mother country. As they were not allowed there to worship God as they pleased, they could not lawfully do so in the colony. The charter granted no such liberty, and, as Lord Coke declared, it could not grant any such liberty, because it would be in violation of the common law. Nor did the charter 'recognize the least departure in religious worship from that of the Church of England.'

"As has been observed, King James refused to allow the Separatists who settled at Plymouth the enjoyment of liberty of conscience and the free worship of God, and his successor, under the direction of Laud, followed the same policy. The letter of Winthrop and his associates, on their departure from England, expresses the warmest attachment to the Church of England, and we are warranted in inferring from it that the writers not only had no disposition then to separate from the church, but felt they had no power to do so. The period was auspicious for the emigration. The Government was so engrossed by home affairs, that it could only give a divided attention to colonial matters, and slight efforts were made to restrict those who desired to emigrate, whether they took or not the required oath of 'allegiance and supremacy.'

"The Rev. John White had attempted to form a settlement in Massachusetts Bay in 1625, but it was about being abandoned, when a scheme of colonization on a large scale was projected by the Massachusetts Company of London, and a royal charter obtained for the purpose.

"John Winthrop was elected Governor of the proposed colony. As he was also the founder of Boston, a brief sketch of this eminent man seems here appropriate. He was born at Edwardston, near the family seat at Groton, in the County of Suffolk, England, on the 22d of January, 1588, and was highly connected, being of an ancient family. He inherited a considerable estate, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, bred to the bar, and appears to have had a considerable practice. In 1627 he was appointed Attorney of the Court of Wards and Liveries, a trust which yielded a handsome income. This appointment seems to have been obtained through political influence; but, from some reason which does not appear—probably because he had reprobated the cruel treatment of dissenters and the policy of persecution which then obtained—he lost, in 1639, the favor of Government, and with it his office. He then reverted to the project he had often before entertained, of emigrating to America. His friends opposed it, and one of them wrote him that 'the church and commonwealth here at home hath more need of his best ability in those dangerous times than any remote plantations; that all his kinsfolk and most-understanding friends will more rejoice at his stay at home, with any conditions which God shall send, than throw himself upon vain hopes with many difficulties and uncertainties,' adding, with much force, 'that plantations are for young men that can endure all pains and hunger,' and closing with the just remark: 'How hard it will be for one, brought up among books and learned men, to live in a barbarous place, where there is no learning and less civility!' But the sense of duty was the active principle in the character of our governor, and the key to his conduct through all his useful and honorable life. The objections of his

XUM

friends were answered in a letter to his wife, in which he says: 'It had pleased the Lord to call me to a further trust in this business of a plantation than either I expected or find myself fit for, being chosen by the company to be their governor. The only thing that I have comfort in it is, that hereby I have assurance that my charge is of the Lord, and that He hath called me to this work.'

"It was the original design of most of the emigrants to be settled in one place, to be called Boston, after Boston in England, in honor of the Rev. John Cotton, who lived there, and who was expected to join them. Winthrop first landed in Salem, June 22, 1630, but, as Lieutenant-Governor Dudley said: 'Salem pleased us not,' and they soon left for Charlestown, where they proposed to settle. The water, however, proving bad, Winthrop removed to the peninsula which now forms the chief part of Boston. At a meeting of the court of assistants, held on the 7th of September, old style—the 17th of September, new style—1630, it was ordered that the peninsula previously called by the Indians Shawmut, and by the English Trimountain, should be called 'Boston.' We date the foundation of our city from that day. In 1632 the General Court declared 'that it was the fittest place for public meetings of any place in the Bay,' and from that time it has continued to be the capital of the Commonwealth. It seems that the Plymouth colonists had been attracted by the natural advantages of Shawmut as a place for settlement, for a party sent out by them soon after their landing, to explore the country, brought such favorable accounts of the place that they expressed the wish 'that they had settled there.'

"Among the first acts of the colonists upon their arrival in New England was the formation of a church. The covenant was signed July 30th, 1630, and this was the foundation of the first church of Boston. The meetings of the congregation were originally held under the shade of an oak-tree—literally a house not made with hands. The first meeting-house was built in 1632, and was said to have had mud walls and a thatched roof. It was located in State Street, where Brazer's building now stands. In 1639 a new house was built on the site, in Washington Street, now occupied by Joy's building. The cost was paid by the weekly church collections. This fact is interesting as showing that thus early the people of Boston initiated the policy of supporting religion by voluntary contributions, without recourse to rates or taxation by law. In 1711 the house was destroyed by fire and rebuilt. In 1808 the society removed to a new meeting-house on Chauncy Street, where it remained until 1868, when it removed to the beautiful church on Berkeley Street.

"The growth of Boston was at first slow. Those who came out with Winthrop suffered so much from sickness and scarcity of food that at times the safety of the colony was seriously threatened, and on this account Boston was called 'Lost-town.' It is a noteworthy fact, that when we were threatened with famine in 1630 the danger was averted by food sent from Ireland. So that the corn we gave in after years to feed her starving thousands was but the return of what we had of her in our own distress. Thus literally the bread cast upon the waters was returned after many days. In all the suffering and despondency of the first years of the colony, the courage, constancy and judicious management of Governor Winthrop never abated. With the skill of the statesman, the firmness of the magistrate and the tenderness of a parent, he encouraged and sustained the sinking faith of those who had been entrusted to his care, and animated them with renewed energy. The first settlers of Boston clearly saw the power of knowledge and the value of popular education. They knew their influence on social progress and the prosperity of the State. They knew that liberty, civil and religious, for which they had sacrificed so much, could never be maintained if the people were ignorant. They therefore provided, as early as 1635, for the maintenance of a 'free schoolmaster.' Winthrop, in his journal in 1645, notes that 'divers free schools were erected,' and it is quaintly observed in the law establishing these schools, 'that the stronghold of Satan consisted in the ignorance of the people, and all means should be employed to counteract the ould deluder.' Boston has always expended large sums for school purposes—'yearly contributions either by voluntary allowance or by rates of such as refused.' Thus it will be seen, that here in Boston was first established the principle, since almost universally adopted, of educating the people at the public cost. All the legislation of our ancestors shows their deep interest in this important matter, for they enforced upon the towns by penal enactments the obligation to support free public schools, and inaugurated a policy which in after years induced their descendants to provide by law for the compulsory school attendance of all children.

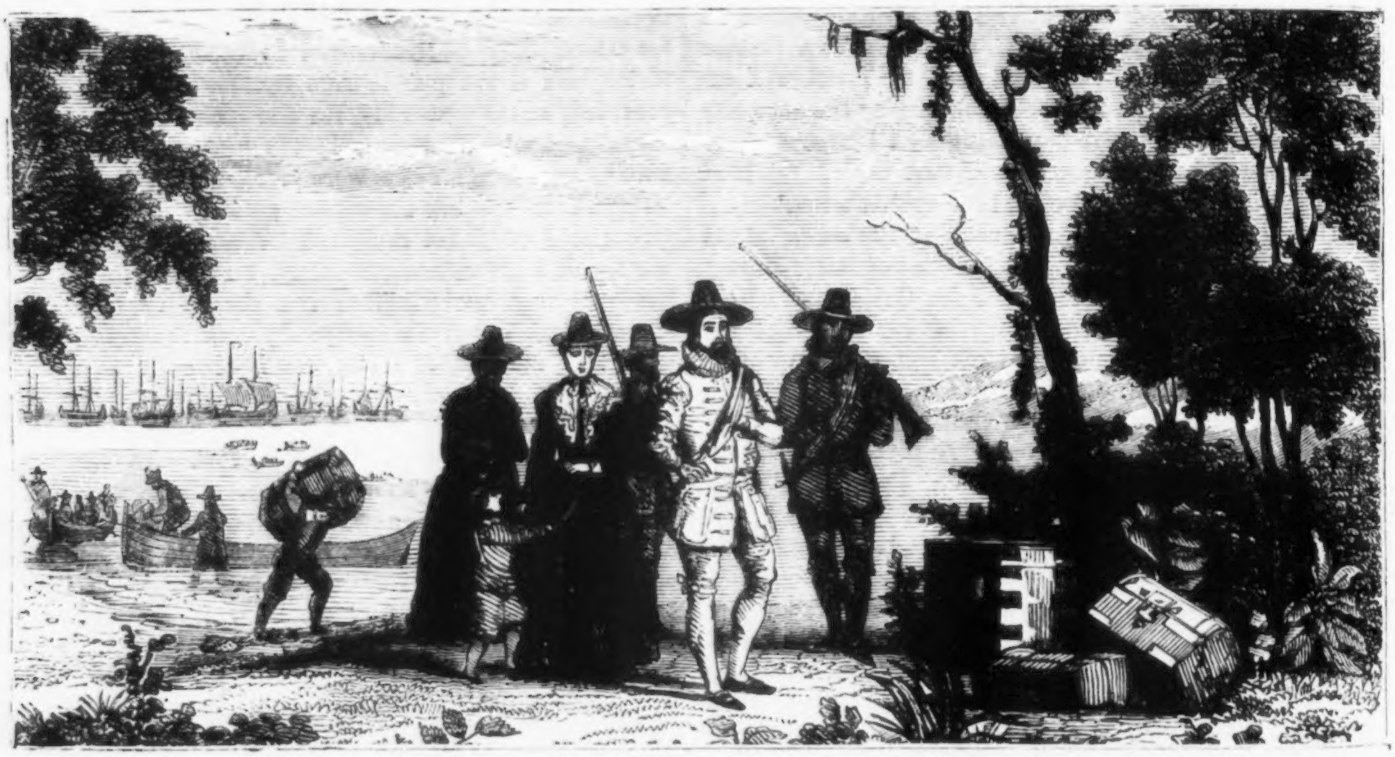
"In 1631 'an order was made that for the time to come none should be admitted to the freedom of the body politic but such as were church members.' 'This extraordinary order,' Hutchinson says, 'continued in force until the dissolution of the Government, it being repealed in appearance only after the restoration of Charles II.' Thus they kept in their own hands all power of preventing those who differed from them in religious opinions from interfering in civil or ecclesiastical affairs. By this curious inconsistency the early settlers, who, in common with the great body of the Puritans, objected to the union of Church and State in the Old World, found themselves advocating the same combination in the New.

"This jealousy of other sects was early shown toward the Episcopalians, when some of them, under the lead of Dr. Robert Child, ventured to present to the General Court a remonstrance and humble petition for 'their rights under the laws of England, which could not be disturbed by the Government here.' Not only was the prayer of the petition denied, but the petition was regarded as seditious, and the petitioners heavily fined.

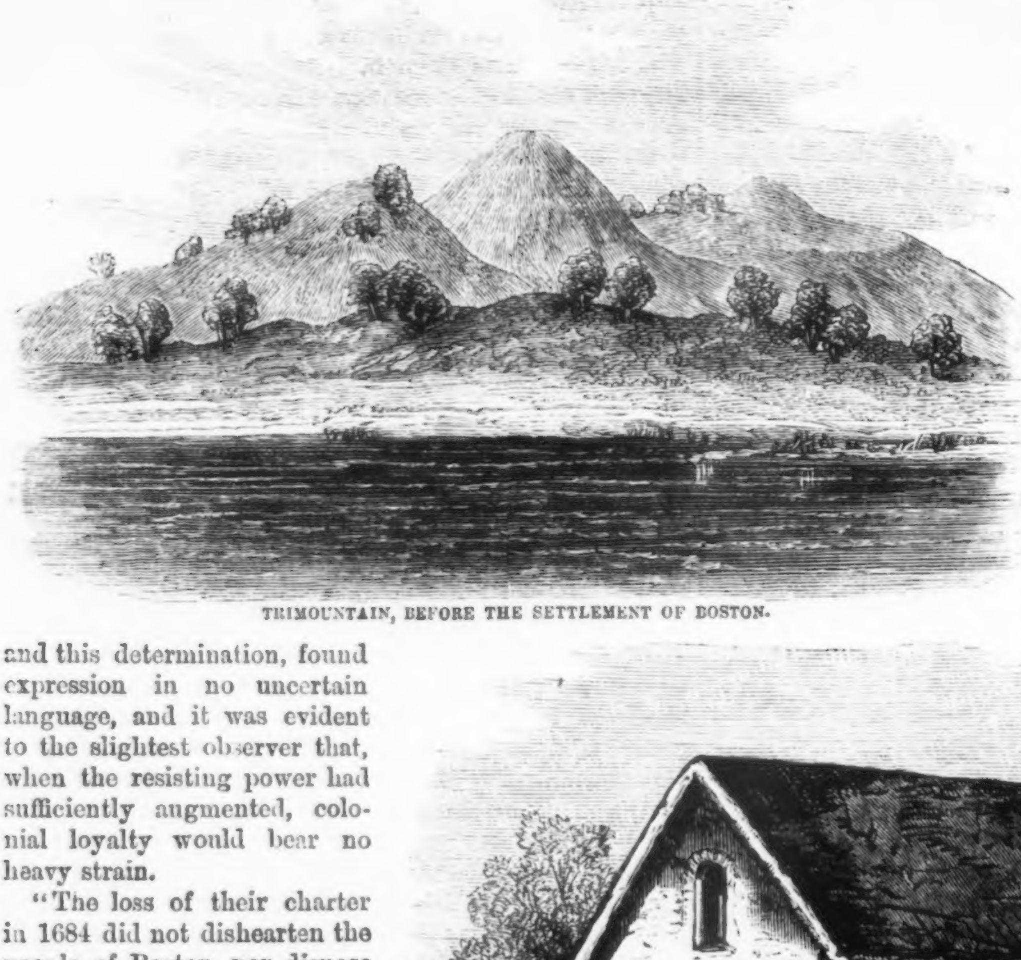
"Most of the early colonial legislation had relation to church affairs. The church members, as such, decided all matters pertaining to both church and town. In fact, the church settled all religious and secular concerns. In order to make the people deport themselves in a proper and godly manner, their habits, customs, dress, modes of living and methods of transacting business were largely regulated by law; and nothing illustrates so well the temper and disposition of the people of Boston in the olden time as this curious, absurd and meddlesome legislation, so inconsistent with modern notions of personal liberty.

"But whether or not the first settlers entertained any disloyal intentions when they came here, it is clear that in 1634, to quote again from Chalmers, 'the nature of their Government was changed by a variety of regulations, the legality of which cannot easily be supported by any other than those *principles of independence which sprang up among them, and have at all times governed their actions.*' From their first arrival they viewed with alarm the least encroachment upon their liberties, from whatever source it came. There were growing fears that, when they should increase in wealth and numbers, there would be oppressive interference from the home Government, which would imperil, not only their material but their political interests, and there was a growing determination to resist and repel such interference at every cost. These fears,

XUM

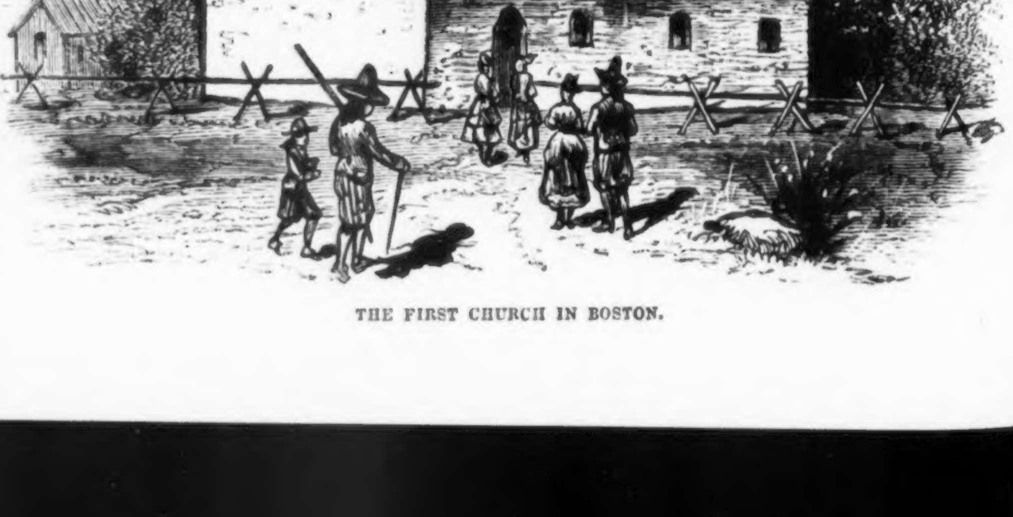


THE LANDING OF WINTHROP AND HIS ASSOCIATES IN 1630.



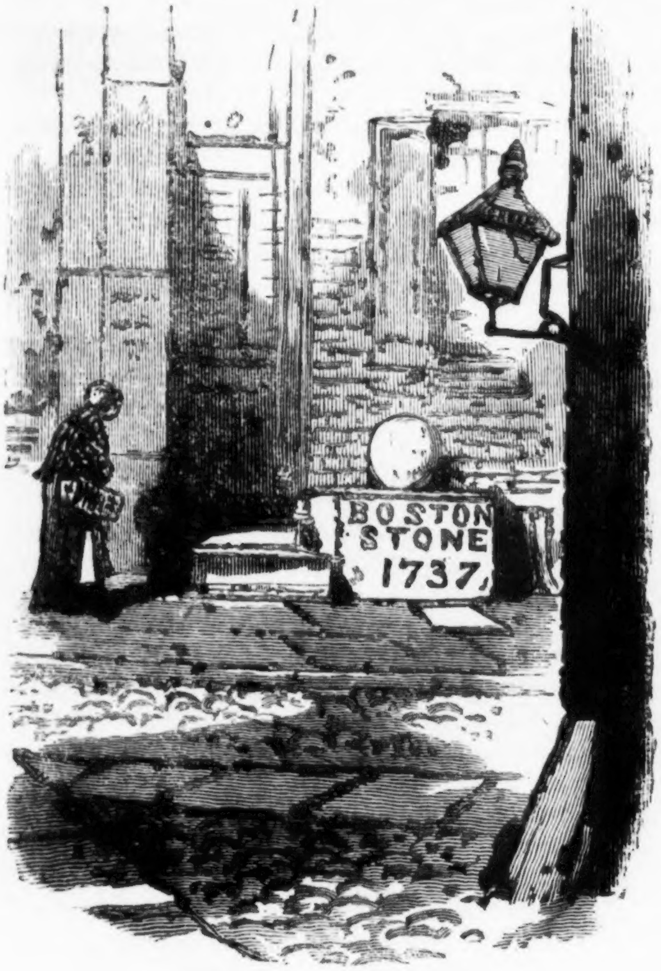
TRIMOUNTAIN, BEFORE THE SETTLEMENT OF BOSTON.

and this determination, found expression in no uncertain language, and it was evident to the slightest observer that, when the resisting power had sufficiently augmented, colonial loyalty would bear no heavy strain.

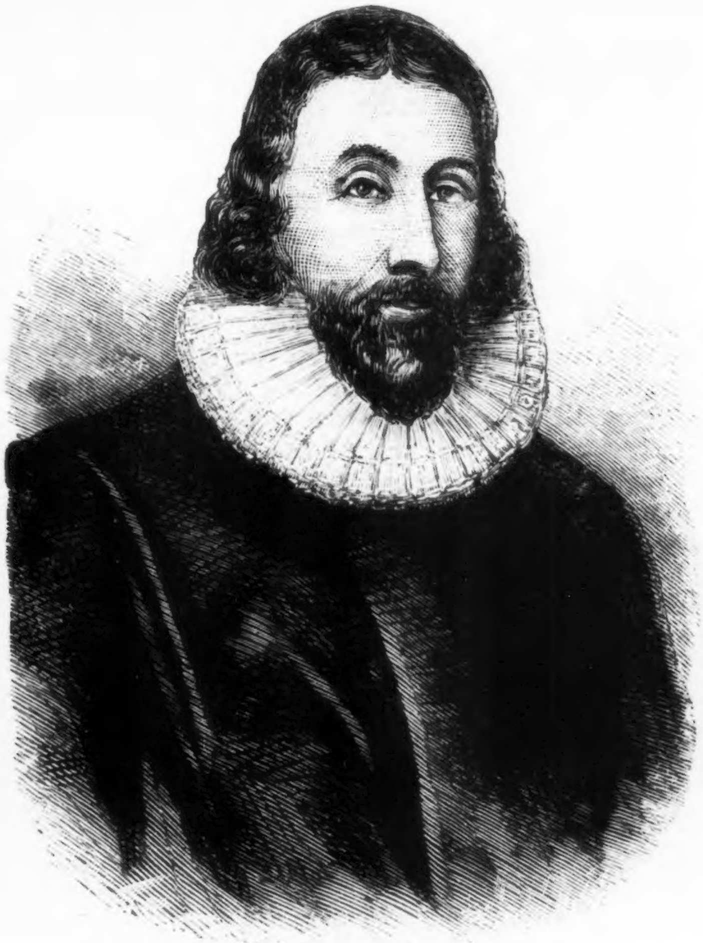


THE FIRST CHURCH IN BOSTON.

"The loss of their charter in 1684 did not dishearten the people of Boston, nor dispose them to abandon any of the political rights they had claimed under it. On the contrary, this hostile act of the Crown only served to make them more watchful of all encroachments, and awaken a fiercer spirit of resistance. Soon there was just reason for suspecting the Government of serious measures of oppression. The long-slumbering jealousy of the colonies began to be active. Their growing prosperity and power, their expanding commerce, their activity and enterprise on land and sea, their increasing manufactures, alarmed this 'nation of shopkeepers,' as Napoleon well called the English, not contemptuously, as many have supposed, but because trade has been made the chief object of national solicitude and care. The colonists must be suppressed, and Parliament adopted the unnatural policy of checking the industrial interests of English subjects in America by the most atrocious legislation. They showed that

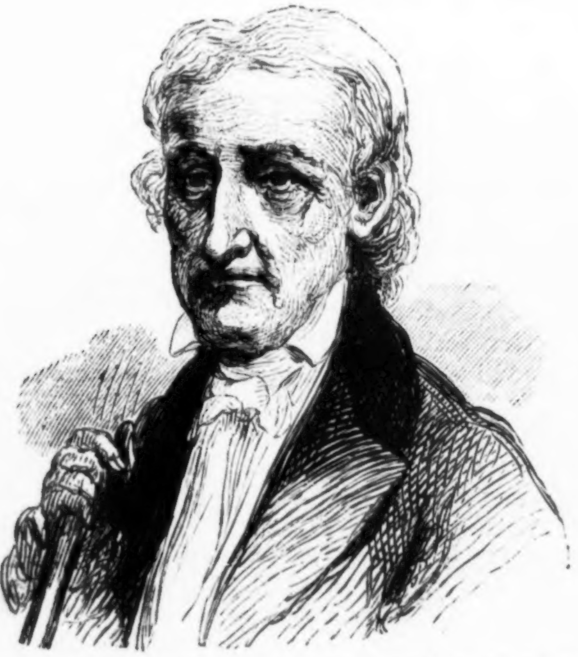


BOSTON STONE, CREEK SQUARE.

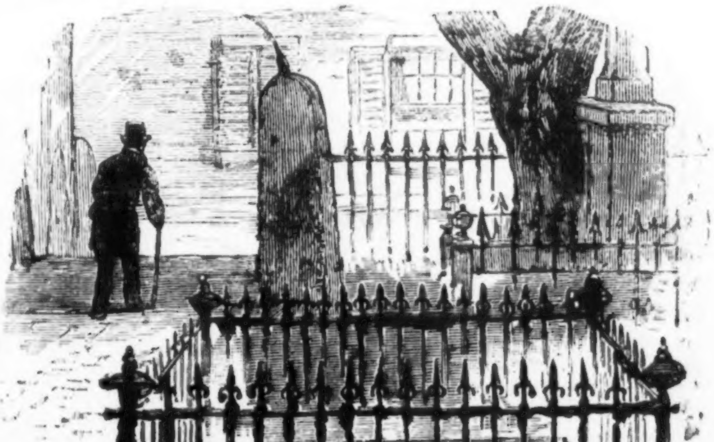


JOHN WINTHROP.

English blood had not degenerated in crossing the Atlantic, by counteracting measures of resistance. We treasure among our proudest historic reminiscences the fact that Boston led the way in this resistance. She began with protest and remonstrance. She denounced every measure hostile to colonial interests. She opposed the Stamp Act, the Revenue Act, the Writs of Assistance, the Tea Tax, and all other arbitrary measures. When the Crown, with the madness which despotic power has so often shown, persisted in its suicidal policy, and ignored the plainest claims of right and justice, she followed up her protest with the bold denial of the right of Parliament to make laws for the colonies, and the declaration of the principle on which the Revolution was subsequently based, that taxation without representation was tyranny. Through the eloquence of her statesmen she inflamed the sister colonies with the fire of her own daring, and created a public opinion on which was firmly based the resolution to resist to the end British tyranny, at every cost. Against her, as the cause, the *fons et origo* of revolution, the Crown directed its fiercest vengeance. Her port was closed, her commerce destroyed, her people proscribed, and a price put upon the heads of her patriotic sons, Hancock and Adams. The destruction of her material interests did not coerce her people to refuse



GEORGE ROBERT HEWES, LAST SURVIVOR OF THE TEA PARTY.



TOMB OF COTTON MATHER, COPP'S HILL.

XUM

the sacrifices that liberty demanded. Upon her altar every oblation was freely placed, with the pledges of life, fortune and sacred honor in her defense. The first threat of armed resistance was here uttered; the first act of resistance was here done; the first recommendation that independence be declared was here made; the first blood in the cause was here shed; and the steady valor of our "minute men" in what may be called the first battle of the Revolution—the battle of Bunker Hill—first assured Washington that the cause of American Independence was safe.

"Boston has always exercised great influence with the colonies. For a long period she was practically Massachusetts. She was, to quote again the words of the eloquent divine in 1730, "the chief part of the land." From the beginning she directed the affairs of the colony, shaped its legislation and formed its policy. Some of her acts have resulted in consequences of the greatest importance to colonial interests. She originated, as has been stated, under the sagacious direction of Winthrop, the colonial confederation of 1643. She suggested the congress of the colonies which adopted the confederation of 1775; largely through her influence the Declaration of Independence was made; during all the war of the Revolution she held a controling position; her voice was everywhere heard, her influence everywhere felt. Animated by her patriotic spirit, New England furnished more than one-half of that heroic army which achieved independence, of which Massachusetts alone contributed nearly one-third. Her ideas touching moral, religious, social and goverumental questions have largely obtained in this country. They have greatly influenced American thought and action, and most of the important events of our history will be found, when effects are traced to their causes, to have had their origin in the Puritan principles which first germinated here. I may be permitted to observe that Boston not only established the first church, the first free school and the first college, as has been stated, but she built the first vessel, the first printing-press, the first hotel and first railroad. She started the first newspaper and the first temperance movement, when Governor Winthrop broke up the custom for everybody to be drinking his neighbor's health. She organized the first abolition movement, and the first Thanksgiving celebration. She originated stump speaking, when the Rev. John Wilson, in 1637, during the canvass for governor, addressed the people from a tree in behalf of Winthrop, who was elected. She created the first public park—in our Boston Common.

"We have reason to be proud not only of our political history, but of our material growth and prosperity. Boston originally contained 700 acres; to-day she has more than 23,000. As has been stated, her population, including that of the suburbs, is almost half a million; her tax valuation is nearly $650,000,000; her credit in all the financial markets of the world is unchallenged. She has 171 free schools; she has the largest library on this continent—containing nearly 400,000 volumes; she has 216 churches; she has 666 charitable, religious, literary, scientific and art societies. Her architecture, public and private, is for the most part substantial, convenient and elegant; her suburbs, with their varied surface, their sloping hills, their green meadows, their beautiful trees, their tasteful shrubbery, their cultivated gardens, their picturesque villas and charming cottages, are objects of attraction and delight to every spectator. All this is the product of industry, frugality and intelligence, and of those moral and religious principles implanted here by the early Puritans. It is our duty to transmit these blessings, with the good government and free institutions we have inherited, unimpaired, to the generations that are to succeed us. This trust is a solemn one, and can only be executed by maintaining the virtues of our ancestors, for the same agencies which enabled them to acquire will be needed to enable us to preserve."

The chief magistrate of the city could not, on such an anniversary, but dwell with complacency on the record of Boston. Yet every American will admit that the city is identified in many ways with the whole country, and has helped, perhaps more than any other, to fashion the thoughts and the ideas which have from time to time constituted public opinion.

The fierce dogmatism of its early days, when, without defining a distinct creed or system of church government, it established one of the most rigid theocracies ever seen on earth, has in our day yielded, indeed; but the character of a people formed in that school still continues, and one of the striking elements of that character is the activity, mental and physical, with which New England endeavors to impose on the country its ideas on all subjects. This energy marks her sons in every field; and it is easy to trace in all parts of the country, and in the workings of the National Government, the distinctive New England idea, pushed with energy, skill, adroitness and perseverance, till it is taken up as a national idea. And we look in vain over the country to find a city which has shown similar vitality or power.

The comparatively unproductive soil of New England at an early date induced emigration, and thus the West received its colonies of men determined to control and guide. The new communities, from the Firelands of Ohio to the State of Minnesota, all thus feel the early influence of Boston.

As a city, she has marked epochs. The struggle for religious unity, first against those who, acting out their original professions, wished still to cling to the Church of England; then against Roger Williams, whose varying mind led him from one extreme to another; then against Mrs. Hutchinson and her favorer, Sir Harry Vane, sending one to the frontier to be butchered by savages, and the other in disgust to England to end his career on the scaffold.

Even more bitter was the war against the followers of Fox; and sadly did the generous hearts that interposed in behalf of the Quakers pay for their temerity, while Boston Common hides to this day the bones, but not the memory, of the earnest Friends whose lifeless bodies swung from the gallows on that famous spot.

When Boston triumphed over dissent at home, and an iron rule had been established, it had to face a new difficulty. The very severity exercised against the Quakers attracted the attention of the indolent King Charles, and questions began to arise as to the validity of the acts of this Colonial Government.

Boston sounded the alarm. The self-government which Massachusetts had assumed and exercised was menaced. James, more of a statesman and a worker than his brother, planned a confederation, in which New England, blended with Dutch New York and the new Quaker colony of Pennsylvania, would lose some of its asperity and become more harmonious with England.

Andros, as Governor-General, became the evil genius of Boston. Royal troops, the established Church, customs—all were imposed on an unwilling people.

While Boston was fretting and chafing under the rule of James II. and Andros, news came, by way of Nevis, in the West Indies, that William of Orange had landed in England. It was a match to a magazine.

Men rushed for their arms, boys swarmed the streets with clubs, and in a few minutes the roll of the drum

XUM

echoed through the streets. A British frigate lay in the harbor; her captain was seized and secured; known adherents of Andros were arrested; others fled to the fort. Andros sent for the ministers, hoping to calm the storm; but as the colors were run up at Beacon Hill, and the militia moved upon the fort, Andros fled to the frigate.

The castle surrendered. The venerable Bradstreet and some of the old magistrates formed a temporary government, and there issued, April 18th, 1689, an elaborate "Declaration of the Gentlemen, Merchants and Inhabitants of Boston and the Country adjacent."

Boston had reasserted her independency. She proclaimed William and Mary, but the new rulers would not forego the opportunity of appointing a royal governor.

Then for years came the oft-repeated struggle of England to wrest Canada from the hands of the French. In all this struggle Boston took the lead, giving freely her means and blood. The first expedition—that of Sir William Phips—sailed from Boston with about two thousand men, in thirty or forty vessels. The utter failure of the expedition prostrated the colony, and Boston issued her Bills of Credit, the first colonial paper money. In all the subsequent attempts, like that of Walker in 1712; in the expedition against Louisbourg; in the operations against the Indian allies of the French—Boston did her share manfully.

Then came again the struggle for self-government. In resisting the Stamp Act and Navigation Acts; in her daring destruction of the tea in the harbor, Boston had marked herself out as a special object of hatred to the councils of Great Britain.

She was closed as a port, and regiments were sent over to intimidate her citizens. A feverish spirit pervaded all classes; boys pelted the soldiers, and a chance quarrel led to the firing of the military on a mob, in which several were killed. It was the famous Boston massacre, the memory of which was kept alive for years, and, by all the eloquence of Boston oratory, made a potent instrument in rousing throughout the country a hatred of British rule.

Day by day the spirit grew stronger, and England felt at last that if she was to maintain her power in America she must appeal to arms. She had no statesmen to dictate a wiser course.

Boston was, of all places, the one to be crushed. But, although to occupy that city was apparently easy, the army found itself in a trap. Not only from all parts of New England did troops flock to invest the royal army, but the Southern colonies sent their regiments to aid in driving out what had become an army of invasion. Boston had become the representative American city. Her Faneuil Hall was the first temple of American liberty, and here eloquence told the story of American wrongs in tones that reached throughout the land.

Once freed from the presence of English troops, she was never called upon to repel them again. There Parliament felt it could secure no hold.

After the war her progress was steady under the influence of the institutions she had done so much to create. Her ships whitened every sea; her credit has never been impaired, and all that capital and ingenuity can bring to develop her facilities for inland trade, and make her a foremost commercial port, are diligently employed. As a rival of New York, Boston has the advantage of a permanent government, and one administered by her best citizens, while New York, with her charter virtually annulled, a victim alike to legislature and to mob, is so fettered and crippled that her very greatness may be the cause of her decline.

The onward progress of such a city is best seen in occasional descriptions. In 1679, when two Labadists visited it, they pictured it thus: "As to Boston, particularly," say they, "it lies in latitude 42° 20′, on a very fine bay. The city is quite large, constituting about twelve companies. It has three churches, or meeting-houses, as they call them. All the houses are made of small thin cedar shingles, nailed against frames, and then filled in with brick and other stuff; and so are the churches. For this reason these towns are so liable to fires, as have already happened several times; and the wonder to me is that the whole city has not been burnt down, so light and dry are the materials. There is a large dock in front of it, constructed of wooden piers, where the large ships go to be careened and rigged; the smaller vessels all come up to the city. On the left hand side, across the river, lies Charlestown, a considerable place, where there is some shipping. Upon the point of the bay on the left hand there is a blockhouse, along which a piece of water runs, called the Milk Ditch. The whole place has been an island, but it is now joined to the mainland by a low road to Roxbury, between which you pass in sailing in and out. On one of the middlemost stands the fort, where the ships show their passports."

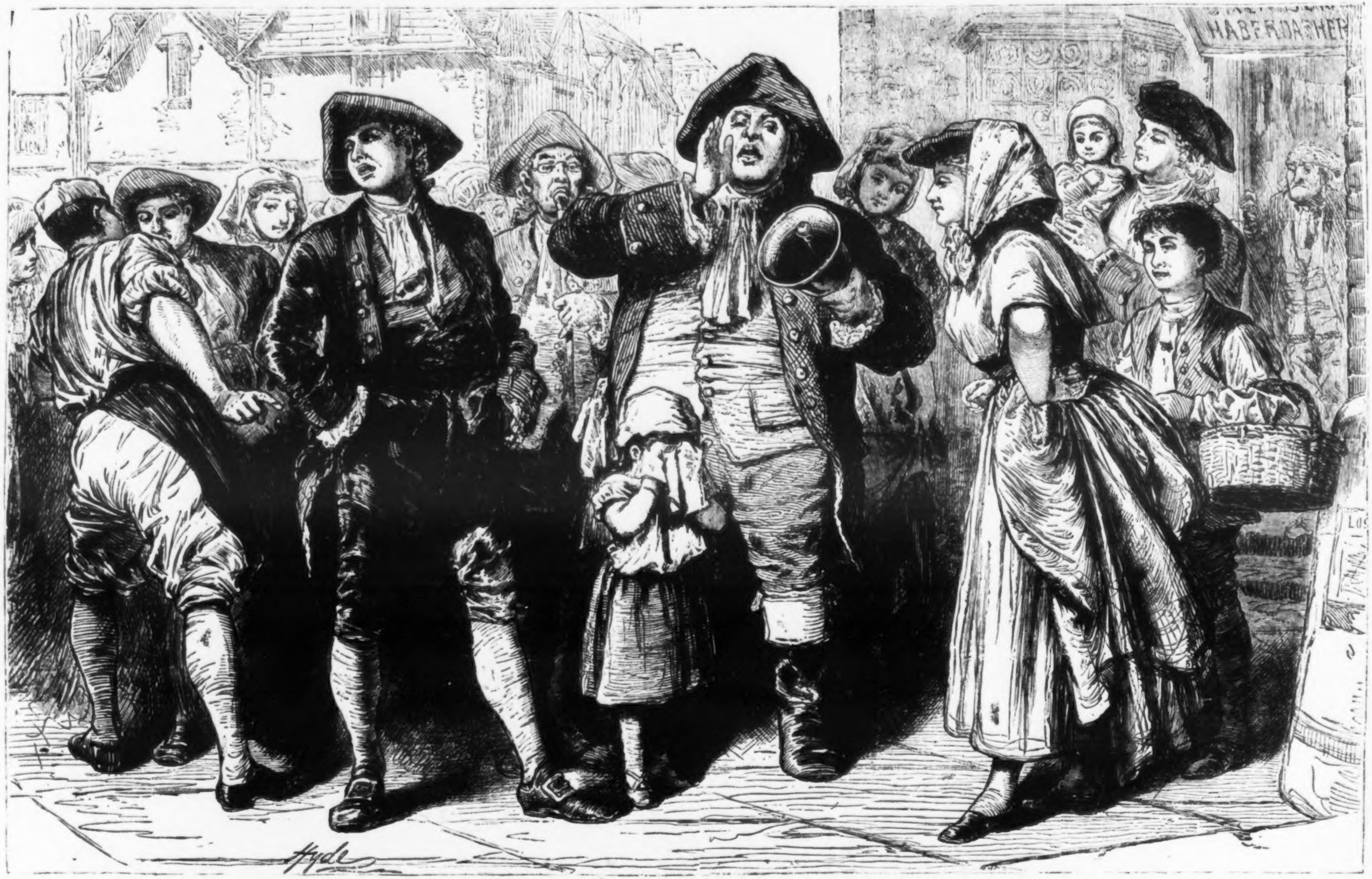
Just a century later, Blanchard, commissary in chief to Rochambeau's army, thus describes Boston, which he visited in August, 1780: "The City of Boston seemed to me as large as Orleans; not so broad, perhaps, but longer. It is likewise well built, and displays an indescribable cleanliness which is pleasing. Most of the houses are of wood; some are of stone and brick. The people seemed to be in easy circumstances. Nevertheless, the shops were poorly stocked with goods, and everything was dear, which resulted from the war. The bookstores had scarcely anything but prayer-books; an English and French dictionary cost me eight louis d'or. I saw on the signs of two shops the name of Blanchard, written like my own, one Caleb Blanchard, the other John."

The Abbé Robin, who arrived there the next Summer, after eighty-five days of steady sea-sickness, gives the following account, rather more in detail:

"We had doubled Cape Ann, we were in the great Bay of Massachusetts; we saw the sea beat on the rocks of Cape Cod; we were within a few hours of Boston, when a thick fog suddenly covered us, and in the midst of shoals obscured our course. We anchored, but soon after a heavy gale dragged our anchor, broke our cables, and threatened us with fouling each other or of striking on these dangerous shores. Most of the vessels put to sea. But at last, after two days of uncertainty, danger and—for me—of sickness, a fresh breeze took us into Boston Harbor. From this harbor, in which pretty little islands are scattered, we could see, between the trees on the west side, a magnificent perspective of houses arranged in an amphitheatre, stretching along for a half-circle of more than half a league. This was Boston. These high, regular houses, in the midst of which rose tall steeples, looked more like an ancient city adorned and peopled by the commerce and the arts, than a modern colony.

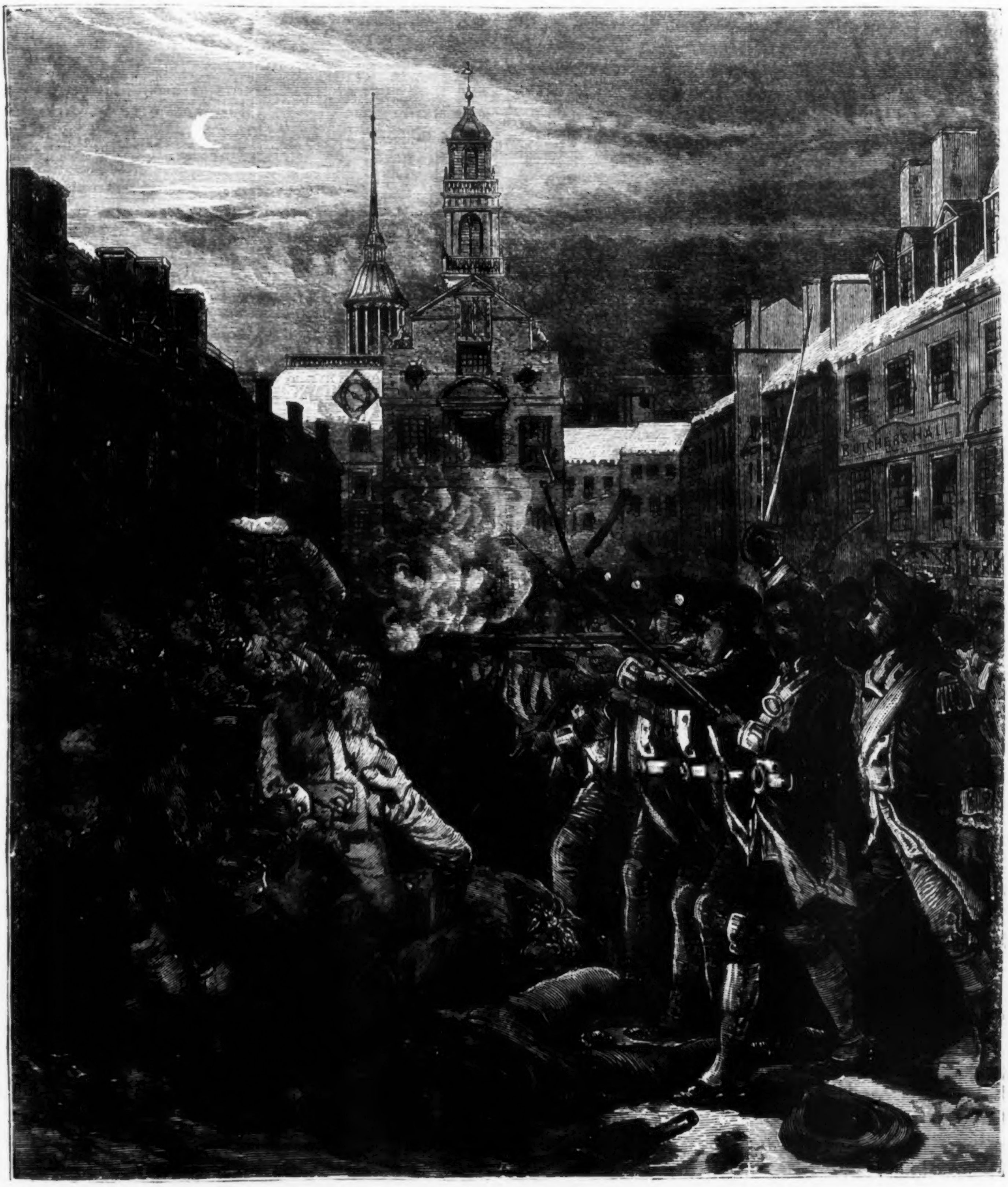
"The interior of the town corresponds to the first impression. A superb wharf, extending nearly 2,000 feet into the sea, is so wide that upon it are built stores and shops, for its whole length. This wharf leads you to the main street of the town, which is at right angles with it. It is wide and spacious, and follows the same direction as the shore. It is built of fine houses, two or three stories high, with small streets opening into it on each side. The shape of the houses is such as surprises Europeans. They are built wholly of wood, not in that heavy, sad look of our old towns, but regular and well lighted. The woodwork

XUM


HABERDASHER

THE TOWN CRIER IN BOSTON IN THE LAST CENTURY.

is light, carefully finished, and they are wholly covered with smooth little boards, which are ranged over each other as we arrange the tiles on our roofs. They are painted on the outside in neutral tints, which infinitely improves the *coup d'œil.* The roofs are adorned with little balustrades, undoubtedly on account of fires. The houses stand on walls about a foot from the ground. It will readily be seen how much more healthy they are than ours. All parts of a house are firmly braced together, and the whole weight is so small in proportion to their size, that they can be moved from place to place. I saw one of two stories which had been moved half a quarter of a league, at least. At Newport the whole French army saw the same thing. What we are told of the moving houses of the old Scythians is not so wonderful. The furniture is simple, but of costly woods like the English, which gives to it a certain sombre appearance. Rich people cover their floors with woolen carpets or mats—poor people with very fine sand. There are 6,000 houses, and 30,000 people. There are nineteen "temples" of all sorts of sects; these are all neat, and most of them are very handsome—above all, those of the Presbyterians and Anglicans. Their form is a long square, with a gallery all around, and arranged with uniform seats."



THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

Robin thus describes the Neck and Beacon Hill:

"Boston is situated on a peninsula cut in by a bay on the seaside. It is connected with the main by a tongue of land, where at high tide there is only room for a broad

road. A hill overlooks the whole place, on which the Bostonians have placed a sort of pharos at a great height. In this is a barrel of turpentine, ready to be lighted in the event of an attack. At this signal more than 40,000 men will take arms, and will be at the gates of the town in less than twenty-four hours."

Boston, in our time, has suffered from a fire which desolated the best part of her commercial quarter, and destroyed millions of property, but she was too solid to be more than temporarily checked by such a disaster.

Boston has ever claimed to be the great literary centre of America, and there is some foundation for the assertion. There, the first printing-press was set up in Northern America; there, that monument of zeal, patience and learning—Eliot's Indian Bible—was printed; and there, in our days, publishing houses have issued more exclusively American works than those of any other city. While publishers in New York and Philadelphia were mainly reprinting works issued abroad, Boston brought out the creations of American genius and talent. In the colonial days, when theology absorbed all attention, the New England School, the Cottons, Mathers, Eliot, Ward and others, down to their greatest theologian, Jonathan Edwards, spread their writings before the world through the printers of Boston; and though science had few votaries, Anne Bradstreet issued her poems from the same press. The patriotic outpourings of the Revolutionary sages come next. In our own time, the writings of Channing, Parker; of the philosophic Emerson and Brownson; of the scholarly Everetts and Whipple; of Hawthorne and nature-loving Thoreau; of historians like Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Sparks, Parkman; of poets like Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes; and the grand eloquence of Webster—all are familiar to us under Boston imprints.

LINES

ON THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF BOSTON—1830.

By Grenville Mellen.

O throned enchanter of the proudest clime,
Cloth'd with thy sceptre wand—relentless Time!
That bowest empires to thy charter'd sway,
Thyself unchanged 'mid glory and decay—
Now the loud tribute of our joy we bring,
And the last wonder of thy magic sing.
Old visions of the past! The ancient land
Where, to the echo of a strange command,
Quick to the heaving earth, as fables sung,
From dragon's teeth a giant people sprung,
Scarce saw a nobler miracle than ye—
First of the Pilgrim heart and empire of the free!
Two hundred years their cloudy pinions spread
Above the still, green pillows of the dead,
Where the gray fathers with the children lie—
Each grave an altar-place of Liberty!
Two hundred years!—and on this hallow'd ground,
Now shaking with the joy that bursts around,
Where swings with solemn beat the Sabbath bell,
Rang the green forest to the Indian's yell,
As forth he flitted with his sounding bow
To the tall pines' far music, wild and low!
There, too, where Freedom's shout the concave fills,
Oft slept unearthly silence round the hills;
The scatter'd smoke-wreaths up in quiet curled
Over the dim wood's lone, untrampled world;
And here, where sweeps a city's lengthening roar,
No sound save ocean's pealed along the shore!
Then wreathe the mantling cup—let incense rise,
Let every heart go forth in sacrifice
To the great God that bore our fathers on,
Till empire 'mid the wilderness was born!
Two hundred years!—the coming bard shall sweep
His ringing lyre, till sire and son shall weep
The fast, blest tears of ecstasy, to hear
The high and wondrous story of our cheer!
Already flashing to our glorious skies,
See spiry temples spring, and domes arise!
Here busy Art her hundred hands employs,
And Wealth pours onward with her ocean noise;
Taste, still severe, unvails her classic brow,
And countless shapes of Beauty round her bow;
Science in smiles unbars her radiant door,
And Grace, in woman, treads her golden floor!
So let it be for ever! Let our eyes
Catch still new glories with a glad surprise;
But yet those forest hills remembered be
Of thy young years—fair City of the Sea!
And while new wonders gather as we gaze,
May nobler splendor light thy coming days,
And hence each year in broader lines unfold
Tales proud as this which centuries have told!

SOPHIA'S PORTRAIT.

I, **Comfort Harding**, tell this story; that it is true, you may believe:

In the year of grace 1782, and on the 7th day of June, I went to live at Holcroft Hall, as companion to her ladyship, Lord Mark Holcroft's widow. Mark had been my cousin, and both he and his wife I counted as my best friends; so it was not strange that I, an old maid, poor and quite alone in the world but for them, should go when she bade me come. Holcroft Hall remained to the dowager, but at her death it would revert to the distant relative who had inherited the title.

Well, I had been in this happy home just ten years, when Monsieur Victorien, a famous French painter, who had been driven from his country by political troubles, came out to us to paint Sophia's portrait.

Sophia was my cousin's only child, and the offspring of his first marriage. She was a beautiful, graceful girl of eighteen, white as a lily, with wavy yellow hair and big gray eyes. Now, imagine her in a gown of pink satin, made square across the bust, and finished with a drawn tucker of the finest lace. The stomacher, of darker velvet, had a row of white satin bows, and in the centre of each of these was an enormous pearl. Deep ruffles of lace trimmed the sleeves, whilst around her wrists and throat were bands of black velvet, clasped with pearls. The petticoat trained royally, and was decked here and there with white bows like those upon the stomacher. Her hair was combed up from her forehead over a high roller—of powder she would none—and two chains of pearls, slantingly encircling the roll, were tied together at the left side by a pink ribbon with fringed ends. On the other side of her snowy neck lay a single thick curl. Then, in her perfect hand, she held a bunch of opening roses—and there was Sophia, dressed for her portrait.

XUM

Never will I forget the day that Monsieur Victorien first saw her. Monsieur was a rising star in London. Royalty itself smiled upon him; consequently, monsieur must be had at any price. He was a tall, well-built man, with black eyes and hair, finely-cut features, delicate hands and feet, and a careless, good-natured way about him, which barely concealed a haughty temper and an indomitable will. His own people would describe a disposition like his as *main de fer sous gant de velours.*

Well, he came to the Hall expressly to paint that portrait, and proud enough was my lady at having secured his services; for, as you may believe, the gentleman was almost fought for, so eager were the women, young and old, to dress in their best and simper before him until he had got them down upon his canvas.

Since his arrival the previous day, Sophia had kept her room; consequently, the two met for the first time when she went to him arrayed, as I have described, for the momentous occasion. He, however, was not as I had seen him the evening before. Then he quite overcame me with the extreme gentility of his appearance in a suit—coat and small-clothes—of bottle-green satin, with gold buttons and lace ruffles; now, he received us in a damask gown, and his powdered hair was frizzed high in front and curled up at the sides, whilst at the back it was twisted, doubled and tied by a black ribbon with a large rosette. As for his manner, it was quite refined, earnest and delicate. In short, Monsieur Victorien was a gentleman.

Her ladyship, prim and precise, in a gown of snuff-colored taffety, presented him to Sophia.

"You must endeavor to do justice to my daughter, sir," said the dowager, glancing proudly at the young girl, who returned her stepmother's look with a sweet smile. (They really and truly loved each other, you see.)

"That would be impossible, my lady," declared the painter. "No one in the world could do justice to such incomparable loveliness."

Sophia colored crimson, my lady smiled graciously, monsieur busied himself with his canvas, and that was all, apparently. But I, Comfort Harding, a plain old maid, who had never had a lover nor heard a love-speech in my life, read from the two faces before me, as from the pages of an open book, that the first chapter in a life drama was begun that day, when Monsieur Victorien prepared to paint Sophia's portrait.

Sir Guy Marchmont, our neighbor, and the richest landowner in the county, had always loved Sophia. He was full seven years her senior, but from her childhood to her womanhood he had paid ceaseless court to her—at first in an awkward, boyish fashion; then, bolder and bolder, until at last he became the terror of her life. My cousin, be it understood, never dared put her dislike into words—that came of her tender-heartedness. Indeed, so gentle was she that she would not willingly have wounded the meanest of God's creatures; yet, try as she might, she could never care for Sir Guy.

He, at twenty-five, was tall, slim and smooth-faced, with a low, sweet voice, a deferential manner, and the most Christian-like temper imaginable. But all his Christianity could not bring him to friendliness with Monsieur Victorien. He was very civil to the artist, it is true, and he even praised the picture; but his civility was tinged with condescension, and his praises were rather directed to Sophia than to her counterpart. I saw that, and so did she.

One morning she came to me, as I sat working at my embroidery, and, throwing herself down beside me, commenced worrying with my silks.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, for I saw that she had something to impart.

"Sir Guy has asked me to marry him," she answered, without looking up.

"Well, that does not surprise me," I returned, smilingly.

"But I have rejected him," she continued.

"Then that will surprise her ladyship; for she has set her heart upon the marriage."

"I do not care," retorted my cousin, defiantly; "I shall not marry him."

"Pray, how did he take his rejection?"

"Oh, calmly enough. We are to be friends for ever and ever."

Silence for a moment; then I spoke again:

"My dear, if you do not love Sir Guy, whom do you love?"

"Comfort!" she cried, blushing rosy-red.

"Tell me," I persisted. "Is it Monsieur Victorien?"

"Oh, Comfort," said the poor soul, holding out her little hands pleadingly, whilst tears filled her eyes—"oh, Comfort, *yes!*"

* * * * * * *

The following week the portrait was finished, and monsieur, who had completely gained my lady's good graces, was urgently pressed to remain still longer with us as an honored guest. He consented, staying two days. On the morning of the third he bade us adieu; but on the morning of the fourth we found, to our inexpressible horror and dismay, that *Sophia had disappeared!*

Instant search was made, but searching was useless; no trace of the fugitive could be revealed. She had not left a word—not even a token—whereby a clew to her motive and movements might have been gained, or scanty consolation derived. To say that her ladyship suffered from this blow would be to say nothing at all. She loved her stepchild truly, but she was one of those grim old Spartans who could welcome death in preference to dishonor; and so, when she said to me: "I wish that I had killed her!" I knew that she really meant what she said.

As for Sir Guy, he went about like one demented, and at the end of the week started off for London, solemnly pledging himself to find and restore to us our poor, deluded child.

Months dragged wearily, but we were still alone. Letters from Sir Guy came often, and although these served somewhat to buoy up our hopes, yet their refrain was always the same—"Take courage; I will find her! Take courage; I will find her!"

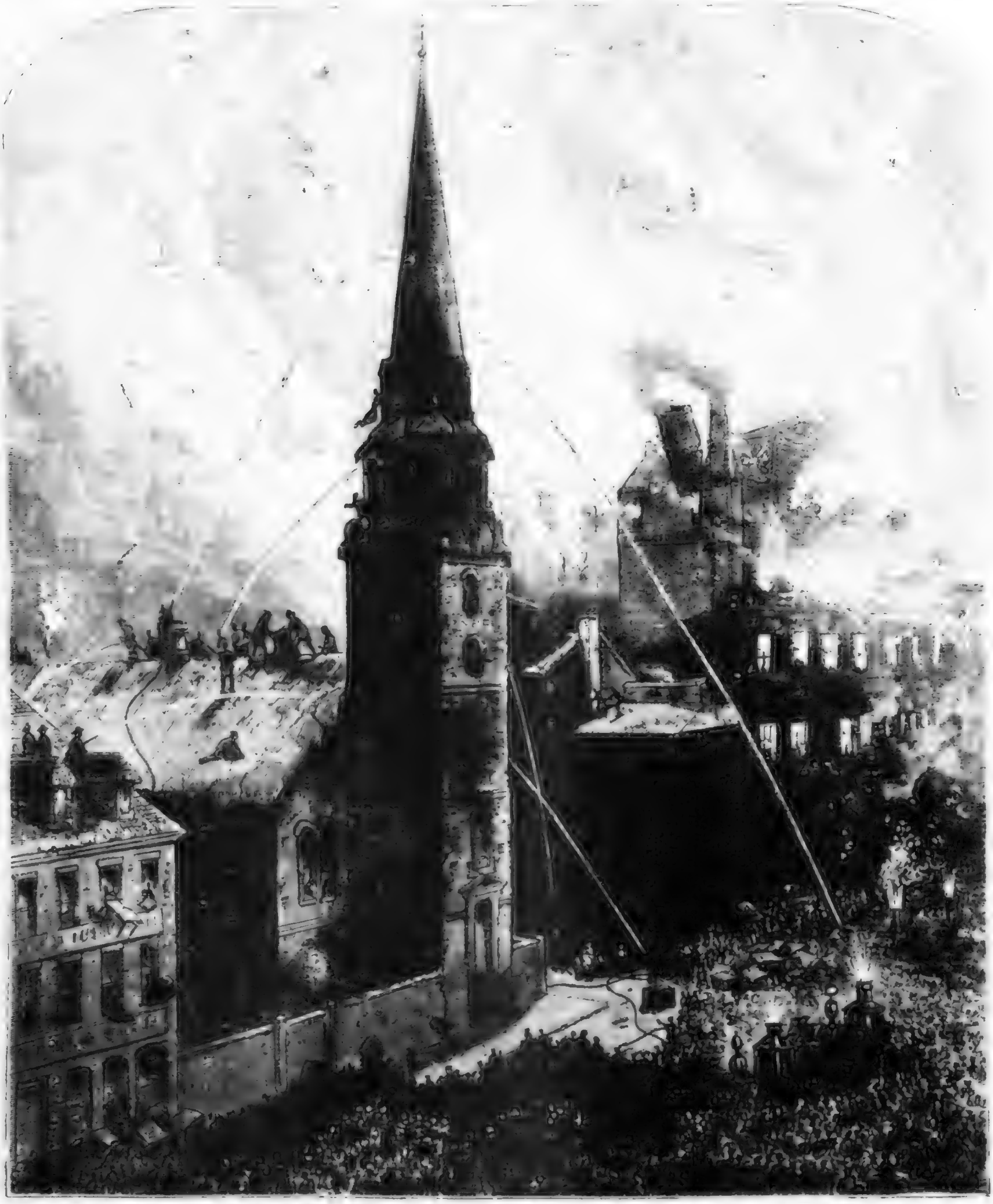
But we were only two poor women, lonely and longing, and our hearts grew fairly sick with hope deferred. I could see that Lady Holcroft was fast breaking down, notwithstanding her great affectation of stern determination. And how I yearned for the child! Our grand old home, with its stately gardens and broad avenues, and great jungle of a park well filled with game, seemed to me the veriest prison in a desert land, now that it had been robbed of the brightness and animation of Sophia's fresh young life. Her fresh young life! Ah, me, even then, in that time of my bitter woe, there were many sweet and tender fancies and remembrances of my darling that lay like Spring flowers around my poor old heart.

Just at that dolorous time it was that the storm which had so long been gathering burst upon that poor country, France. Not that we, so far from town, heard many details of those troubles across the Channel; but still there came to us faint rumors, then bolder assertions, and at last horrible facts concerning that awful French Revolution. And, to add to our suspense, Sir Guy's letters ceased for

XUM

a weary while; but imagine our delight when, one afternoon, he came unexpectedly back to us. Did he bring us tidings? Yes; the worst. He told his story to us in my lady's chamber—told it with a white face and sad eyes, and low, broken voice.

"I tracked and followed them," he said. "She was with him, and they went to France. For a long, long time I could learn nothing of their whereabouts. Victorien, as I heard from all who knew him, was simply a worn-out man of pleasure; so, very naturally, I dreaded a frightful fate for the woman I loved. Nor was I wrong; for——"



BOSTON.—SCENE AT THE GREAT FIRE—EFFORTS TO SAVE THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.—SEE PAGE 513.

"He married her?" broke in my lady.

"He did *not* marry her," returned Sir Guy.

My lady closed her eyes and folded her hands, but, beyond that, made no sign.

"It is as I say," continued the narrator. "But this is how I found them: They were in Paris, and under *surveillance.* Half mad with anxiety, I resolved to see Sophia. So, dressed in a blouse, as an *ouvrier*, my face and hands stained as if by exposure and toil, I joined the maddened mob that patrolled the streets, shouting their frantic songs of liberty. The better to conceal my nationality, I pretended to be dumb; and, although my heart was sick

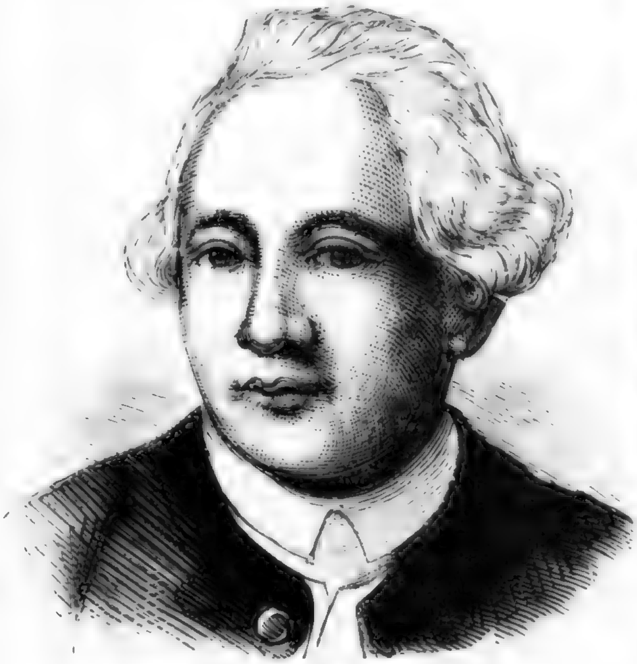
XUM

within me, I never once wavered in the accomplishment of my determination to find those whom I sought. One afternoon I went, as usual, to the Hotel de Ville. There, among the prisoners, were Victorien and Sophia. The farce of a trial was enacted. They were condemned, and——"

"Guillotined?" said her ladyship, as he paused.

"No—drowned!"

At this I cried aloud in horror, but my lady never quailed.

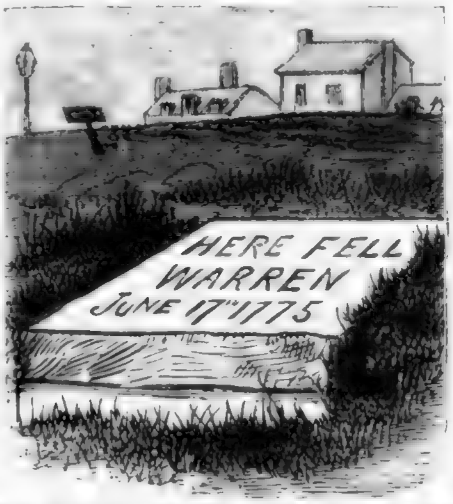


GENERAL WARREN.

"Go on," she said, still sitting there, with closed eyes and folded hands—"go on."

Sir Guy obeyed.

"Face to face, breast to breast, their arms around each other's necks, they were tied tightly together, then borne to the Seine. 'In the name of the majesty of the people!' shouted some one. Quick upon the words came a splash in the dark water, and—and—all was over!"



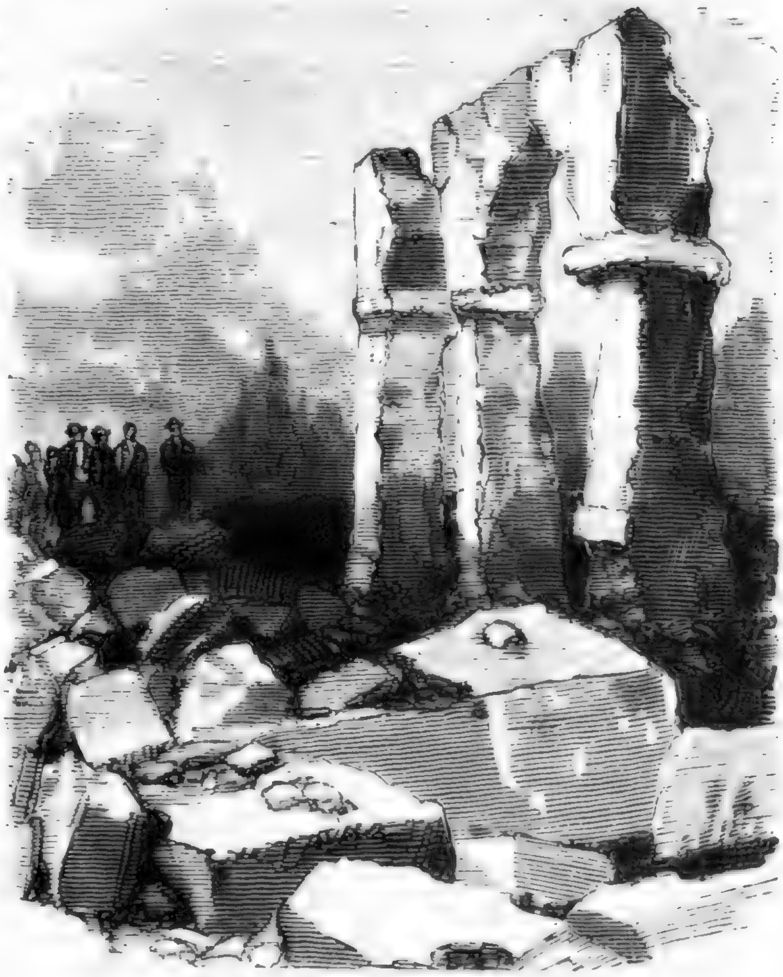
STONE MARKING THE SPOT WHERE WARREN FELL.

"But you!" I cried. "Great heaven! did you do nothing to save them!"

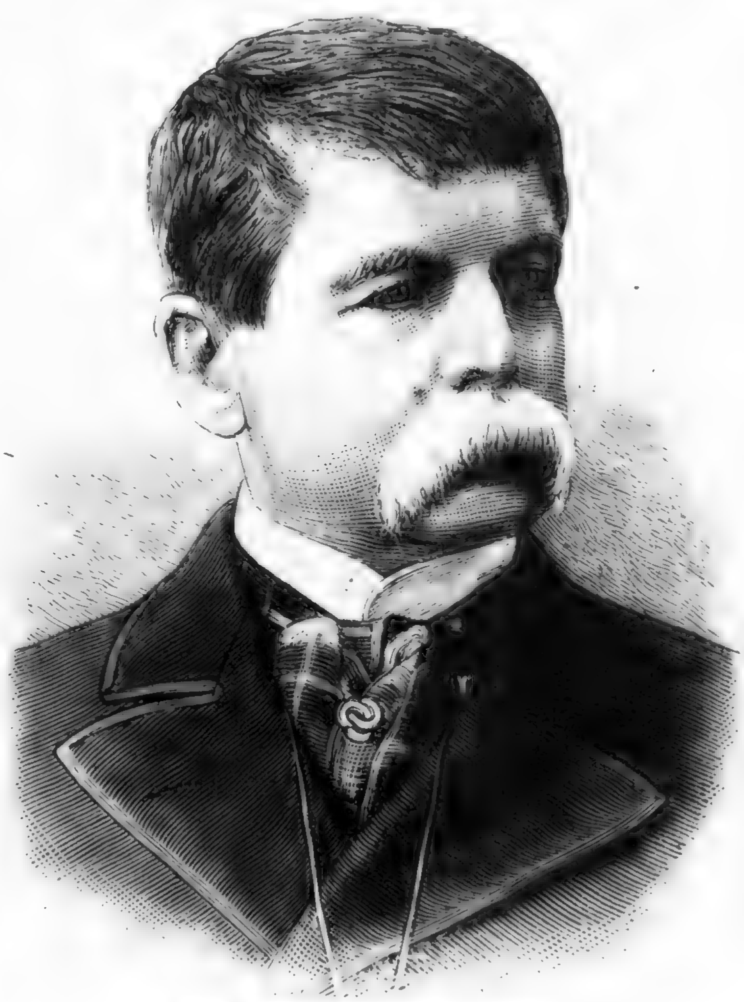
"Alas, madame! what could I have done?"

"He is right," said my lady, rising. "What could he have done? What should he have done? My God, my God! what should any honest——"

She ceased, threw up her arms suddenly, and,



RUINS AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF FRANKLIN.



HON. F. O. PRINCE, MAYOR OF BOSTON.

XUM

with a low moan, fell prone upon the floor in a dead faint.

For days Lady Holcroft lay desperately ill; but she rallied at last, and was soon able to receive Sir Guy, who had been unwearying in his solicitude concerning her. No further allusion was made to the doleful tidings which the gentleman had brought; but when he said that he intended returning in a few days to Paris, my cousin at first made no comment. Then, presently, she said, quietly

"Fetch me something that was hers."

And he answered: "I will."

But, on the Wednesday before he was to go to Paris—shall I ever forget it?—my lady said to me, as we sat together alone:

"Comfort, what is the matter with you? You seem nervous and excited; you have seemed so all the morning. Have you anything to tell me? If so, tell it without hesitation. Nothing could shock me now."

"Well, yes," I answered, boldly—"I have something to tell."

And then and there I told it; but what it was may not be repeated here.

The next evening, when Sir Guy called, he was, as usual, received in her ladyship's chamber. The day had been wild and cold, but now had come a sudden silence, as if the whole world was hushed and sad. The wind, no longer storm-charged, barely moaned its old, old song, and the stars seemed clearer and brighter in the deep heaven than ever stars had seemed before; while just above the distant forest hung the pale crescent of a young moon, its faint beams of yellow, lambent light quivering across the lovely stretch of moor, and mountain, and wooded dale.

Within the chamber were Lady Holcroft, Sir Guy and I. This room, you must know, was a large one, hung with arras, and furnished in the heavy, quaint style of centuries ago. From the wide chimney a fire flashed softly, its cheery radiance on the polished floor being barred by long shadows from the stiff, high-backed chairs. There were no candles—only the firelight. In one corner stood the great bedstead, mounted upon a dais, and shut in by curtains of silk and lace. Of paintings there were but two—one of the late lord, my cousin; this hung above the mantel; another from the opposite wall beamed down upon us, bright and glorious—and this was Sophia's portrait. Near this sat her ladyship; just opposite was our visitor; whilst I, a little beyond, made a great pretense of industry over a bit of knitting work.

My lady spoke:

"My friend, I entreat you to recount to me that horrible story. Tell it all, word for word, as you have already told it."

"The story of their death?" asked the gentleman.

"Of their death," answered my lady.

Then the slow, even tones reproduced the sickening tragedy—we listening in silence. Ah, how sweet were those tones, how deferential the manner, how stealthily soft the side glances of those half-closed gray eyes!

When Sir Guy ceased, my lady raised her hands to heaven.

"Good Lord!" she prayed, "be merciful! Let the dead come to me—let her come, O Father, from her cruel grave!"

Quick upon the words, Sir Guy uttered a cry of horror, and started to his feet, glaring wildly at something beyond.

"What is it?" I cried.

But I needed to ask nothing more; for, following his gaze, I saw, standing beneath the portrait on the wall, *that portrait's counterpart—Sophia, dressed as she had been when Monsieur Victorien painted her!*—Sophia, pale, haggard, wan, but beautiful always!

At sight of this strange apparition I said not a word, but my lady, rising, said:

"My prayer is answered! Heaven has sent her back to me! Speak to her, Sir Guy!"

But the brave fellow only staggered back, his hand upon his heart, his face livid, his lips drawn, his eyes staring with affright.

"My God!" he moaned, "can the dead come back to us?"

"No!" cried a voice, clear and vibrant—the voice of a living, breathing woman—the voice of Sophia herself. "No, oh, coward! but the living can!"

"It is my poor girl!" exclaimed my lady—"no ghost—it is she!"

"Indeed, it is," returned the other, "your poor girl, truly and really; and not come a moment too soon." Then, turning to Sir Guy, who still stood like one dazed, she went on, in fine scorn: "Madame, that villain had me stolen from you. In the park there, I was overpowered by masked men, who gagged and bound me, and bore me away in a coach that awaited them. To a cottage near London they carried me, stopping but seldom on the way, and then taking every precaution that I should give no alarm. That cottage was my prison, a wretched old woman my jailer. Then this gentleman came to me and offered his terms—freedom, if I first became his wife—and I refused. Ah, how the knave threatened me! But he left us at last; and here I am. I have escaped, you see, sir. Did you really believe, as my keeper believed, that, in despair, I had drowned myself? No danger! The bolt is not yet forged, sir, that you can draw upon me, nor the stream running that I need ever seek."

"It is a vile falsehood!" protested Sir Guy, daring now to speak. "I swear——"

"Swear not!" commanded my lady. "Swear not, but hear me now." And then there fell from her lips such bitter, scathing words that I fairly trembled. But he said never a word; just stood there, white and downcast, until there came the stern, contemptuous command, "Begone, sir! begone!" a command that was instantly obeyed.

Was it a plot? Well, Sophia's sudden appearance was. The child had arrived only the day before, and foot-sore and weary enough was she, to be sure! That was the secret I told my lady. She had escaped, and made her way to us as best she could. One and another had given her a lift on the road by day, and then by night there was always a shelter for her in some farmhouse. Verily, God had protected her, and now she was ours again.

But it was I, Comfort Harding, who had been inspired to plan the scene whereby that villain was unmasked and shamed. My lady had entered into my little plot. We were to have no candles lighted, and the door nearest the picture was to be left ajar, so that, at the moment when the dowager appealed to heaven for Sophia, and Sir Guy's attention was attracted thereby, our darling might slip in and take her place.

Of course Sophia knew nothing of Monsieur Victorien, nor could we learn anything. My lady was uneasy about him, and so was I. Sophia, however, said nothing; but this I noticed—*she was changed.* No longer full of song and laughter, she had grown quiet, pale and thoughtful. For all suitors—and she had many—there was but one answer, "Nay"; but for my lady and me she had an infinite number of tender ways that made her dearer and dearer to us as the long months went by.

"She will never marry," said my cousin to me, one bright Summer morning, as we sat together on the terrace.

"Never," I was about to answer, when I raised my eyes, and something that I saw made me cry out, joyfully:

"Yes, she will! Oh, cousin, she will marry Monsieur Victorien!"

"Comfort!"

"Oh, look!" I cried. "Look, and see who is crossing the lawn!"

My lady turned quickly; and there, coming toward us, hand-in-hand, flushed and happy, were Sophia and Monsieur Victorien!

Monsieur Victorien no longer; but Victorien Charles Philippe, Marquis de St. Hilaire. Love of art and a willful ambition had impelled this scion of a noble house to endeavor to make a name for himself; and when political troubles drove him to England, there, simply as an artist, he won honors innumerable. Then, having seen our Sophia, he loved her, and would have declared his passion had it not been for that cruel Revolution. So he left us, and returned to France; and now that peace was restored, he was here, and would not go away again without——

Here a pause, which my lady filled quickly.

"Without Sophia," said she.

"Without Sophia," he returned, gravely.

Then my lady did something so gracious, graceful and womanly that I am sure an angel from heaven must have prompted her. She arose, and, taking a hand of each of the lovers, joined them:

"I give you my child, Monsieur le Marquis," said she. "I give you Sophia; but I shall keep—I shall always keep Sophia's portrait."

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.

A SINGULAR case, bearing in some degree on the right to mislead a patient, was described a few months ago in a public address by a well-known physician. A young lady in one of the Western States was convinced that a bristle of her tooth-brush had become imbedded in her throat, and was causing mischief there, which would terminate fatally if the foreign body were not removed. The family doctor, and after him several physicians of repute, examined her throat, and all agreed in assuring her (which really was the case) that there was no bristle there at all. She continued to grow worse, the imaginary bristle causing all the effects which a real bristle might perhaps have caused—at any rate, all the effects which she imagined that a real bristle would cause.

At last a young surgeon was consulted, who followed a different line of treatment. Looking long and carefully at her throat, and examining the afflicted part with several instruments, he at last gravely assured her that she was quite right—a bristle was there, and the inflammation she experienced was undoubtedly due to it. He could not, he said, remove the bristle at once, as the only instrument which would effectually reach it was at home. He went home for it, as he said, but really to inclose in an instrument of suitable form a bristle from a tooth-brush. Returning, he carefully nipped the skin of the throat where the young lady felt the pricking of the non-existent bristle, and after causing her enough discomfort to satisfy her that this time the operation of extracting the bristle was certainly in progress, he withdrew the instrument in triumph, and along with it the bristle, which had, indeed, first entered her mouth in that instrument's company. From that time she recovered rapidly; for it will be understood that, though there was no real cause for her fears, a real irritation had been excited by them, and organic mischief had resulted.

The story ends here, so far as our present subject is concerned, though as a tale it may seem to many incomplete without a few words more. The young surgeon, we are told, was highly in favor thenceforth. He had not only saved her life, as she supposed, but had shown her to have been right, and all her friends, as well as the other doctors, wrong. She would have accepted his hand but for the circumstance that, having already a wife, he omitted to offer it. She blazoned abroad his fame, however, until he had become famous "throughout the whole State."

All would have ended pleasantly had he not, in a moment of weakness, confided the true explanation of the young lady's cure to his wife—of course, under promise of strict secresy—which, however, did not prevent the story from reaching the young lady's ears in a few hours. It is scarcely necessary to say that thenceforth her feelings toward the doctor were the reverse of those she had entertained before. True, she owed her cure to him, but the cure was worse than the illness.

GLASS IN EGYPT.

EGYPT offers us the earliest positive evidences of glass-making. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson mentions that glass bottles containing wine are represented on monuments of the fourth dynasty, more than 4,000 years ago; and in the tombs at Beni Hasan the process of glass-blowing is represented in an unmistakable manner.

The earliest specimen of glass—bearing an inscription from which its date may be ascertained—which has as yet been met with, is the lion's head now in the Slade collection in the British Museum. This was found many years ago at Thebes by Signor Drovetti. It is formed of opaque blue glass of a very bright and beautiful color, as may be seen from a fractured part, but time has changed it externally to an olive-green. Dr. Birch states that the hieroglyphics which are on the under side consist, on the right side, of an urceus wearing the *hut*, or white crown of the upper world or upper Egypt, and representing the goddess Sati (Juno); on the left side an urceus wearing the *tesh*, or red crown of the lower world or lower Egypt, and representing the goddess Nat or Neith (Minerva); while the central hieroglyphics form the prenomen of Nuantef IV. of the eleventh dynasty, whose date, according to Lepsius's chronology, was B.C. 2423–2380.

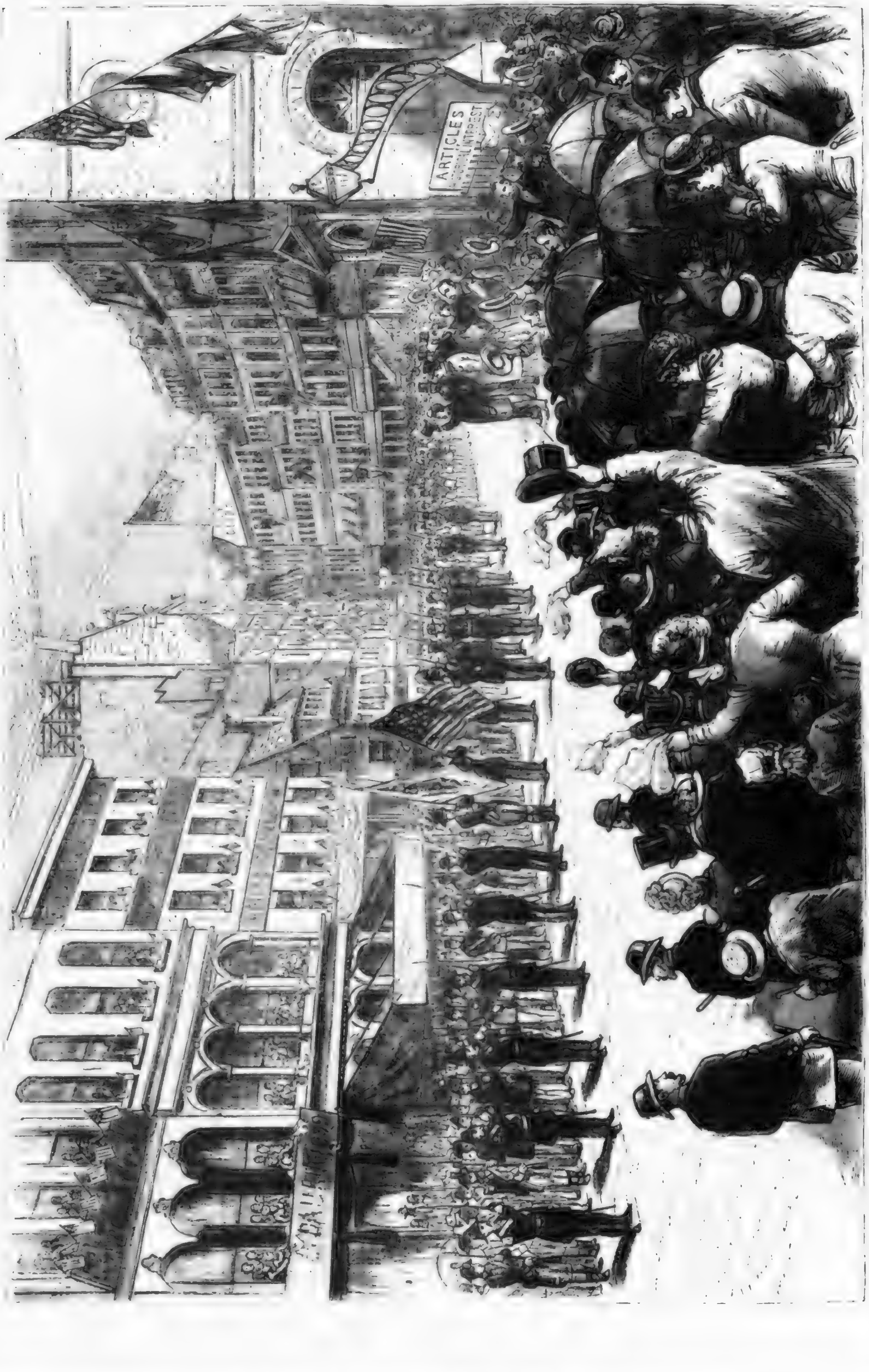
A bead found at Thebes bears the prenomen of Hatafu, a queen who is conjectured to have lived about 1450 B.C.; this is of a dusky green glass, quite transparent, and is stated to have the specific gravity of bottle glass. It has been suggested that the material is not artificial glass, but obsidian, which abounds in Egypt, and is occasionally of a green tint.

Many colored fragments are found in the tombs of Thebes, and a vitrified coating, usually blue or green, was given to objects formed of earthenware, and even of stone or granite.

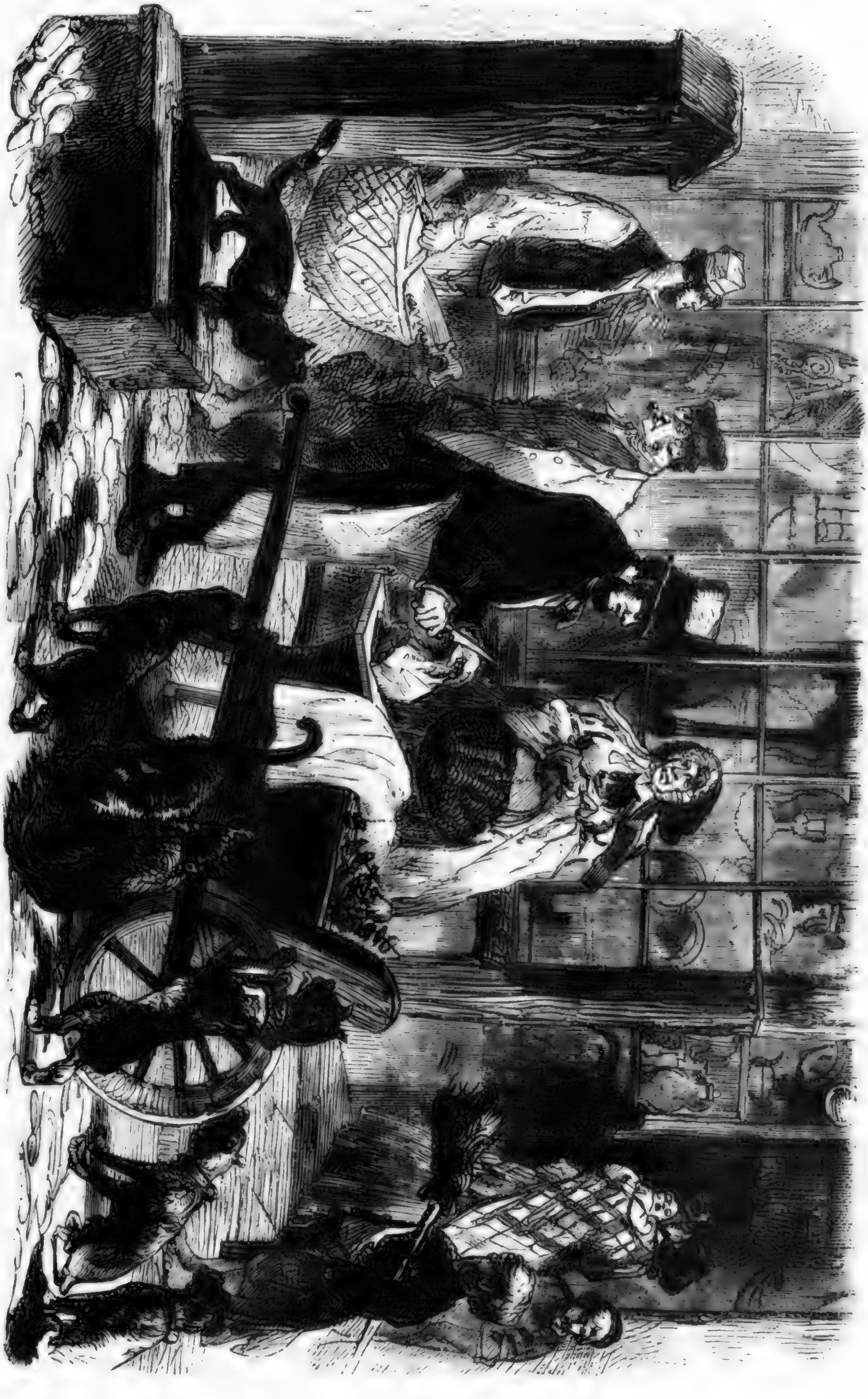
A high value seems to have been attached to colored glass at an early date; and vessels of fine opaque blue glass of Egyptian manufacture exist, edged with a tolerably thick plating of gold.

Glass, if the Syrian, Greek and Latin versions of the Old Testament are correct, is placed (in the Book of Job) in the same category as gold; the English version renders the word "crystal."

XUM



BOSTON CELEBRATING HER TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY—THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY REVIEWED BY THE MAYOR.—SEE PAGE 512.



SCENES FROM LONDON LIFE.—A CATS'-MEAT MAN.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

SCENES FROM LONDON LIFE.

FROM HAND TO MOUTH.

By T. E. Reutz Rees.

NO IMAGINATIVE tale has ever reached the pathos of real life. Every great city furnishes scenes which out-rival any that sensational writers can invent.

In London, the largest city in the world, thousands awake daily to the problem of existence without means. Standing for a while in any of the great city thoroughfares, it is amazing to watch the tide of humanity. It has been truly said that one half the world does not know how the other half lives; and, apart from the question of how they are provided with the means of keeping body and soul together, one is tempted to ask where they all find refuge.

A visit to some of the byways of the metropolis would throw a little light upon the subject. In no city in the world are luxury and squalor to be found in such close proximity. The palatial residences of the aristocracy and gentry are flanked by the haunts of the miserable and the vicious. A few moments' brisk walking will bring us to squalor and poverty which are as great in their degree as the lavish expenditure of the more fortunate upper class is astonishing.

Petticoat Lane, which has a fame of its own, is well worth a visit of inspection—an expedition which is not to be lightly undertaken, and scarcely a desirable one for a solitary ramble. Here live a large number of the vast population that underlie the respectable classes. Itinerant venders, hawkers, cheap-jacks, street-singers, children plying their trade of picking and stealing, bird-fanciers, "the man with the dog," and fortune-tellers, jostle one another, as, toward evening, they approach their homes, to reissue when the darkening twilight admits of more objectionable occupations.

If we select one house out of the many in the overcrowded lane, we shall find it swarming with tenants whose continued existence from day to day is a problem. A few broken steps conduct us to the underground cellar, which, lighted only from the street, is tenanted by a family of nine. Here a broken-down laborer supports, or tries to support, himself and family by making matches. Of his seven children, five assist in the occupation. Their united earnings scarcely suffice to provide them with bread, and how they contrive to clothe themselves, or escape starvation, is a question which they themselves cannot answer. Pale-faced and stunted in growth, the father and elder girls speak in hoarse, rough tones, the sulphur which they use affecting their respiratory organs.

They have one source of consolation, upon which they dwell with much eloquence: in the midst of such unenviable surroundings, they have kept "honest"; there's not a thief among them. What the father boastingly asserts is more than can be said for some people! The mother, poor, wretched woman! affords an example of the possibility of living and bearing children, under circumstances which make existence unendurable. Her face sufficiently indicates that she has lost all hope of better things, and is submissive to her lot.

Full upon the street opens a low Jew's shop, the proprietor fattening like a spider upon the flies whom he lures into his den. Second-hand wearing apparel, ornaments, broken umbrellas, articles of the most miscellaneous description, are flanked by an array of handkerchiefs of every size, pattern and quality, which irresistibly recall the inimitable Fagin and his victims.

The shop is so little inviting, and its proprietor so unshaven, greasy and forbidding, that we do not cross his threshold, but proceed up the unclean staircase to the first floor. The rooms are numbered, each boasts a different tenant. A soiled card, nailed by one corner, announces in a curious caligraphic scrawl that Madame Birt is the owner of No. 1, and that she makes artificial flowers in paper and in wax. Her neighbor is a dressmaker, whose sole furniture consists of a truckle bed and sewing-machine. She pursues her avocation seated upon the edge of her bed. She prefers working out by the day. To all appearances she starves when she stays at home.

A rough, coarse voice in No. 3 appeals against intrusion. Here is a nurse of the old type. Mrs. O'Flanagan disapproves of visitors. She is much in requisition in the neighborhood, assisting at most of the miserable births and deaths in her own street and the next. Her money earnings are the least of her profits. She is welcome everywhere, and generally shares a meal wherever one may be found. Her calling leads her to intimate association with cookshop and public, and her plump appearance is suggestive. She takes her fees in kind. Half a dozen little heads suggest that baby-farming is also a part of her profession. She is very loquacious in claiming proprietorship in the "childer," whose mammy she calls herself.

Ascending a rickety stair, which swarms with children, and is made extremely lively by an animated conjugal dispute, we reach the second floor, to find dirtier rooms and more miserable tenants. Two shock-headed viragoes accost each other in no very choice terms from their respective doorways; children undistinguishable, save by the maternal eye, reproduce the language of their elders in a way which shocks and revolts; while on the ledge of the narrow window which lights the staircase stands a basket of smoked fish, the owner of the property being at present engaged in settling his wife.

A girl with a basket of faded flowers upon her head comes dreamily up, and ascends the rickety ladder which leads to a large attic under the roof, which is partitioned off. Several sets of people find homes in each partition.

We will be content with one, in which we find a drunken bricklayer, recovering from a night's debauch, swearing below his breath as he calls in sleepy accents for unobtainable drink; whilst his wife, in much the same condition, sits in a broken chair, one child at her breast and another miserable object wailing at her feet. In the centre of the compartment two dwarfed children squabble over some broken victuals, whilst in the far corner a quiet group, consisting of a man, a woman and a boy, are busily engaged in the construction of a toy which is destined to delight some more fortunate child.

Here, then, we see the people! they who should be the nation's life.

In Summer their discomfort is comparatively slight. Inured to misery, dirt and squalor, both these attendant evils do not materially affect them. True, they are swarming with vermin, poisoned with foul air, and the heat of the noonday sun has drawn all vitality from them—still, provisions are cheap, and life after all is more endurable than it is in the Winter months. Occupation, too, is more easily obtained. There are many avenues open for industry—pleasant ones, too, as the pea-shelling and fruit-picking in Convent Market, where women and children gather under an awning and earn their bread without any great exertion. So, toward Autumn, many find their way into the country fields and gain a day's work, with fresh air and sunshine; or join the hop-pickers, disreputable and low as it may be they are, still for the time free from many of the lowering influences of their lives.

When London is enveloped in fog, when the raw east winds pierce the marrow; when daylight fades, and drizzling rain or sleet, or snow defiled of all purity, fall incessantly, then the misery of the poor is at its height—a misery, too, which is never reached, which all the philanthropic efforts of the most lavishly charitable city in the world never overcomes. It is not the loud, rough man, who persecutes the quiet citizens with his clamor, or the bustling woman, who goes taxing parish authority with her tale of woe, who are the greatest sufferers. They must be sought among the weak, the pale, the sad.

The deserted wife; the deluded girl, who realizes that the villain she has trusted has no human heart; the mother whose little ones, dear to her even in her starvation, clamor for the food she cannot earn; the children, left too young in years, however old in vice, who huddle together in the vain hope of warmth—these are the victims.

The corner of any London street, on a rough, bitter day in Winter, furnishes an example of the struggle for existence. See the young woman, with her scanty dress and threadbare shawl, whose whole fortune is embarked in the charcoal fire over which she roasts her chestnuts. She has paid a deposit for the stove, and probably invested her last farthing in the few quarts of chestnuts and a handful of coke; and now her very existence, and probably her child's also, depends upon the sales she can effect. Her customers are of the poorest, and are few. The driving wind penetrates to her very marrow, the pitiless snow nearly blinds her; her only comfort, and one which she greatly appreciates, is the warmth from her little fire. Still, she is more to be envied, after all—cold, wet and miserable as she may be—than the girl or boy who follows you up a leading thoroughfare, bareheaded, barefooted and in tatters, with a few boxes of fusees, the only stock in trade, begging for the coppers which surely few are hard-hearted enough to refuse.

Practical people discourage almsgiving in the street—and rightly so, no doubt, in part. They will tell you, with great show of reason, that the law provides shelter and food for all who are shelterless and starving, and remind you how much is given away in charity—how great an effort is made to meet all these crying needs.

No doubt it is so; yet the sternest moralist must admit that the suffering of the little ones, the misery of the weak, is never reached. Better, surely, to run the risk of giving to an unworthy recipient, than of "offending" one of those whose souls were worth a ransom.

Shelter, moreover, is *not* provided for all. The scenes outside the refuges provided for the casual pauper have been too often described to need more than a passing reference. Here, as everywhere else, strength wins. The weakest goes to the wall; and in the crowd that waits admission, the sickly woman, the tender child, are last to gain attention.

The appreciation of these refuges is attested by the numbers who clamor for admittance. In spite of many shortcomings, they do, on the whole, supply a great need. Here the really poor obtain a supper, a night's shelter and a morning meal. In many of them work is demanded of the able-bodied in exchange—work grudgingly performed. There are many charities in connection with these temporary homes, and mission work of all kinds is carried on.

For several successive Winters the distress at the East End of London called for prompt measures. Soup-kitchens were organized upon a gigantic scale, and it appeared as if the wants of all must have been promptly met. Unfortunately, these lavish donations, carefully as, in the main, they were administered, increased the pauperism of the district; yet it is equally certain that, without it, thousands must have perished.

The saddest side of the life of the London poor must yet be glanced at. The national ill of drunkenness finds its stronghold in the lowest and most degraded haunts of the vast city. There, at the corner of the poorest street, and in the centre of the lowest neighborhood, stands with glittering effrontery the root of all this misery—the gin palace. The scenes enacted round the bar, the terrible realities of life which scarcely attract a passing notice from the inhabitants of the district, are indescribable. No pen has yet been found bold enough to paint, in true colors, the brutality, demoralization and vice of these neighborhoods. Enormous fortunes are accumulated by the sale of liquor—fortunes which surely carry a curse with them, wrung, as they are, from the very life-blood of the people.

By legislative enactment, the public-houses are closed during the hours of service on Sunday. They open at one o'clock, and, as the hour approaches, the unseemly crowd gathers—besotted men, still reeling from last night's debauch, unsexed and unnatural women, the young, the old, the decrepit, take their stand. The child, barely able to speak, is there, fully alive to the necessity of procuring father's glass or mother's dram; knowing, too, that it is to be procured at the expense of the children's food. Temperance societies have done much; but much, terribly much, remains to do. Workmen's institutes and temperance tea-meetings may attract a few, may strengthen some against the terrible temptation offered by the flaming gin palace, but, after all, the good they effect is but as a drop in the ocean.

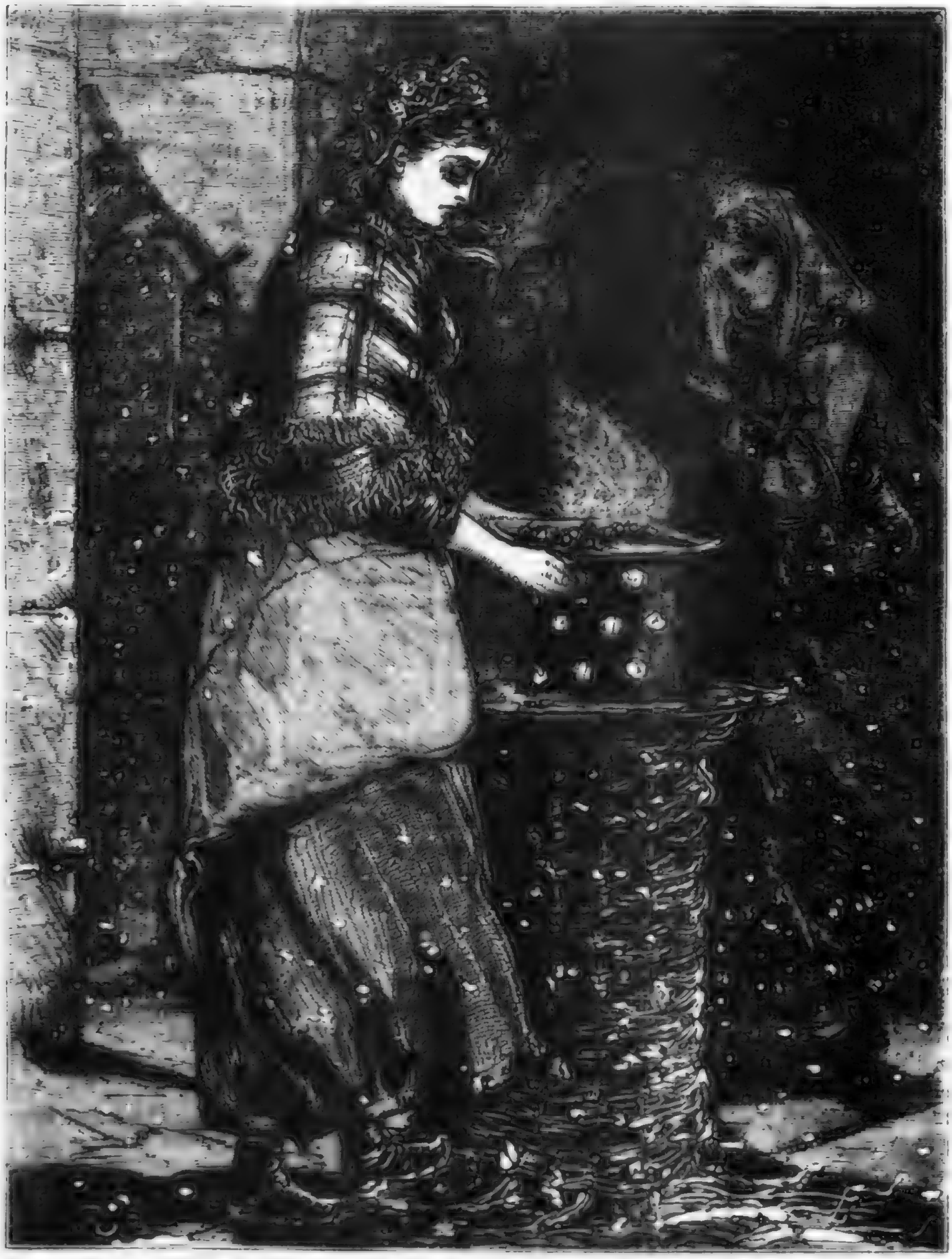
Drink is the parent of every vice—the crying iniquity of Great Britain; a cancer which is spreading through every rank, which counts its victims by increasing thousands, finding them, alas! too often among men and women of culture, as well as among those whose misery is their great excuse.

The wretched woman who, but for her infant, is alone in the wide world, and who, craving drink to escape from memory, is thus led on from crime to crime. She cannot bear the hunger which presses upon her; she seeks to stay her longing with a glass of the burning poison, which will only too surely lead to a desire for more. Money she has none. The road to ruin is easy; the first theft is so lightly accomplished, the goods stolen from the cobbler's stand so easily disposed of, that her future career is a settled thing. Once a drunkard, once a thief, there is little hope of her redemption.

Amid all the squalor and misery of the lowest London streets, one comes, sometimes, upon a sight that is both touching and pretty. An organ-grinder finds his way into the crowded lane or thoroughfare. He is eagerly welcomed by the teeming population. He is one of them! He, too, lives from hand to mouth. Halfpence are scarce in the neighborhood of Petticoat Lane, but no matter—he plays. Soon a space is cleared, girls and children dance to the merry tune. Women with infants in their arms come out upon the pavement, heads appear at every window. In a moment quarrels are arrested; the music appeals to them all; strife and envyings are put aside, and girls, who, in all their tawdry finery, are still not without the grace of womanhood, dance merrily together. The infants forget to fret, and the tottering baby is aroused to ambitious imitation. The grinder is an Italian,

XUM

a lad far from country and home; yet he, too, forgets his woes, and grins in pleased delight as he turns the handle, quickening the measure all he can. And so, in the midst of some of life's most painful scenes, a pleasant quarter of an hour speeds all too fast. At last the organ-grinder hoists his stock in trade, and turning his back upon the appreciative audience, proceeds upon his way, followed by many of the waifs and strays, anxious to mingle with the next crowd he can attract.



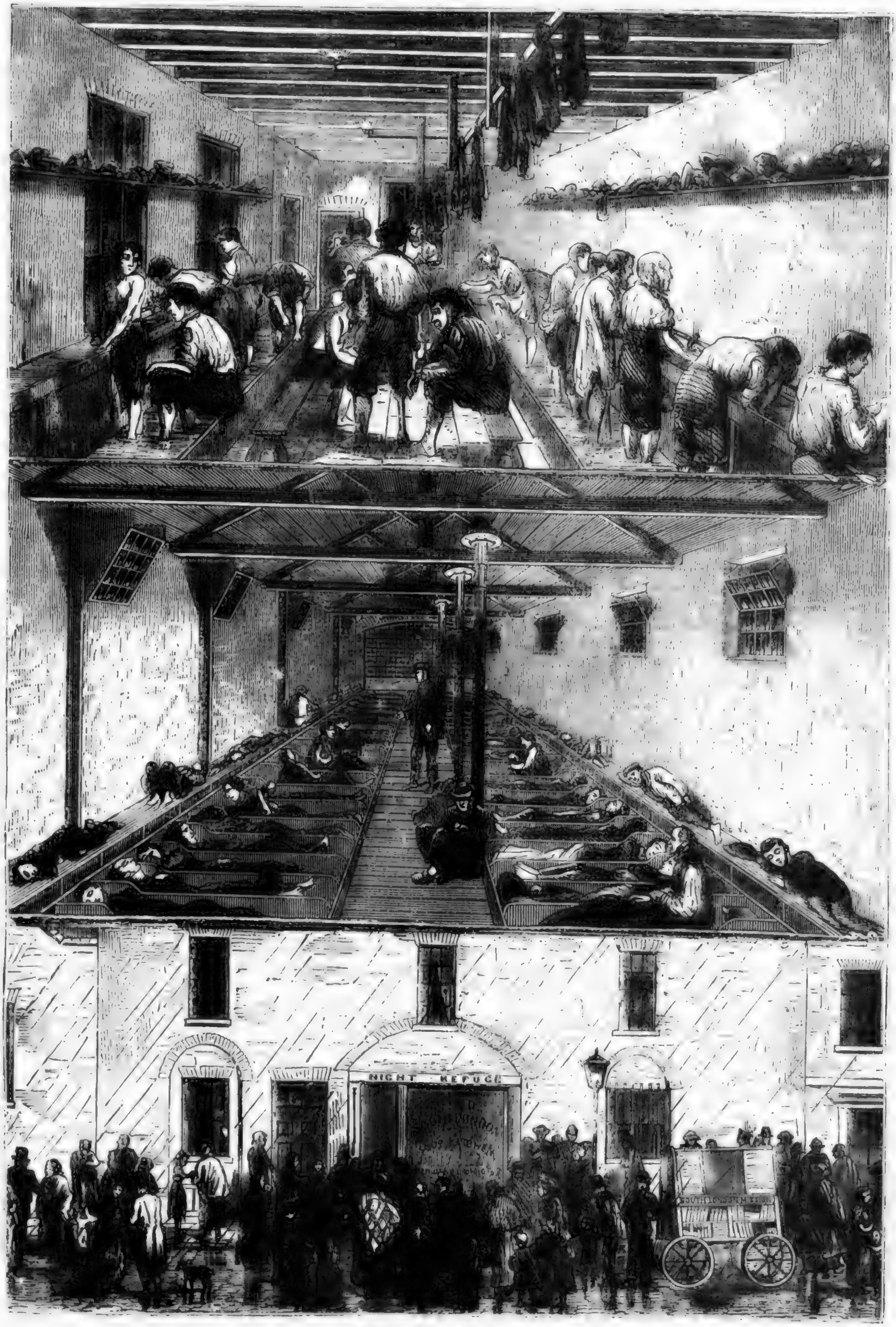
THE HOT CHESTNUT VENDER.

And so life goes on, varied by incidents and excitements. An everyday occurrence, of course, is the arrest of a thief, who is followed on his way to the police-court by a crowd of sympathizers, each expecting that his or her turn may come next, while the policeman who has him in charge is the subject of much wit and eloquence.

Scenes from low life give one so little hope of improvement, depress one so deeply by their degradation and misery, that one needs to pause and reflect that even from these suffering masses men may and do rise to better things. Small beginnings have been made which have led to happier things. The lad whose mind, even when his field of labor is but a crossing, and his stock in trade a broom, finds scope for energy, and fashions intricate pathways in his muddy kingdom, will some day find a fresh opportunity. From the possession of a broom he passes to the purchase of some small stock. Perhaps his tastes lead him to the vegetable line. His first attempts may probably be in watercresses and radishes. Then a penny gained is carefully hoarded, until, from a willow basket, with its few scant bunches, he owns a tray or stand. From thence, by comparatively easy transition, he becomes possessor of a barrow. Now things brighten; he has a cheerful temper, good strong lungs, the power of repartee. His earnings increase, his stock becomes varied, vegetables appear upon his barrow; in due time he finds his way further afield; he hawks his wares in some large thoroughfare; and as the years pass onward, in spite of a few mishaps and occasional losses, he is steadily gaining ground. His coming is looked for, his wares are to be relied upon, his prices moderate.

Soon Petticoat Lane sees him no more. He is rising. Before he has ceased to be a young and hopeful man his future, with moderate care, is secure. His next investment is a donkey, and the new possession, carefully fed and tended, increases his respectability tenfold. He is a thriving costermonger, one of the most familiar denizens of suburban streets. His load of tempting vegetables, with here and there a bunch of flowers cunningly introduced, is eagerly expected by the inhabitants of the side streets.

In early Spring, his cheerful call is the first token of the breaking frost. He has the earliest vegetables, and hawks rhubarb about while the shops are still grudging its price. His peas, later on, are always less a peck than any one else's. The people of the neighborhood, with their small weekly incomes, prefer dealing with him for cash, to running accounts at the small shops. They think he can supply more cheaply, too, for he has no expense of rent


NIGHT REFUGE
SOUTH LONDON

A LONDON NIGHT REFUGE.

XUM

or tax to meet. Honest and enterprising, his success is assured. It is not long before he retires from that particular branch of his trade, and opens a little shop, to which he allures many of his former supporters, charging them less, for old acquaintance's sake. More probably than not, he has induced some smart housemaid, or active maid-of-all-work, whose character he has had ample opportunity of studying, to join her savings to his, and between them the foundation of a sure success is laid.

Scarcely less enterprising, and, like the costermonger, rising from very low life, is the cats'-meat man. He begins life as a lad, by investing in half a pound of horse-flesh, for the moderate sum of twopence. The only other stock in trade necessary is a piece of wood. Soon he has a multitude of pegs, on which he temptingly displays his neatly-cut bits of horseflesh. Wherever he may start, be sure the cats and dogs will soon proclaim him. His first receipts are small—cats in low neighborhoods must seek their own provender; but once let him come into a better neighborhood, and pussy's claims are recognized and allowed. Cats are the favored pets of every London home, and the halfpenny is readily and willingly bestowed upon a meal for the children's friend and playmate. It is a comical sight in the city, to watch the excitement of Tom and Tabby as the hour for the arrival of their feast is proclaimed by the unmelodious cry of their purveyor.

Although he announces himself as the particular friend of cats, he is looked upon with no mean favor by the homeless and indigent curs who haunt the metropolis, and he is usually surrounded and followed by a number of hungry and unprotected admirers, who gaze with longing eyes at his stock-in-trade. His enterprise is soon rewarded. His barrow in due time gives place to a tax-cart and pony; and the cats'-meat man delivers his wares at the buyers' houses with as much regularity as the butcher or baker.

Rag-picking is not a very nice occupation, yet, like dust-sifting, it provides bread for a large number of poor. The dust-heaps of a London contractor have been immortalized by Dickens; and it is by no means an uninteresting sight to watch the operations of the women and children employed in sorting and arranging the miscellaneous articles that they have rescued from the dust-bins. Articles of great value have been found at different times—silver, carelessly thrown in by servants, articles of wearing apparel, books, and even bank-notes of considerable value—all of which, having no owners, go to swell the receipts of the dust-contractors.

It would be difficult to find a more marked feature in the stirring life of the great metropolis than the newspaper boy, with his importunities. He has not the entire monopoly of the trade, however, although his demeanor might lead to that supposition. The smart, active lad who is in the paid employment of a stationer, or is one of those sent out by Smith's enterprising agents, carries the palm. The slipshod man who has invested his last shilling in copies of the *Standard* or *Telegraph*, has need of all his agility to compete with him at all. His success depends upon his arousing attention by the announcement of startling news, and if he is of an imaginative temperament he usually invents it, careless of the consequence, if he can only get rid of his stock.

Of a lower social grade is the man who stands about selling colored prints, or picture-books, or who, at festive seasons, invests all his fortune in congratulatory cards, buying them first-hand and selling them far below shop prices. He is intimately allied to the dissipated-looking young fellow who enlarges upon the beauty and merit of a penny toy, and dangles a silver watch and chain in the face of omnibus passengers.

The London gamin is more obtrusive and annoying than any specimen of his class to be found in other cities of Europe. It is impossible to shake him off. Always on the alert, if a cab is called he is there, opening the door, shielding a lady's dress from the wheel, and with his "Copper, sir?" expressing his own value of the service he renders. If he meets with no response he will keep pace with the vehicle, and turn up a mile or two further on to suggest, "Forgot me, I suppose, sir?" Impudence often wins, and the street gamin whose only capital is his effrontery does a thriving trade. He is, perhaps, the best example that could be found of living from hand to mouth in the great heart of England. Truly, he is most aptly named a street arab, for his hand is against every man, and every man's against him. With no regular place of abode, sleeping now under the arches, now in the shadow of some court that is likely to escape police vigilance, he is at once a scandal to and a blight upon a Christian community.

He has no parallel elsewhere. Homeless, parentless, friendless, what course is open to him but a career of crime? To this he takes kindly in very early life. Instances are on record of lads too small to look over the dock accused of most varied crimes, stealing being the very lightest of them, and committed to long sentences for repeated offenses. Reformatories may do something to mitigate this evil, but prevention is better than cure, and the training ships, which offer a refuge, and subsequently a respectable career, to the waifs and strays of city streets, are of more practical use.

It is increasingly difficult to meet the wants of the lower orders, and until the probational period of the present educational movement has passed away, it will be impossible to know, with any certainty, whether their position will be improved by it or not. But, as the street arab is the representative of the very lowest social scale, an effort in the right direction has been made in the attempt to civilize him, and employ his superabundant energies in the cause of the nation.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF THE STAG BEETLE.

The Longicorn Beetles, or Stag Beetles, as they are sometimes called, on account of their long, cylindrical antennæ, which look like horns, belong to the family of the *Cerambycidæ.* The adults are made for walking well, and they have usually very strong, and, indeed, occasionally enormous, mandibles, differently toothed according to the species, and the jaws of the lower lip present many decided modifications of form, according to the peculiar habits of the insects.

The beetles are leaf-eaters, and the diversity in the structure of their mouths depends upon the nature of the vegetable matters upon which they feed. The species are world-wide, but their abundance is in distinct relation with the richness of the vegetation of different countries, so that South America, India, Ceylon, and the Islands of Sunda and the Moluccas contain a great number of the most beautiful and largest capricorns.

It is impossible to confound a beetle belonging to this family with that of any other. There is the greatest resemblance amongst the larvæ of the whole family, and they look like stout, elongated white worms, and the segments of their bodies are very much alike in all. All the segments are a little swollen, the first, however, being the largest, and being covered above and below with a leathery plate. They have rudimentary antennæ. These larvæ live in the trunks and branches of trees, and in the cellular

XUM

structures of some herbaceous plants. As they never come to the light, they are colorless, and have soft integuments; but as they feed upon the wood out of which they form galleries, they have very strong jaws and a very stout head. As they do not want to walk much in a narrow gallery, they have no legs, or else they are in a most rudimentary condition, but their swollen segments enable them to climb.

This history of the peculiar structures of the larva presents striking analogies with that of the wood-eating larvæ of the *Lepidoptera* and *Hymenoptera;* and the existence of similar adaptations in very different insects, in order to enable them to live under the same conditions of existence, is very remarkable. But the weak jaws of *Chalcophora Mariana,* which are presumed to do the same kind of work as those of the *Cerambycidæ,* must be remembered in considering such generalizations. The strength of the jaws of the larvæ of the *Cerambycidæ* differs according to the density of the tissue of the plant in which the particular species live.

The abdomen of the female beetles of some genera is provided with an ovipositor of considerable length, by means of which they can insert their eggs into the crevices of trees or plants, in the interior of which their larvæ live and are hatched. The larvæ make a cocoon by joining together fragments of wood and little bits of vegetable tissue with their saliva, and are transformed into nymphs. Some of the beetles are remarkable for the emission of a fragrant odor not unlike that of attar of roses.

THE ANTIQUITY OF CHEESE.

Cheese and curdling of the milk are mentioned in the Book of Job. David was sent by his father, Jesse, to carry ten cheeses to the camp, and to look how his brothers fared. "Cheese of kine" formed part of the supplies of David's army at Mahanaim, during the rebellion of Absalom. Homer says that cheese formed a part of the ample store found by Ulysses in the cave of Cyclops. Polyhemus, Euripides, Theocritus, and other early poets, mention cheese. Ludolphus says that excellent cheese and butter were made by the ancient Ethiopians; and Strabo states that some of the ancient Britons were so ignorant that, though they had an abundance of milk, they did not understand the art of making cheese.

There is no evidence that any of these ancient nations had discovered the use of rennet in making cheese. They appear merely to have allowed the milk to sour, and subsequently to have formed the cheese from the casein of the milk, after expelling the serum or whey. As David, when young, was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses and an *ephah* of parched corn, the cheeses must have been small.

COFFEE CULTURE.

WHEN Berson, the Lieutenant-General of Artillery, gave his coffee-plant to the Jardin des Plantes in the last century, he little dreamt that 600,000,000 pounds of the fruit would be one day produced from plantations which all had their origin in the sample given by him to the Paris Museum, of which a shoot was carried to the West Indies. Nor might his surprise have been less real had he been told that at no very distant date as much as 5,000,000 francs worth of the beverage made from the berry would be sold at the *cafés* of the boulevards, and that in 1878 the estimated production of coffee throughout the entire world would be set down at 1,080,000,000 pounds.

ON THE RIVER.

SIDE by side in our tiny skiff,
   Floated along by the tide,
My love and I watched the fading light
Of the Summer eve die into the night,
   And the moon through her queendom glide

Floating along where flexile trees
   To the brink of the river had grown,
And with drooping branches its waters brushed,
As in mimic rapids they brawled and rushed
   O'er a fallen trunk, or a stone.

Then I gazed by the chastened light
   In the light of my dear one's eyes;
But they met not mine in their calm repose,
For a troubled gleam from their depths arose,
   And her smiles had vanished in sighs.

Then she clung to my side, and told
   Those haunting fears on my breast:
"Beneath these waters that ripple and play,
The tangled weed and the darkness stay,
   And the dead in its bosom rest.

"Side by side we may float a while—
   Calm waters and peaceful skies—
Yet the waves of life, like this river, gleam
But to merge our fate in the darker stream
   That under the surface lies."

Then I raised the drooping face of my love
   Till the moonbeams fell on her brow—
Till the gloomy shade of the trees on the shore
And the haze of the night she saw no more,
   Nor the treach'rous current below.

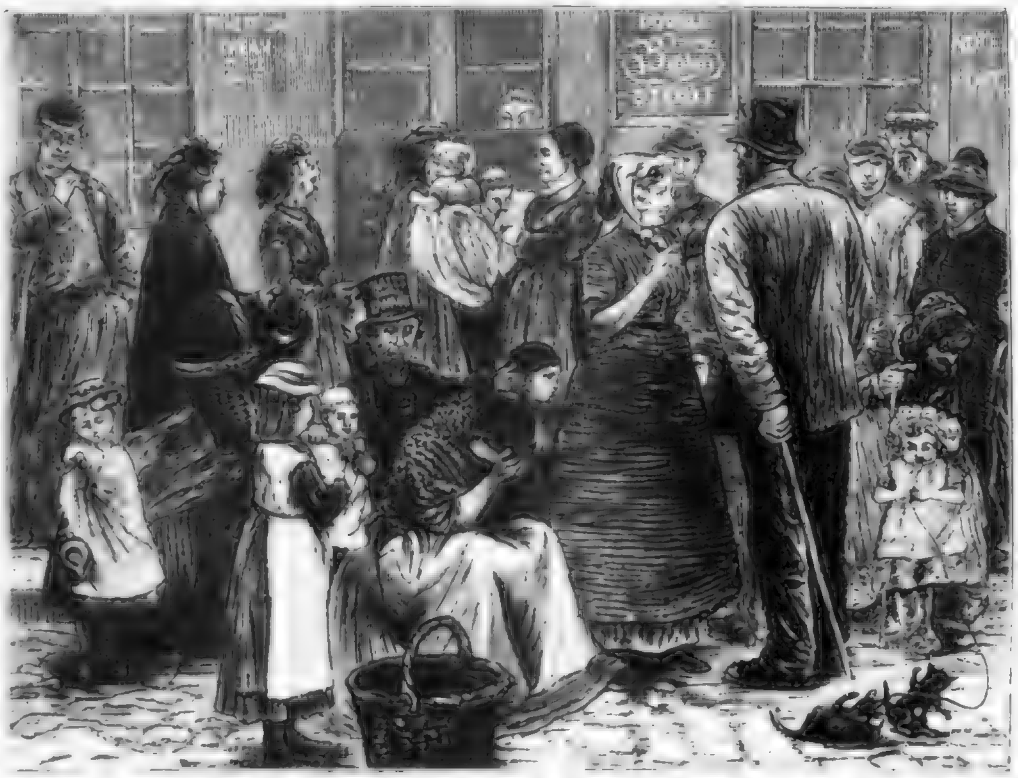
And the light of a trusting heart came back
   To dwell in her radiant eyes—
Now her hand clasps mine as borne by the tide
Wherever it listeth, through life we glide,
   With our gaze on the changeless skies.

"HE CURSED ME WITH MY HEART'S DESIRE!"

By JANE G. AUSTIN.

A KEEN fresh wind was blowing in from the Atlantic, bringing little particles of salt upon its wings, which struck and pierced the skin like Liliputians' arrows, and, as the sun sank, drove all idlers and loiterers from the beach to their homes, and the great driftwood fires roaring up almost every chimney in the fishing hamlet of Kylp. But nearly a mile out of the village one solitary figure remained, when all else were gone, seated upon a rock nestled beneath the shelter of the cliff, and seemed to have no present intention of stirring.

It was that of a girl a little more than twenty years old, one would say—tall, lithe, vigorous as the daughter of a race of seamen should be, and handsome withal, in a bright, dark style only forced into richer bloom by the exposure and exercise that would have altogether washed away the delicate loveliness of a blonde. Handsome, and something more, she looked to-night, with the thick masses of her rippling chestnut hair blowing out upon the wind, whose pungent sting had reddened her cheeks and lips to their most ardent bloom, and brightened her great brown eyes to dazzling radiance. Salt water, too, it was that hung upon the thick, curling lashes and dropped unheeded upon the



SCENES FROM LONDON LIFE.—SUNDAY AFTERNOON—WAITING FOR THE PUBLIC-HOUSES TO OPEN. SEE PAGE 530.

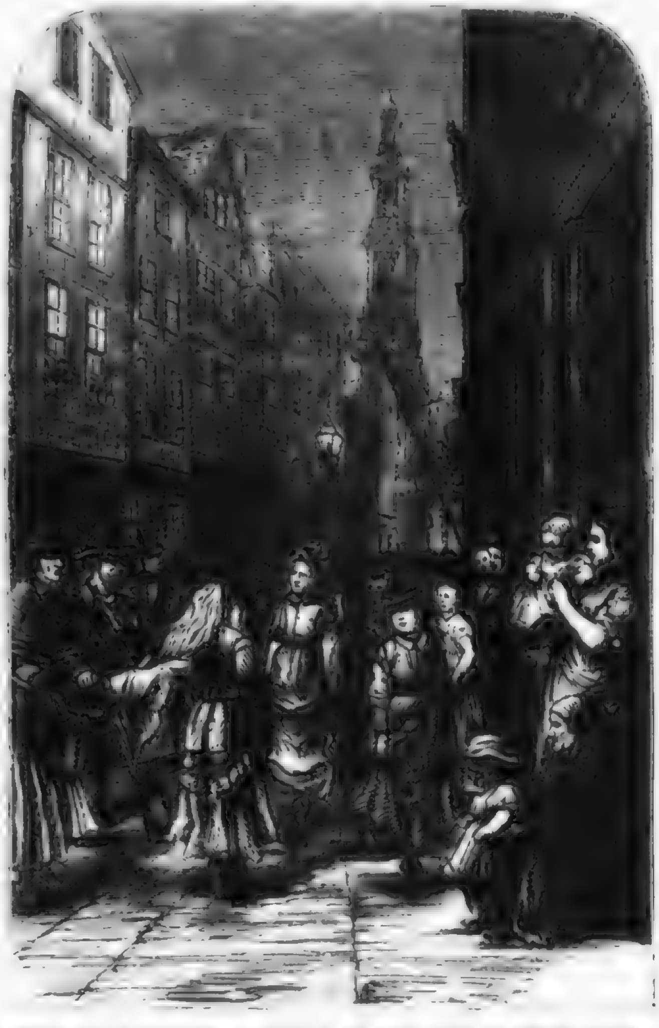
shapely hands folded upon the girl's knee; and there was something in the wistful gaze fixed upon the wintry sea, glittering so frigidly beneath the sun's last rays, that told of loss and longing and inward bitterness too deep for one so young.

A heavy step sounded upon the shingle and out from behind a projecting rock appeared the figure of a young and fine-looking man, dressed in ordinary sailor garb, but so muffled about the face, by means of a great scarf and a low-drawn hat, that even an intimate could scarcely have recognized him, had he not, in advancing, unwound the muffler and raised the hat.

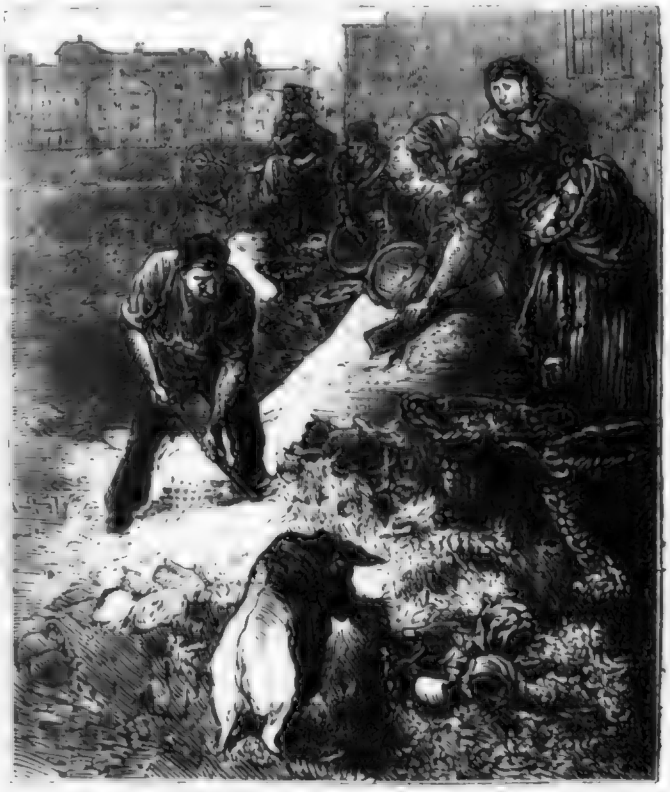
At the sound of his step, the girl turned her head with a frown of annoyance, changing, as her eyes fell upon his face, to a look of startled wonder, doubt, and, finally, a wild delight that first sent all the blood surging to her temples, then drove it back, leaving even her lips white and quivering.

"Mark Halford!" ejaculated she, more in the tone of one who sees an apparition summoned by her own longing than a veritable figure of flesh and blood.

But, at the sound of his name, the sailor sprang forward, seized both the hands—raised as if to ward him off—and, drawing the girl close to his breast, covered her face with kisses, murmuring all the while such terms of passionate endearment as soon restored the frightened color to her face.



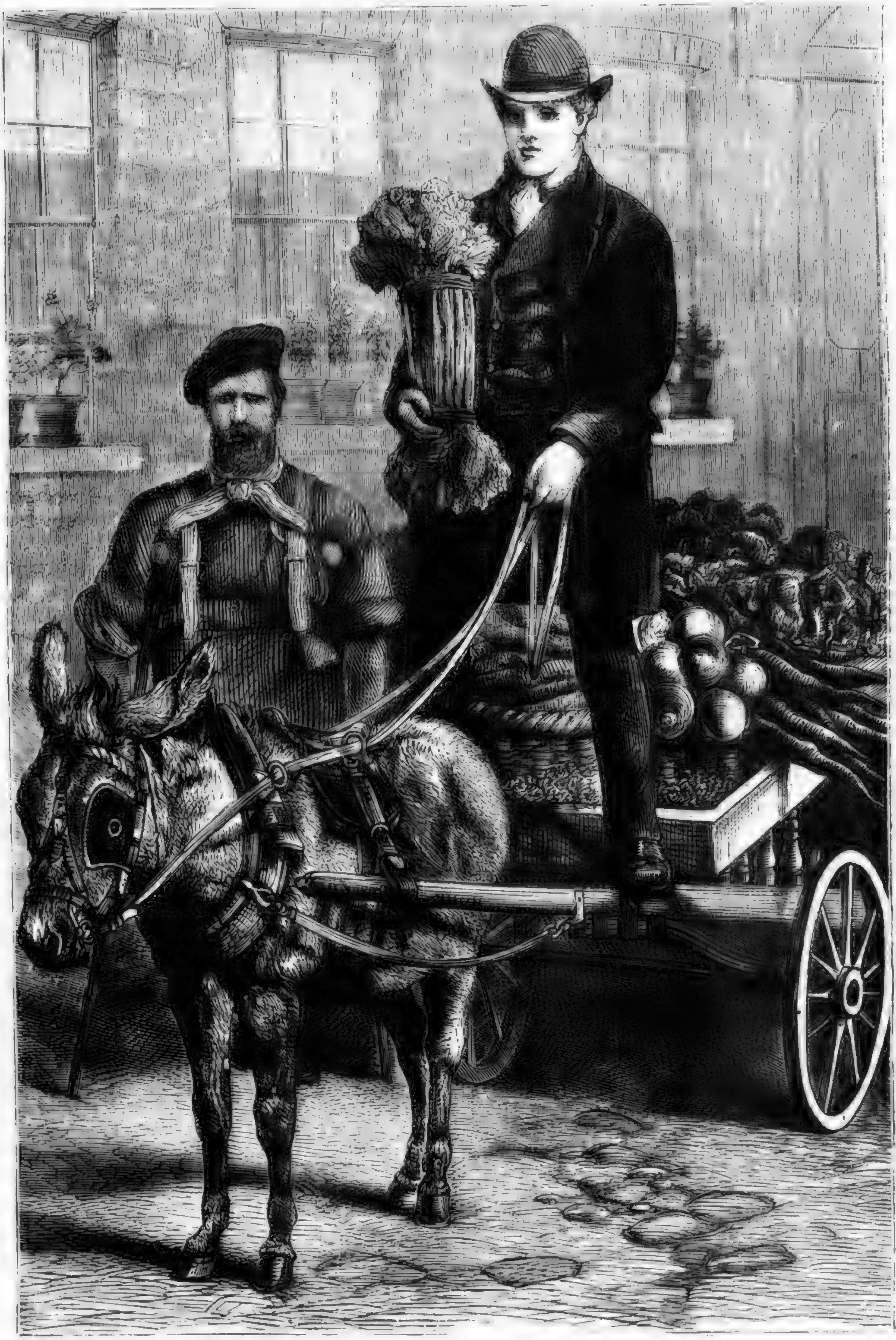
MUSIC HATH CHARMS—A SKETCH OF LOW LIFE IN DRURY LANE, LONDON.



A LONDON DUST-YARD.

"I told you that I would come again, dear Myra—come for you, I said, you remember!" cried the young man, at last, as Myra decidedly withdrew from his embrace.

"And I said, Mark, that if you could come openly and



SCENES FROM LONDON LIFE.—THE COSTERMONGER.—SEE PAGE 530.

XUM

boldly, and claim me in the face of God and man, and if John Hislop did not die from the effects of that cruel blow——"

"How could I stand his boast that you should be his wife within the year, if he chose to marry you ? And the boathook was in my hand already ; I did not look for a weapon ; I had no thought of killing him until I saw him lie cold and white at my feet, and you came running up, and bade me fly before the others came. It would have been no murder, even if he had died ; and he did not die."

"How do you know that, Mark ? It is more than two years since——"

"Two years and four months, Myra. Oh, I have kept account of the time, I promise you, and have kept account of your promises, also, my dear ! Your words were, 'I am yours, dear Mark, whenever you can come to claim me.'"

"'Honorably to claim me,' were the words, Mark, as I remember them," replied the girl, sadly. "And, dearly as I love you even now, I will never consent to become your wife until you dare to come into my uncle's house, and claim me before God and man——"

"Not forgetting your cousin Alick," sneered Mark Halford, an angry color rising to his cheek, an angry light in his eyes. "You see I know what has gone on in these two years, better than you expected."

"You can know of no harm that I have done, and if Alick loves me, it is not my fault, or through any encouragement of mine," said Myra, wearily, as she rose and drew her shawl about her, for the sun had set now, and the wind was growing shrewd and chill.

"Do not go home yet, at any rate, Myra, darling," said her lover, eagerly, as he stepped closer to her side, and the evil light in his eyes grew brighter and more ominous. "I cannot show myself in the village, or at your uncle's house, nor do I care to shorten the distance between myself and it just at present ; but I have much more to say to you before we part—perhaps for ever, if you prove as inexorable as you profess to be—so walk along the beach as far as the Cove, and then you can take the road across the Neck home, and not be so very late, after all. Alick can wait half an hour or so, can he not ?"

"Oh, Mark, Mark ! why will you make it all so hard and bitter for both of us ?" exclaimed Myra, passionately, as she almost unconsciously allowed her former lover to place her hand upon his arm and to lead her in the direction of the Cove, a small inlet of the bay about a mile further from Kylp than the point where he had found her.

Halford's answer was an earnest petition that, forgetting or setting aside all points of difference, all bitter recollections, Myra should, once for all, place her happiness in the keeping of one whose life should be devoted to its preservation, and fly with him that very night to a home in the far South, already—as Mark declared—prepared for and expecting her.

To this wild petition Myra steadily refused to listen, nor did all her lover's earnest arguments or passionate appeals shake for one instant her resolve.

"No, Mark, no !" said she, at length. "I never will become your wife, I never will see your face again, if I can help it, until you come openly, as an honorable man can always come, and ask me at the hands of my uncle and guardian, and make me your wife in the sight of all men, and in the church where we two used to worship together in the dear old days of innocence and peace. Here we are, at the Cove, Mark, and there is my road home, and here we part. Oh, my dear, dear love ! it all depends upon you when and where we meet again, for you cannot, you dare not, doubt my love, and it is only in jealous madness that you can ever think of my caring for or marrying another man."

"And this is your last word, Myra ? You positively and finally refuse to go with me and become my beloved and honored wife this very night ?"

"I refuse, finally and absolutely, Mark."

"Then, Myra, you compel me to a course for which I am sincerely sorry, and would never have taken but in the last extremity."

And, stepping a little behind the astonished girl, Mark imitated the melancholy cry of the loon so perfectly, that Myra turned and looked at him incredulously.

"Was that you, Mark ? I should have thought it certainly was a loon if you had not been so close."

For reply, Mark put his arm about her waist and led her toward the shore. Glancing in that direction, Myra saw a boat, manned by four stout fellows, pushing out from a sheltered spot behind a detached boulder, where it had lain hidden, and directing its course toward them.

"What's this, Mark ?" exclaimed she, turning suddenly pale. "This boat——"

"Is mine, dear, summoned by that cry, and it waits to take us to my ship, just outside this harbor—the ship that will bear us to that fair Southern home of which I told——"

"But, Mark, I told you then, I tell you now, that I will not go ; I refuse, altogether and entirely. Take away your arm, sir ! Surely you will not try to compel me to obey your will by force ?"

"I would never do it, Myra, if you would but leave it possible for me to pursue any other course ; but I have sworn not to leave this place without you, and I will fulfill my oath. You must go, Myra—willingly, if you will but do so ; but if you will not, why, then—by force. Come, my darling, my love, my wife—come !"

And again he tried to urge her toward the boat, which was now waiting upon the beach, scarcely a rod distant ; but Myra drew back resolutely and indignantly.

"I never would have believed this of you, Mark Halford !" exclaimed she, struggling to free herself from his hold. "Let me go this instant, or I will shriek for help, so that the whole country shall hear me !"

"No, you won't, my poor child, for I shall prevent it. This way !"

And by a dextrous movement the desperate man twisted the light shawl falling from the girl's shoulders about her head and neck, almost stifling her, and completely muffling the cries she furiously uttered ; then, seizing her in his arms, he ran down the beach to the boat, stepped into the stern, and gave the command, "Push off, and look alive, my lads !" almost before Myra knew what had occurred or where she was.

That night, or, rather, evening—for it was but eleven o'clock—the Reverend Peter Hynes, the venerable clergyman of the two hamlets of Kylp and Westlynn, was informed that a man stood at his door, refusing to enter, and asking to see the minister at once.

The good man went, and found a muffled figure standing in the shadow without the door, who addressed him in a low and hurried voice :

"A poor woman over at Kylp has sent for you, sir, to see her before she dies."

"What !—Martha Blount ? Is she worse ?" demanded the clergyman, hastily.

"I believe that's the name the girl spoke, sir. She came up to the Pair of Sculls, where I am stopping for a day or two, and wanted the landlady to send over, and as I had nothing to do, I offered to go. I know the house well enough, but I didn't mind the name."

"Yes; Martha Blount, no doubt, and the girl was her granddaughter, Katy. Well, I will go over immediately, and walk along with you, if you like, as it is a little late and dark. Won't you come in while I put on my shoes and coat?"

But the obliging stranger preferred to stand upon the doorstep, and, as the reverend pastor joined him, moved still further from the stream of light thrown in his direction by the candle in the hand of the inquisitive housekeeper, who accompanied her master to the door. Nor could the priest, with all his endeavors, keep pace with his silent companion, or draw him into any extended conversation, even after he had secured a hearing by linking his arm in that of the man, who strode along, apparently in great haste to reach the footpath leading along the beach toward Kylp, and at one point skirting the little cove where Mark Halford's boat had awaited him at sunset, and where it again was waiting now, at nearly midnight, for the unconscious passenger who was now led thither by the surly guide detailed to entrap and fetch him.

As the ill-mated companions reached the head of the cove, the stranger paused, and, after peering cautiously into the darkness for a moment, softly called:

"Bill!"

"All right, Jack!" responded a voice from the darkness, and presently another burly figure appeared close at hand, while a voice eagerly inquired, "Did you get him, Jack?"

"Here he be," replied surly Jack, while poor Mr. Hynes, turning his bewildered head from one to the other, stammered feebly:

"What is this? Who are you, my friend?"

"No harm's meant, parson," replied the man called Bill, in a voice of gruff good-humor. "Only you've got to go along with us for a bit of a v'y'ge, and when it's over you'll be brought back safe and sound, with, maybe, a fistful of shiners for yourself, or for your poor folks, just as you fancy. But come along, now!"

"But Martha Blount!" exclaimed the clergyman.

"Martha Blount be hanged!" replied surly Jack. "It was you that cheated yourself that time, old man. I never heard of no Martha Blount till you spoke her name. But come along—boat's ready."

"Ready for what? Come where?" demanded Mr. Hynes, a touch of the old Adam striking through the habitual meekness of his voice.

"Never you mind where, nor what for," replied Jack, approaching close behind the unsuspecting old man; and, suddenly lifting him from his feet, he threw him across his shoulder like a sack of corn, and running down the beach, sprang into the bow of the boat, passed to the stern, set his burden carefully down, and seized an oar to help push off from shore, before the reverend gentleman in the least knew what had happened to him.

Resistance was evidently useless, and after a few stern and severe words of reproof and intimations of punishment, temporal and spiritual, the ill-used clergyman subsided into silence, continuing until the boat lightly grazed the quarter of a long, low-lying schooner, whose black-painted sides and bare masts made very little show against the night sky. A rope ladder and several pairs of strong hands soon transferred the old man to the deck, whence he was at once led to the cabin, a small but sumptuously fitted apartment, with a large and elegant stateroom extending along the whole starboard quarter, and opening by folding-doors into the cabin.

As the clergyman entered and looked about him, a young man came forward from the stateroom and greeted him respectfully; but Peter Hynes gazed at him with cold and displeased astonishment.

"Mark Halford! Is this you, and is it by your orders that I have thus been insulted and kidnapped?"

"It is Mark Halford, reverend sir, and it is by my orders that you have been brought on board my schooner to perform a great service to two of the lambs of your fold; but if you have been insulted or maltreated by those whom I sent to fetch you, they shall swing for it before to-morrow's sunrise."

"Man of violence and bloodshed——" began the parson, with uplifted hands. But at that instant another figure appeared on the threshold of the stateroom, a trembling and hesitating figure which wavered for an instant—then, with a great cry, came running toward the old man and threw herself upon her knees beside him.

"Myra Staines!" exclaimed he, his voice softening to a tone of affectionate remonstrance. "You here! and why?"

"Oh, Father Hynes, it is not my fault; even he will tell you that," moaned Myra, kissing the hand of the good pastor and struggling with the tears she would not suffer to flow.

"It is true, sir," said Mark, as the pastor glanced at him in stern inquiry; "Myra was kidnapped, as you call it, very much in the same fashion that you were, and with no more consent of her own. You know, sir, that she was my promised wife——"

"Before your many crimes and offenses forced her, by my counsel, to give up all intention of ever fulfilling that mistaken promise," interposed Mr. Hynes.

Mark waved his hand with a mocking smile.

"Thanks, reverend sir, for the advice my silly girl acted upon only too resolutely; for when, this afternoon, I met her upon the beach, and tried my best to persuade her to elope with me, I might as well have talked to the rock she sat upon. So, having come prepared for the worst, I just picked her up and brought her away; and as we sail at sunrise, and I have no wish to make Myra mine other than in the regular fashion, I have sent for you—not quite in the regular fashion, I confess—to request you to perform the ceremony, to give Myra a certificate for the satisfaction of inquiring friends and future children, and to tell the good people of Kylp when and how she has vanished, and that she has been married by her own parson in the most approved style. So the sooner you get to work, dear sir, the sooner you will be set ashore."

"And supposing that I refuse to sanction this unhallowed connection?" demanded the priest, sternly.

"Then, my dear sir, you will be set safely ashore all the same, and we shall sail all the same, and Myra will be my wife all the same, only without the ceremony, which, I suppose, to her and you makes some difference, although I confess it makes none to me. It is quite a matter for your own conscience and her fancy, so I leave it to her to finish the argument, only asking you to remember that there is but a couple of hours' tide left, and that in about an hour I shall have to send you ashore, whether or no. It depends upon yourself whether you leave this young woman Myra Staines, or make her Myra Halford; she is my wife all the same."

"And what is your wish, my poor child?" asked the clergyman, turning to the girl, who had risen to her feet, and stood looking at her abductor with an expression of horror and almost loathing.

"My wish, father, is to escape from this place in any possible way, even by death; but I know that man's resolution, I know his stubborn will, and that here among his creatures you and I are no more than two straws in his hand. He will hold me as he says he will, and lest I should not find the means of self-destruction soon enough, lest he should be suffered to degrade and pollute me, as he threatens, I ask you to make me his wife before you leave me, marking at the same time my solemn protest that my consent is extorted by violence, and only yielded through fear of a worse fate. Some day, perhaps, this testimony will help to undo the bond to which I now submit."

"Don't flatter yourself, my dear," interposed Mark, who had listened with some anxiety for Myra's reply. "The remainder of our lives will be spent in a locality where divorce courts or law of any sort have very little to say. I am the king, the pope and the law in my own domain; and my wife, if she choose, shall be my queen-consort, and if she don't, my prisoner for life."

Speaking thus, Halford unlocked the cabin door, and called for the two officers whom he had previously appointed as witnesses of his marriage, should it take place.

While his back was turned, Myra hastily whispered:

"Tell Alick, please, that Mark Halford is a pirate, and that his home is upon a rocky islet near the southern point of Florida. Bid him warn the Government, and come with a ship to rescue me, and—to punish him!"

She hissed the last words between her teeth, while her uplifted eyes seemed to burn into those of the priest, who shook his head reprovingly.

"You may turn his heart, my daughter; the believing wife may convert the unbelieving husband——"

"You will deliver my message, father—will you not?"

"Yes, daughter—I will. And now come with me, and let us pray for grace and help in this our sore distress."

An hour later the clergyman was on his way to the shore, the farewell words of the new-made wife still throbbing through his brain:

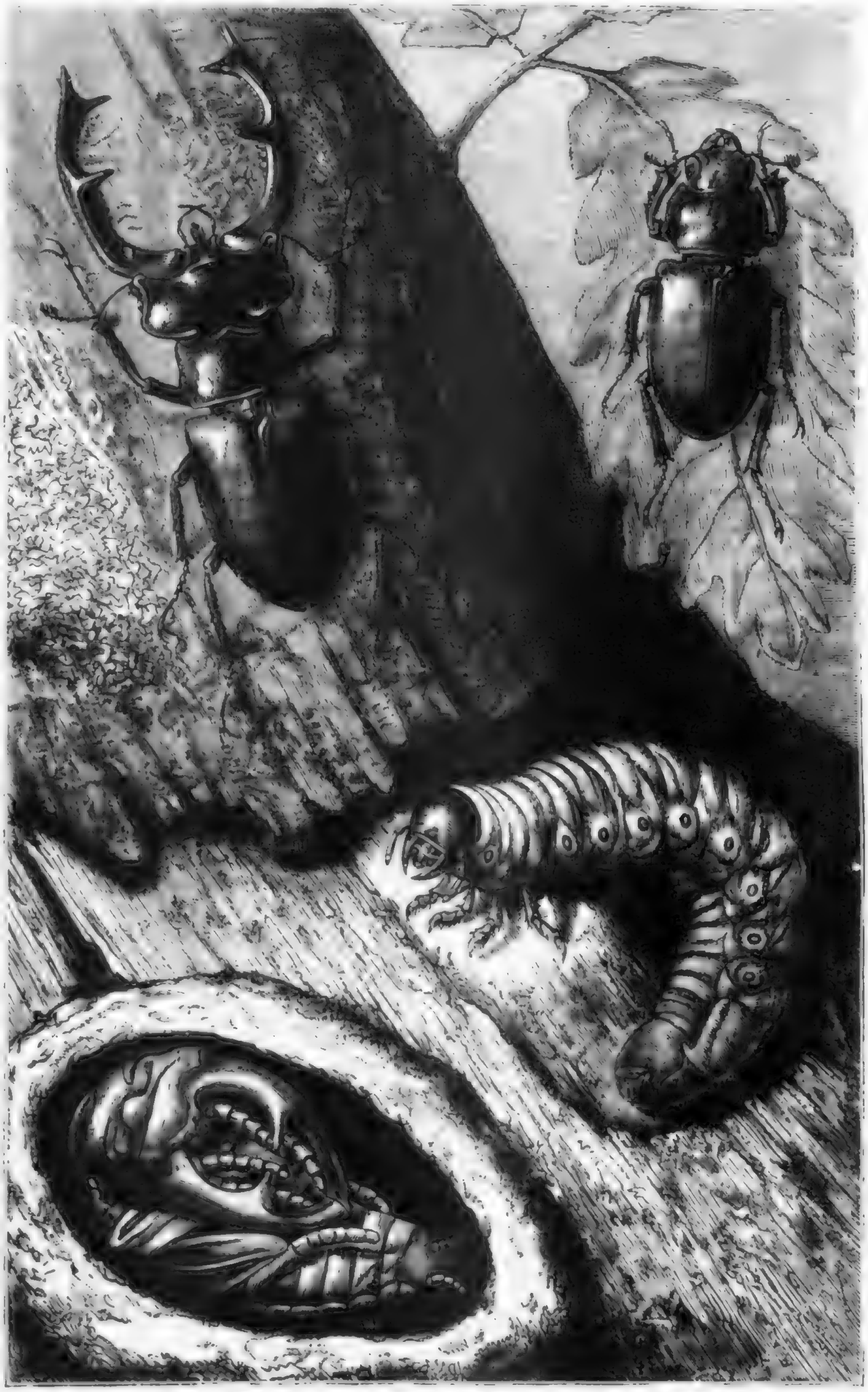
"Remember my message to Alick, father—remember it as you would the last charge of the dying."

When the reverend gentleman next placed his hand in his pocket, he found another parting word from the bridegroom, whose money and whose hospitality he had sternly refused while on board. It was a little bag of gold coins, with a paper attached, bearing these words:

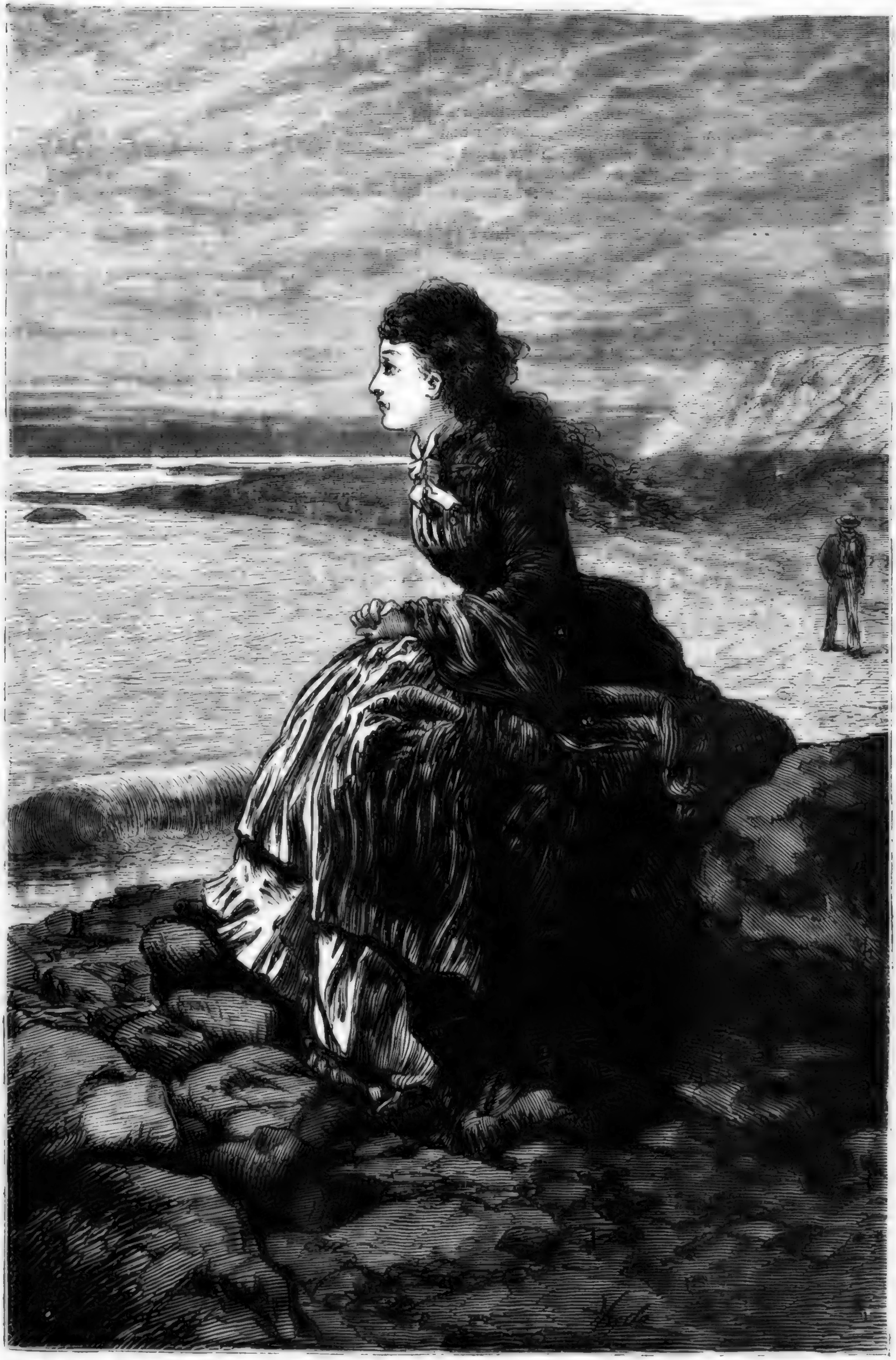
> "For yourself or your poor—from one who is not, perhaps, so thoroughly bad as you believe. Pray for him."

* * *

It was the noon of a sultry day, and Gumbo, the black cook, butler and factotum of the peculiar household to which he belonged, set down his water-buckets beside the spring, sheltered thickly by a grove of tropical shrubs and trees bound together by llianas and thorny cactus, and wiping his sable brow, stooped to drink before filling the vessels for the use of the house. Still in this defenseless position,



THE METAMORPHOSES OF THE STAG BEETLE.—SEE PAGE 534.



"HE CURSED ME WITH MY HEART'S DESIRE."—"ONE SOLITARY FIGURE REMAINED, WHEN ALL ELSE WERE GONE, SEATED UPON A ROCK NESTLED BENEATH THE SHELTER OF THE CLIFF."—SEE PAGE 535.

XUM

Gumbo was suddenly aware of a rapid movement behind him, and then of two nervous hands so tightly clutched about his throat as to render the slightest sound impossible, and to cause both tongue and eyes to swell and protrude to a very disagreeable extent.

"Do you feel this knife at your throat? One word, and you're a dead man!" whispered a voice in his ear; and as the cold, pungent steel of a sharp blade pressed emphatically against his skin, the choking grasp was removed, and Gumbo stared amazedly up into the two faces bent closely above his own.

One he knew; it was that of Samaro, a vagabond Indian, who had not long since been driven from the neighborhood of the house, under threat of scourging and hounding should he ever be found there again. The other was a white man, a stranger, and one whose resolute face and stalwart figure conveyed the idea of a person likely to carry through any plan he might have undertaken. It was to him, therefore, that Gumbo addressed himself in sullen submission:

"What you want, mas'r?'

"You're house-servant at that piratical den yonder, are you not?"

"I's de cap'in's and de cap'in's lady's house-servant yes, sir."

"Captain—oh! Well, I have heard that the lady likes you, and trusts you."

Gumbo's face cleared in an instant, as he leaped to his feet, still jealously guarded by Samaro with the knife, and demanded:

"Golly, mas'r! be you dat cousin we's been looking for so long?"

"She has been expecting me, then? She has bid you keep on the lookout? Yes, of course; the Indian said she talked with you and with no one else, and led me here to wait for you."

And the dark, strong face of the young man softened as beneath a pleasant thought.

"You, Sam! What business 'you got to say nuffin' 'bout me, I like to know?" muttered the negro, clinching his fists, and scowling upon the Indian, who, scarcely stirring a muscle of his face, retorted:

"Nigger man not dare touch Samaro now. White man's knife much sharp and strong."

"Attend to me, Gumbo—and, Sam, hold your tongue. You would like to help your mistress, would you, and at the same time earn a good sum of money, and a berth in a United States gun-boat?"

"Like all dose, mas'r—'specially help my mistress."

"Very well, then; take her this note at once, and bring me her answer. I will wait here. Be quick and cautious."

"Bof of 'em, mas'r; but I must fill de buckets, or some of de folks will notice. Dere's six or seven fellers and lots of women in de huts; all de rest are off wid de cap'in."

"Captain, indeed! Well, hurry all you know."

And Gumbo, tucking the penciled note under his red sack, hastily filled the buckets and departed, reappearing in about twenty minutes again with the empty buckets.

Alick Staines and Samaro emerged from their concealment so soon as they were certain that he was alone, and the former hastily tore open and read the note the black cautiously produced and handed to him. It ran thus:

> "Thank God, my dear cousin, that you have come. I will myself meet you at the spring soon after sunset, and tell you my plans. Be very cautious. Your unhappy MYRA."

A few moments later the spring was deserted, Gumbo returning with his water-pails to the house, and Alick, with his Indian guide, cautiously retracing his steps to the spot where their canoe lay hidden, while the *Gadfly*, the gunboat to which Staines was attached, cruised in the neighborhood, ready to take off the young man, or to send a boat's crew ashore to his aid so soon as a preconcerted signal should be given.

For Father Hynes had faithfully delivered Myra's message to her cousin, and Alick, who had made one cruise in a United States frigate, and knew in what quarter to make his application, soon succeeded in obtaining the detail of a gunboat to cruise the Southern waters in quest of a pirate schooner already reported as harboring there; while he himself, having told the story of his cousin's abduction in a manly and straightforward fashion appreciated by the secretary who paused to listen to it, received a semi-official position on board, quite adequate to his expectations and wishes.

Thus it came about that, having landed upon the Floridan coast for exploration, Alick fell in with Samaro, who soon showed himself able not only to betray the haunt of the pirates, but to guide their enemies thither safely and secretly, and also to give late and minute news of Myra's life and condition.

The meeting of the two cousins behind the hidden fountain was one of the most intense emotion, Alick not concealing his thirst for Mark Halford's life, or his horror at the ravages which grief, remorse, watching and fasting had wrought in Myra's beauty, while she, sternly putting aside all pity or sympathy, seemed bent on vengeance alone, and detailed the plan she had been for months perfecting with a clearness and precision that left nothing for her rescuers to do but to follow it implicitly. His parting words were:

"Remember, now, Alick. You have the chart of the islands and the channels, and where I have made the red cross will be a safe and hidden harbor for the *Gadfly* to remain in until the *Flash* comes in and is safely anchored and dismasted. Then, when you see the fire on the point, you will send your two boats' crews ashore, and bring round the *Gadfly*, and you know the secret entrance to the fortress, as they call their den; and, once in, Alick, spare none—no, not one—not one, Alick—and my only hope is that I shall be killed among the rest."

Nearly two weeks more went quietly by, and then, one moonlight night, the *Flash* came quietly gliding in through the tortuous channel leading to her hidden haven, and almost before her anchor had grappled the mangrove-roots carpeting her dock, her captain was on shore, and speeding toward the artfully hidden and high-walled retreat not inaptly called the fortress, and within whose walls were sheltered his own house, the magazines of ammunition and provisions, and a row of huts for a refuge in time of trouble for the women and children, who ordinarily dwelt in a disorderly nest of cabins close beside the shore.

That night Mark Halford was aroused from his first heavy slumber by a hand upon his shoulder. He opened his eyes to find his wife seated beside him fully dressed, her white, stern face bent resolutely upon him.

"Rise, Mark, rise and dress yourself. There is work in hand for you to do," said she, slowly.

The man rose to his feet with the quick apprehension habitual to those who carry their lives in their hands and feel themselves for ever haunted by the offended law.

"What is it, Myra? What have you heard or seen—where is the danger?" demanded he, hastily clothing and arming himself as he spoke.

"I have heard and seen nothing," replied Myra, coldly. "But it is past the hour, and I know that the avenger is

XUM

at hand. Samson, the Philistines be upon thee, and I am the Delilah who has invited them."

She stood up white and defiant before him, and her eyes turned meaningly upon the dirk he at this moment was thrusting into his belt.

"You have betrayed me, Myra? You?"

"Yes, I, Mark Halford. I have sold you and all your den of pirates to the Government, and at this instant a band of men, with Alick Staines at their head, are waiting my last signal to burst in upon you through a secret passage wrought under my orders, and closed only by a door of which Alick has the key. Your hour has come, Mark, and you must die, leaving me to become the wife of your executioner."

"By heavens, that, at least, shall never be!" exclaimed Halford, snatching the dirk from its sheath and seizing Myra by the arm.

She made no resistance, only closed her eyes, and rapidly murmured some words, inaudible to human ears.

Halford raised the weapon above his head, then suddenly flung it from him, released his wife's arm, and folding his own, strode suddenly across the chamber, and stood staring from the window into the sultry, starless night.

Myra stood regarding him for a moment, then went to pick up the dagger and brought it to him.

"What! know that you are betrayed, sold, mocked at by your wife and her lover, and not dare to revenge yourself! Not man enough to care that your murderer should inherit your wife!"

He turned and looked at her long and silently, then slowly said:

"I see. You wish for my death, but you dare not meet the remorse that awaits you for having given me over to the assassin. You wish to taunt me into killing you first. Well, I will not do it. Be silent and quiet now. You have secured the doors and windows before wakening me. Your accomplices have already arrived, for I hear them below. When they appear I shall know how to sell my life, and to you I leave my forgiveness and my contempt. Now, let me alone; your vengeance is certain."

But she, falling suddenly at his feet, embraced his knees, all the passion of her mood bursting into sobs and tears, while she cried:

"Oh, Mark, Mark, kill me! Kill me, if ever you loved or cared for me, for I cannot live and know that it is I who have given you to death! Oh, Mark, I love you, I have always loved you!"

Then, indeed, the icy calmness of his manner changed to a passion that stilled hers as the fierce thunderstorm calms the raging of the sea. Catching her up in his arms, he held her upright, and gazed deep into her streaming eyes.

"You love me, Myra! You love me still, and never have ceased to reproach and taunt me since the day I brought you hither!"

"Because I loved you so, Mark, and could not forgive myself or you that I still loved when I ought to hate you. I prayed and begged God so much while you were gone, to bring you back, and I said to Him that I would rather have hell with you than heaven without you, and at last He lost patience, and cursed me with my heart's desire, and brought you back, and allowed you to carry me away in my own despite; and then, when I found what you were, and that I was your wife against my own will, I hated you, and thought that my only wish was to give you up and have you punished; but, oh, Mark! I never meant to listen to even one word of love from Alick, or any other man living, and I hoped you would kill me in your rage when you found what I had done; and when you would not, and when you said you left me forgiveness and contempt —— Oh, Mark, I cannot bear it! I cannot! Kill me, my husband, kill me before they come, or—— No, I have a thought—it is not too late; these windows are directly over the wall, and below is a dense thicket. Here is the key of the gratings I so vilely locked, lest you should escape. Make haste, Mark; tie these sheets together, and we will escape together, you and I! The negro is waiting with his canoe for me, and we will reach the mainland and be safely hidden before morning, and then we will escape, and you will lead another life, and we will yet be happy, dearest, dearest Mark——"

"Stop, Myra, beloved wife! It is useless to make these preparations, these plans. I shall never desert the poor, ignorant fellows whom my counsel, my leadership, has led where they stand to-night—if they must die, I shall die with them. Do you see this?"

And hastily unscrewing what seemed but a mere ornamental projection in the molding of a window, Halford showed the end of a bit of string with a small ring attached, hidden in the cavity beneath it.

"What is it, Mark?" gasped Myra.

"To the end of this line is attached a percussion-cap resting upon an iron rod imbedded in a cask of powder. Pull this ring out and let it snap back, and this house, with all it holds, is blown to atoms. I shall wait until your friends enter this room; I shall kill as many of them as I can, and then I shall pull this ring. First of all, however, Myra, beloved and darling of my life, I shall avail myself of this window you have unlocked, and lower you through it to a place of safety. Live, dearest—live to pray for my imperiled soul and for——"

"Hark, Mark! They are tired of waiting for the signal, and are unlocking the secret door. Kiss me, my husband —kiss me once more, the last time, and then——"

She threw her arms around his neck, pressed her lips to his, and, while yet he folded her close, close to his heart, she extended a hand behind him, seized the brass ring, and pulled it sharply.

* * * * * *

In the dim morning light old Gumbo, peering among the smoking ruins, came upon the blackened and wounded but still breathing body of a man, and, dragging him to a spot of safety and shelter, applied such restoratives as were at hand until he moved and opened his eyes.

"It's me, Mas'r Alick—poor old Gumbo; and 'sides you and me, dere ain't a livin' man on de island. De gunboat came up and seized de *Flash*, and de fellers all got killed or took prisoners, 'cept dem dat runned away, and a great lot was killed 'long wid de explosion; and de *Gadfly* all ready for sail, only I 'termined to look once more for you, and somethin' dat was her'n; and look!"

He held up, as he spoke, a little broken chain, to which was attached the small gold cross Myra had always worn since her dying mother clasped it around her neck; and Alick Staines, pressing the holy emblem to his lips, wept, as strong men must sometimes weep, those tears of agony which burn deep, deep into the soul, and whose traces are never effaced.

"Is that all, Gumbo?" asked he, at length.

"All, mas'r. De whole house, and all dat was in it, was blown into de air. I found de chain over by de spring, and saved it for you. Come, mas'r; dere's no more to do here."

And, leaning upon the shoulder of the faithful black, Alick stood for a few sad moments gazing upon the blackened, smoking heap of fragmentary ruin beneath which

XUM

his love lay buried, and then turned away with covered face and tottering steps.

Half an hour later the *Gadfly* cautiously steamed out of the channel, followed by the *Flash*, with her prize-crew, and the lonely pirate isle was left to the desolation, the ruin and the evil reputation which ever since have been its only occupants.

INDIA.

INDIA! land of the "lac"; of idols with diamond eyes; of the Koh-i-noor; of nabobs and nuggets; of gold-enshrined rajahs, and bejeweled begums; of bungalows and compounds; of Himalayas and howdahs; of the punkah and the puggaree; of tiffins and tigers; of chotohassaree and currie; El Dorado of British younger sons; liver-destroying and bitter-beer consuming. India! with a history dating fourteen centuries before the birth of Christ; with a civilization akin to the marvelous; with buildings which defy the craft of all the architects of the present time; with religions strong as Holy Writ. Land of jungles and elephants! The very word chinks upon the ear like gold coin. It breathes spices and odors; it flings before the flashing gaze of the imagination a series of dazzling pictures, supremely rich, gorgeously magnificent.

In the ancient region of Brahmavartta are found the first landmarks of Indian history, and, although actual facts have been clouded over by the lapse of ages, by myths, and by the license of the poet, enough still remains to make the country classic ground in the eyes of Hindoos, and not wholly uninteresting to others.

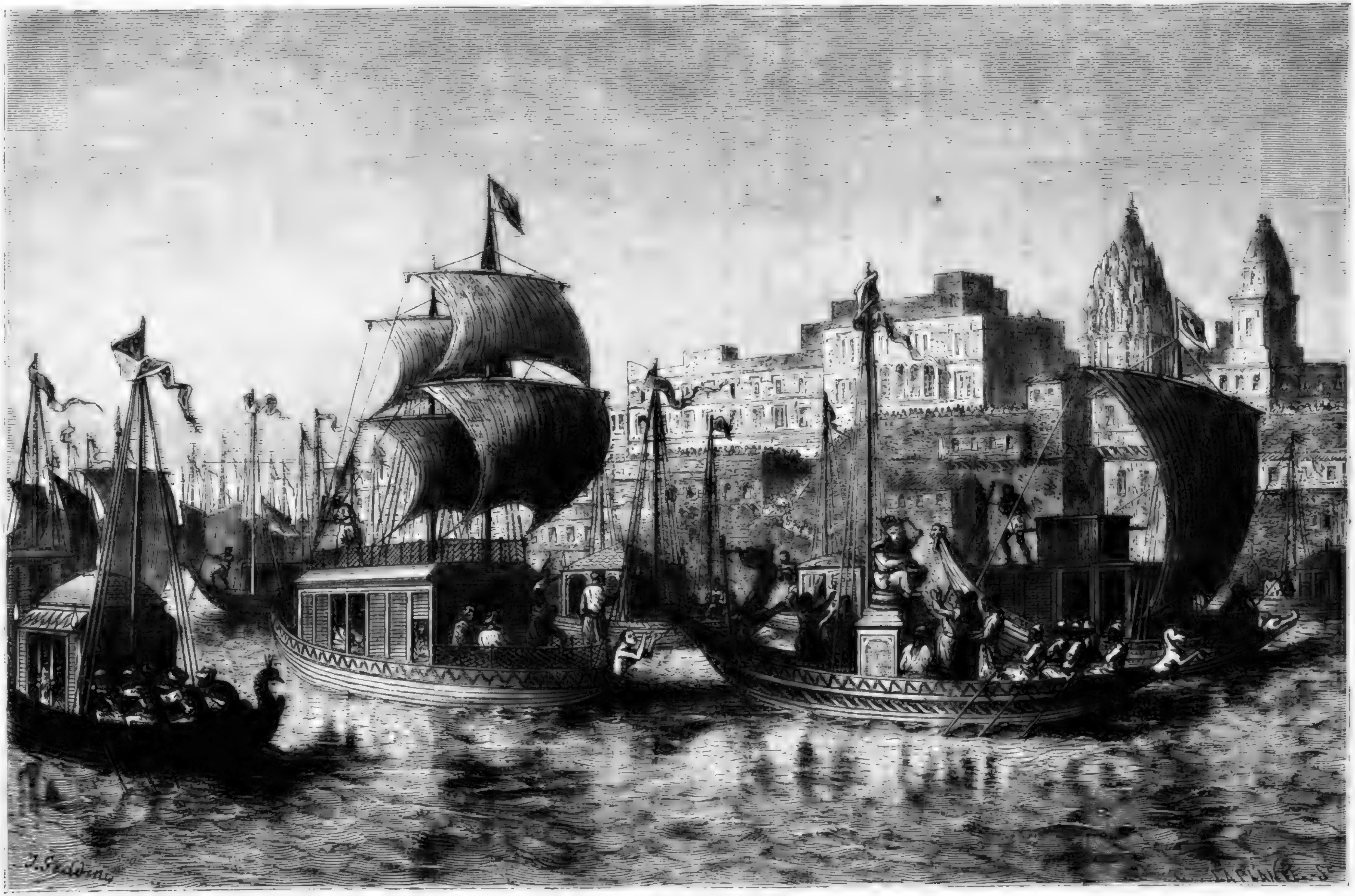
Of the earliest period of the history of India, little is known with certainty. The sacred writings of the Hindoos give to their ancient history an incredible chronology, extending over millions of years, and treat of heroes, kings and dignitaries, in most instances probably merely mythical or fabulous. It is the general opinion of the best authorities that the Hindoos were not the first inhabitants of the country, but were an invading race, who subdued and enslaved the aborigines, who are still represented by rude tribes in the central and southern parts of India—such as the Bheels, the Kolees, the Gonds and the Shanars. The distinction of caste did not exist among these people, and their religion seems to have consisted of the worship of a variety of spiritual deities.

The Aryan Hindoos are supposed to have entered the country from the northwest, probably from regions between the Hindoo Koosh and the Caspian Sea. They brought with them the Brahminical religion, and formed the institution of caste by dividing themselves into the three higher castes of Brahmins, Kshatriyas and Vaisyas, while the conquered people constituted the Sudras, or servile caste.

It is not known at what period this invasion took place, but it was undoubtedly prior to the fourteenth century B.C. The language of the conquerors was probably the Sanskrit, in which their sacred books were written. The Vedas, supposed to have been compiled about the fourteenth century B.C., are esteemed the holiest.

Two great dynasties—the kings of the race of the sun, who reigned in Ayodah, the modern Oude, and the race of the moon, who reigned in Pruyag, the modern Allahabad—figure in the legends of their early history, and their contests are recorded in the poem known as the

ON THE RIVER.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 535.



INDIA.—A FESTIVAL AT BENARES.

XUM

"Mahabharata." The most celebrated of these sovereigns was Rama, or Ramchunder, who is supposed to have lived in the twelfth or thirteenth century B.C. His deeds are the subject of the great epic poem, the "Ramayana."

Subsequently, long civil wars raged amongst the princes of the lower race, which culminated in a great battle, where the armies of fifty-six kings fought for eighteen days.

The first event in the history of India of which we have an authentic account, was the invasion by the Persians, under King Darins, about 518-521 B.C. Long before the invasion of India by Alexander the Great, the Greeks traveled there in search of knowledge; for there, more than two thousand four hundred years ago, says Voltaire, "the celebrated Pilpay wrote his moral fables, that have since been translated into all languages. All subjects whatever have been treated, by way of fable or allegory, by the Orientals, and particularly the Indians." Hence it is that Pythagoras, who studied among them, and Pachymerus, a Greek of the thirteenth century, expressed themselves in the spirit of Indian parables.

India had long been subject to the Persians, and Alexander, the avenger of Greece and the conqueror of Darius, led his army into that part of India which had been tributary to his enemy. Though his soldiers were averse to penetrating into a region so remote and unknown, Alexander had read in the ancient fables of Macedonia that Bacchus and Hercules, each a son of Jupiter, as he believed himself to be, had marched as far, so he determined not to be outdone by them; and thus the year 327 B.C. saw his legions entering India by what is now called the Candahar route, the common track of the ancient caravans from northern India to Agra and Ispahan.

Encountering incredible difficulties, and surmounting innumerable dangers, he marched across the "Land of the Five Waters," now named the Punjaub, to the banks of the Hydaspis, a tributary of the Indus, and the Hyphasis. "No country," says Robertson, in his "Historical Disquisitions," "he had hitherto visited was so populous and so well cultivated, or abounded in so many valuable productions of nature and of art, as that part of India through which he led his army; but when he was informed in every place, and probably with exaggerated description, how much the Indus was inferior to the Ganges, and how far all that he had hitherto beheld was surpassed in the happy regions through which that great river flows, it is not wonderful that his eagerness to view and take possession of them should have prompted him to assemble his soldiers, and propose that they should resume their march toward that quarter where wealth, dominion and fame awaited them."

By this expedition of the adventurous Greeks, a sudden light was thrown upon the vast nations of the East; though the accounts given by Nearchus of all he saw—the serpents, the banian-tree, the birds that spoke like men (unless he meant the parrots) were greatly exaggerated. Alexander left behind some of his hardiest Macedonians to keep possession of the conquered country on the banks of the Indus; but his death, which happened shortly after his retreat, hastened the downfall of the Persian power in Hindostan.

Strabo and others refer to the Indian sects of philosophers, and the peculiar lives led by the Brahmins, together with the piety of their half-crazed ascetics, called *fakirs;* of the self-immolation named the *suttee;* and their magnificent and wonderful fairs, festivals and gatherings for religious purposes, which successive foreign conquests and the mingling of foreign blood have all left to-day unchanged as when the trumpets of the Macedonians proclaimed the fall of Porus.

During those dark ages that followed the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, the Oriental trade with Europe, small though it was, became greatly diminished; but some of the productions of the East had been necessary for, and consecrated to, the services of the Church. Even in the remote island of Great Britain, and in the poor, semi-barbarous Saxon period, the Venerable Bede had collected in his bleak Northern monastery at Jarrow some of the spices and scented woods of the East. At the dawn of England's civilization, in the reign of Alfred the Great, English mariners are said to have found their way to the coast of Malabar. There, in the sixth century, a merchant of Syria settled with his family, and left his religion, which was Nestorian; and as these Eastern sectarians multiplied, they called themselves Christians of St. Thomas.

Vasco de Gama's discovery of the way to India by the Cape of Good Hope in 1498—where, according to Camoens, he saw the Spirit of the Mountain and the Storm—led to a great commercial revolution. The Eastern trade, which hitherto had had its emporiums at Constantinople, Venice and Amalfi, whither goods were conveyed from India, Persia and Asia Minor, or by way of the Red Sea, was turned into the Deccan and a new channel. Hence the most valuable part of that important trade was placed in the hands of the Portuguese merchants and conquerors, who, by holding the Straits of Malacca, secured the commerce of the Indian Archipelago, and monopolized it from all Europe during the sixteenth century; till, the English, Dutch and French beginning to find their way round the dreaded "Cape of Storms," and to appear on the shores of India, the Portuguese lost their influence as rapidly as they had won it.

In 1588, the year of the Armada, one of the bravest navigators of the Elizabethan age, Captain Thomas Cavendish, returned after a two years' exploration of the Molucca Isles, where he had been kindly received by the natives, who assured him that they were quite as willing to trade with the English as with the Portuguese. He and others applied for a small squadron for India, but the English Government did not think the subject deserving of consideration.

The first genuine English expedition to India partook more of the piratical than the commercial element, and was rather a species of cruise against the Portuguese. It was fitted out in 1591, but it never saw India; and after three years of wreck and disaster, almost the sole survivor, Lancaster, arrived at Rye, a ruined man.

Another expedition sailed the same year under Captain Wood. He was bearer of a letter from Queen Elizabeth vaguely addressed to the Emperor of China. The last survivor of this fleet of three vessels was heard at Porto Rico in 1601.

It was not until the great Sir Francis Drake captured five large Portuguese caravels, laden with the richest products of India, belonging to certain merchants of Turkey and the Levant, and brought from Bengal, Agra, Lahore, Pegu and Malacca—and undoubted intelligence of the wealth of the country had begun to flow in through other channels—that any anxiety was manifested by the English to participate in the riches of the East; and the departure of the first Dutch expedition in 1595 under Cornelius Hootman, their natural pride and rivalry were thoroughly aroused. In one of those five caravels taken at the Azores, named the *St. Philip*, there were found many papers and documents from which the English fully learned the vast value of Indian merchandise, and also the method of trading in the Eastern world.

Accordingly a company was suggested for that purpose in 1599, the petitioners being certain worthy knights and aldermen of London, numbering fourteen, and upward of two hundred more, being those "of suche persons as have written with their owne handes, to venture in the pretended voiage to the Este Indias (the whiche it maie please the Lorde to prosper), and the somes they will adventure—xxij September 1599."

Such was the origin of that wonderful commercial body of merchants who, in time to come, were to carry the British colors to the slopes of the Himalayas, to Burmah, Ava, Java, and through the gates of Pekin. The sum subscribed amounted to a little over $150,000, and a committee of fifteen was deputed to manage it. They were formed into "a body corporate and politic" by the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London, Trading in the East Indies."

"Few great things have had a smaller beginning than that stupendous anomaly," the British Empire in India. It was in the course of 1612, in the reign of James, that the agents of the Company timidly established their first little factory at Surat. At this period, the nominal sovereigns of the whole of India, and the real masters and tyrants of a good part of it, were the Mohammedanized Mogul Tartars—a people widely different in origin, manners, law and religion from the Hindoos, the aboriginal, or ancient, inhabitants of the country.

The Company was allowed to build a factory at the mouth of the Hooghly, by a firman from the Emperor Shah Zehan, granted in 1634. In 1699 the whole of Bombay was ceded to them by Charles II., who had acquired it as part of the dowry of his wife, the Infanta of Portugal. It was in Bengal, however, that the Company began to acquire military and political power. They moved the factories on the Hooghly to Calcutta in 1698. They took with them paid bodies of native troops, who were called Sepoys, and were armed and trained in the European manner, and with the aid of these mercenaries they soon acquired a considerable degree of influence in the country.

In 1744, France and England being at war in Europe, hostilities broke out between the English and French in India. Clive came to the front on the part of the former, while Bussy displayed admirable generalship on the part of the latter. In the year 1756 Surajah Dowlah seized upon Calcutta, and clapped 146 of the English into the "Black Hole," where all but twenty-three persons perished in a single night by suffocation.

The student of the modern history of India is familiar with the names of Warren Hastings, who was elected Governor-General of India, Hyder Ali, and his son, Tippoo Saib. Lord Cornwallis, who figured so prominently during our War of Independence, conducted a war against Tippoo Saib with such energy that he compelled the latter to cede about one-half of his dominion, and to pay in money $16,000,000. In the war which broke out in 1803 between the English and the Mahrattas, Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington of the future, and hero of Waterloo, did signal service, making a name that was afterward to be emblazoned on the bead roll of illustrious warriors.

The annexation of Sinde, in 1843, was followed by the wars with the Sikhs, who had been organized into a powerful military State by their great sovereign, Runjeet Singh. These hostilities led to the annexation by the English of the Punjaub.

The next important event in the history of India was one which attracted the attention of mankind in all quarters of the globe, and forms, unquestionably, the most impressive incident in the annals of British India. This was the great Sepoy revolt.

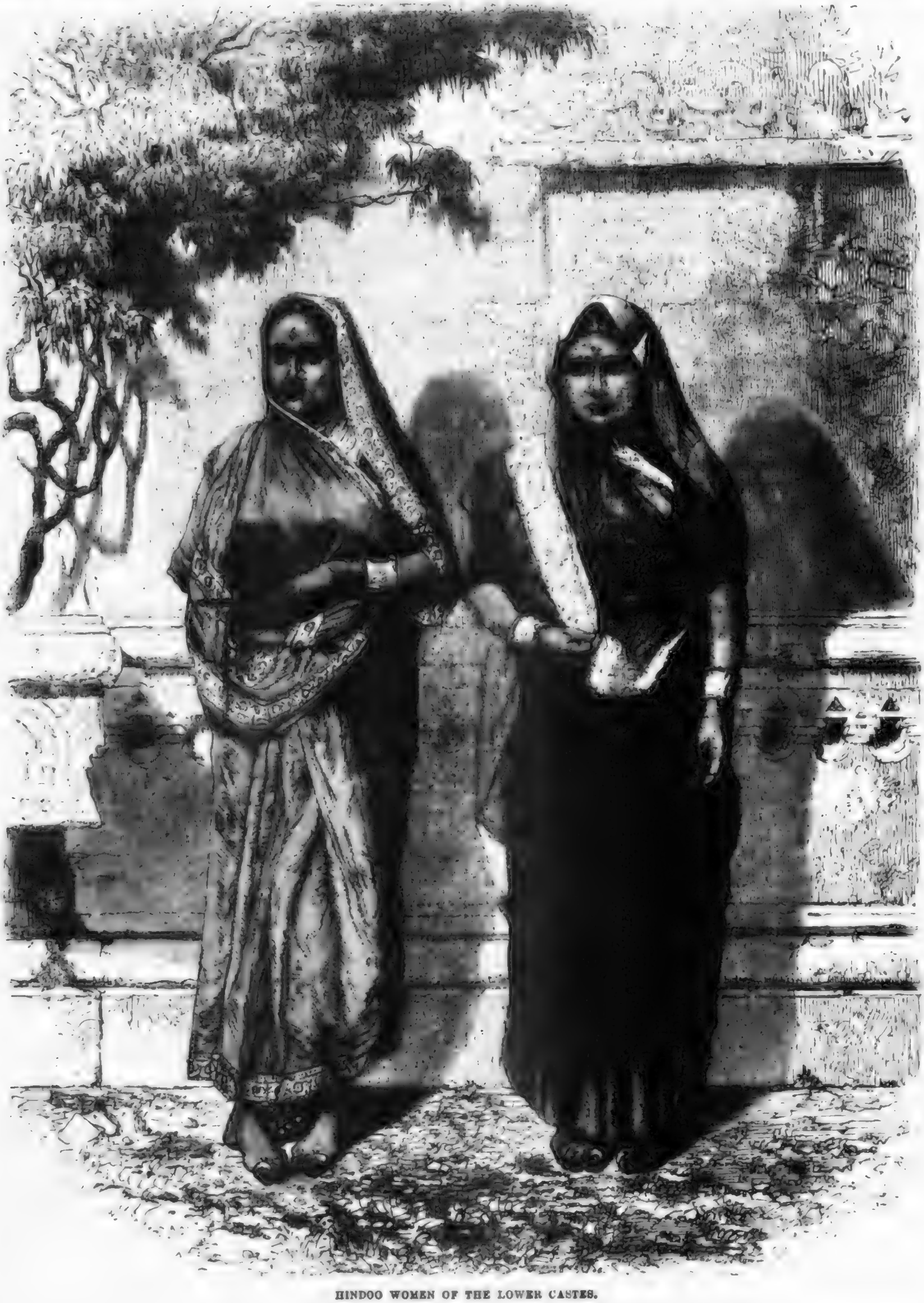
The year 1857-8 was the Hindoo Sumbut 1914, in which fell the centenary of Plassy, and Hindoo astrologers had long predicted that in this year the power of the East India Company would terminate for ever. In the early part of 1857 it became apparent that a mutinous spirit had crept into the Bengal army. The military authorities had resolved to arm the Sepoys with Enfield rifles, and a new kind of cartridge, greased, in order to adapt it to the rifle bore, was introduced into many of the schools of musketry instruction. A report spread among the native troops that, as the cartridges in loading had to be torn with the teeth, the Government was about to compel them to bite the fat of pigs and of cows, the former of which would be a defilement to a Mussulman, and the latter would be a sacrilege in the eyes of a Hindoo. The wildest excitement prevailed for a time, but the substitution of the old for the new cartridges temporarily prevented an outbreak. Meanwhile, though the greased cartridges had not been used elsewhere, the cry of danger to caste and creed was raised in many other stations. Disturbances occurred on February 19th at Burrumpoor, on March 29th at Barrachpoor, where the first blood of the revolt was shed—the leader in the revolt being a private Sepoy in the Thirty-fourth Regiment, named Mungal Pandy—and April 24th at Meerut.

On May 10th a formidable rising took place at the latter station. The Europeans were massacred, and the mutineers marched to Delhi, where the garrison fraternized with them, and a second butchery was committed. In the northwest provinces simultaneous risings took place, and Benares, the sacred city on the Ganges, was in revolt on June 4th. On June 27th took place the horrible massacre at Cawnpore, under Nana Sahib, Rajah of Bithoor. Lucknow, the capital of Oude, mutinied. The Punjaub was saved by the administrative capacity of Sir John Laurence. The Presidency of Bombay was but little disturbed, and that of Madras was tranquil, with scarcely an exception. Delhi was stormed September 14th, after a siege of three months. Two sons and two grandsons of the King were made prisoners by Captain Hodson, who shot them with his own hand. Cawnpore and Lucknow were taken from the rebels, and Gwalior was the last great battle of the campaign. The whole population was disarmed in the course of the Spring and Summer. One thousand three hundred and twenty-seven forts were destroyed, and 1,367,406 stand of arms captured. Of the number of Europeans killed and wounded during this mutiny no accurate estimate can be procured. Hundreds of English women and children were put to death after horrible outrages, many stories of which were, perhaps, fictions or exaggerations, though, unhappily, the substantial truth of the accounts of these atrocities cannot be doubted.

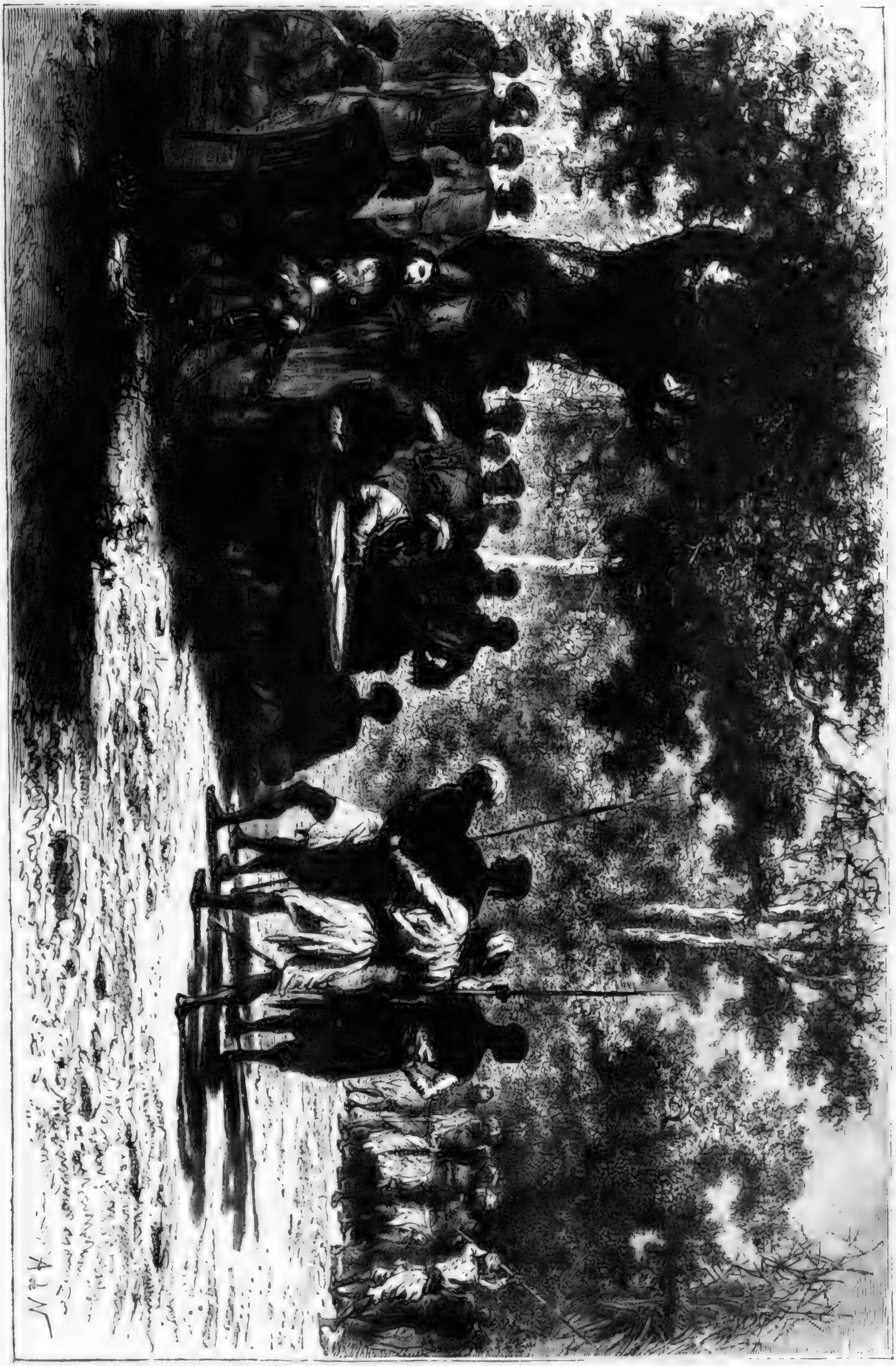
One very important result of the mutiny was the transfer of the government of India from the East India Company to the direct authority of the British Crown. This was accomplished by an Act of Parliament, providing substantially for the system of administration which now exists. The creation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India may also be said to be an outcome of the new state of things.

The extreme length of India, from north to south, is 1,900 miles, and its extreme breadth from east to west, exclusive of British Burmah, about 1,700 miles. The Empire of India, with its feudatory States, embraces a territory of 1,556,836 square miles, with a population of not less than two hundred millions. The climate varies from that of the temperate zone in the Himalayas to the tropical heat of the lowlands; on the central and southern tablelands the climate is comparatively mild, the thermometer falling as low as the freezing point in Winter; but on the great plains which contain the principal cities and the bulk of the population, the heat during the greater part of the year is excessive, frequently rising to 100° and 110° Fahrenheit.

A marked influence is exercised on the climate and seasons of Hindostan by the winds called Monsoons, which blow half the year from the southwest, and the other half from the northeast. The southwest monsoon begins in the South of Hindostan early in June, and in the North somewhat later. It brings with it from the Indian Ocean floods of rain, which continue to fall at intervals until the



HINDOO WOMEN OF THE LOWER CASTES.



A COURT OF JUSTICE IN INDIA.

XUM

end of September. During the rainy season the fall of rain in Bengal is from fifty to eighty inches. The northeast monsoon begins about the middle of October, and brings rain from the Bay of Bengal, which falls in torrents on the Coromandel coast until the middle or end of December, during which period the opposite coast of the peninsula enjoys fair weather and northerly breezes. From December to June is the dry season, during which little rain falls.

In none of the fine arts, except architecture, have the Hindoos attained much eminence. Their paintings are of very little merit, though the walls of temples, of palaces, and of the better class of private dwellings, are often ornamented, at great cost, with pictures illustrating the characters and events of their mythology. More attention has been paid to sculpture than to painting, and in the temples, cut from the living rock, great numbers of statues are contained, some single figures and others large groups.

In many districts of India splendid monuments of architecture abound, mostly the work of past ages, and many of remote antiquity, such as the temples of Jain and Ajmeer, and elsewhere, some of which were built long before the Christian era, and are distinguished not only for size and splendor of ornamentation, but for symmetry, beauty of proportion, and refinement of taste. The mosques, palaces and tents erected by the Mohammedan emperors are the finest specimens of the Saracenic style of architecture in the world. Those at Agra, Delhi and Lucknow are especially remarkable for their delicacy, beauty and taste. The most wonderful structures in the country are probably the great rock temples in the western part of Deccan and those near Bombay.

Benares is celebrated as being the ecclesiastical capital of the Hindoos. It is situated on the left bank of the Ganges, 390 miles northwest of Calcutta, and 75 miles east of Allahabad. It is the metropolis of a district of the same name, which forms a part of the northwest provinces. Although so far inland, the altitude of Benares above the sea level is only about three hundred feet. A bridge of boats crosses the river to the railway station on the opposite bank. The width of the Ganges here varies with the season, sometimes exceeding half a mile.

The ascent from the river-margin to the city is very steep, and is for the most part occupied by long and handsome flights of broad stone steps, called ghauts. These terraces are the favorite resort of the Hindoos in all their outdoor pursuits. Above these rise the palaces, mosques, towers and temples of the city, which, as seen from the Ganges in their massive and gorgeous architecture, present a striking and impressive picture of Oriental grandeur. The interior of Benares, however, is by no means so attractive, the houses being high and closely built, with no streets wide enough to permit the passage of carriages. The loftier and better class of dwellings are built of brick, and have an interior courtyard, but many of the houses are simply cabins of dried mud, roofed with tiles.

Benares has been appropriately termed the Mecca of the Hindoos. A true Brahmin regards it as the holiest spot on earth, and believes that future blessedness is secure to the worst of men who are fortunate enough to die within its precincts. Hundreds of invalids are brought to Benares to be sanctified by so enviable a death. Even the water of the sacred Ganges is holier here than elsewhere, and quantities of it are taken from the ghauts and conveyed by pious pilgrims to every part of India.

Along the terraced riverside, fires are continually burning, on which smolder the bodies of the recent dead. The sacred Brahmin bulls roam in large numbers through the narrow streets at will, frequently disputing the right of way with foot-passengers. There are not fewer than one thousand Hindoo temples in the city. The golden temple of Shiva, the reigning deity of Benares, is one of the most celebrated, but is neither beautiful nor attractive.

The Dhoorga Kond, the famous temple of the sacred monkeys, although ostensibly devoted to the worship of the goddess Dhoorga, is in reality the dwelling of swarms of large yellow monkeys, who overrun a quarter of the city. They are maintained and carefully tended by the Brahmins, who imagine them to possess certain holy attributes. The temple overlooks one of the finest tracts in India.

The Hindoos are the dominant race in Benares, constituting nine-tenths of the population. On important religious occasions, throngs of pilgrims, sometimes to the number of 100,000, come from all parts of Hindostan to visit the Holy City. The Mohammedan mosques in Benares number more than 300, that built by Aurungzebe in the seventeenth century being the most prominent. It occupies the site of an ancient Hindoo temple in the centre of the city. Its 28 minarets rise each 232 feet above the surface of the Ganges, the foundations extending to the water's edge. The architecture of the building is variously described as beautiful and unattractive. The observatory of Jai Singh, established during the Mogul supremacy, is a massive structure, furnished with curious astronomical instruments and ancient Oriental drawings of the celestial heavens.

A Hindoo Sanskrit college was founded in 1792, to which an English department was added in 1832, providing instruction in mathematics, history, belles-lettres and political economy. There are other Hindoo and Mohammedan schools, and several Christian foreign missions. A court of civil and criminal justice is maintained by the British Government. Secrole, the British settlement, containing the official residences and cantonments, lies between two and three miles out of the native town. It is an unhealthy station, and much dreaded by European troops. The manufactures of Benares comprise cottons, woolens, silks and magnificent gold brocades. The city is the centre of a large provincial trade in fine shawls, muslins and diamonds, which articles, in addition to its own manufactures, form the principal exports. It is also a great mart of distribution for European goods.

The modern City of Benares dates from the period of Mohammedan ascendency in the latter part of the seventeenth century, but the ruins found in the vicinity indicate a much earlier origin. The Hindoos believe Benares to have been founded at the creation of the world. It is noteworthy that three great religions flourished there: Buddhism, the founders of which there began to propagate their faith; Mohammedanism, which was temporarily dominant; and Brahminism, which has regained its supremacy. The district of Benares has an area of about one thousand square miles, and a population estimated at 800,000. It is abundantly watered by the Ganges, Goomtee, and many smaller streams.

The climate is characterized by violent extremes of temperature, with a mean of 77° Fahrenheit, and an average rainfall of more than thirty inches. The country is fertile, and well cultivated, producing abundant crops of sugar, opium and indigo. It was ceded to the East India Company in 1775, by the King or Nawaub of Oude—who acquired it after the destruction of the Mogul Empire—on an agreement providing for the payment of a certain tribute. The East India Company in 1776 granted the district to Rajah Cheyt Singh. This agreement was broken by Warren Hastings, and its violation was one of the charges on

XUM

which he was subsequently impeached, an impeachment made memorable by the magnificent speech of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Lucknow, the capital of the Province and former Kingdom of Oude, is situated on the River Goomtee, about 580 miles northwest of Calcutta. The population is about 285,000. The Goomtee is here crossed by three bridges, one of iron, one of stone and one of boats. A distant view of the city, with its numerous turrets and pinnacles, conveys an impression of splendor surpassed by few Indian cities. But this is somewhat lessened by a closer inspection of its numerous narrow, filthy streets, and mean mud or bamboo houses, thatched with straw.

The streets are generally ten or twelve feet below the level of the shops on each side, but the English quarter is well built, and adorned with gardens. In contrast with the dwellings of the native population, there are many public buildings of remarkable beauty. The Shah Nujeef, or Imambana, is a fantastic brick structure, coated with white cement, and topped with several Moslem minarets and pointed Hindoo domes. It consists of a number of buildings surrounding two courts, which are entered by magnificent gateways. The name Imambana denotes a kind of edifice erected by Mohammedans of the Shiah sect for the celebration of the festival of the Mohurrum. Of the five royal palaces in the city, the principal are the Fureed Buksh, a long range of buildings on the river-bank, more remarkable for size than beauty, and the Kaiserbagh. The Kings of Oude had also many magnificent palaces in the neighborhood, the most superb of which is the Dilkoosha—Heart's Delight—about two miles toward the south of the city. The Begum Kothee is a collection of palatial edifices formerly occupied by native princes. "Constantia" is the name given to a curious mansion, loaded with incongruous ornaments, which was erected by the French adventurer, Claude Martin, who went to India as a private soldier, and rose to great power and opulence under the native Government. A better monument is the Martinière, a college for half-caste children. An English church, an observatory and a hospital are the principal buildings. The Church of England, the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and the Roman Catholic Church have missions at Lucknow.

The British residency was destroyed during the siege at the time of the mutiny of 1857. Since that event, many changes have also been made in the plan of the city, as whole streets have been pulled down in accordance with the system of defense adopted by the British in 1858. Lucknow is now connected with the East India Railway—with Calcutta and Delhi by the Oude and Rohilcund Railway, a branch line to Cawnpore.

During the mutiny of 1857, the British garrison in Lucknow, numbering about 1,700 men, was besieged by about 10,000 mutineers. After twelve weeks' defense, during which the British lost Sir Henry Laurence, their commander, and suffered from the ravages of cholera, smallpox and fevers scarcely less than from fire and assaults of the enemy, Generals Havelock and Outram fought their way in with a relieving force, September 25th. The defense was now resumed with fresh vigor, Sir James Outram, as senior officer, taking the command. On November 17th, Sir Colin Campbell reached the city with reinforcements. A few days later the residency was evacuated, the British withdrawing by night to the Dilkoosha, where, on the 25th, Sir Henry Havelock died of dysentery. General Outram was left with a division at Alumbagh—the King's Summer palace, about four miles from the residency—to watch the enemy, and the rest retired in safety to Cawnpore. In January, 1858, Outram was subjected to desperate attacks at the Alumbagh by 30,000 rebels, whom he defeated with about one-tenth that number of troops; and on February 21st, with 6 guns, and not quite 400 men, he routed another force of 20,000.

In the meantime, the insurgents had fortified Lucknow, and occupied it with a large force. Early in March they were besieged by Sir Colin Campbell, who effected a partial entrance on the 4th; but the capture was not complete until the 21st, when the city was abandoned by the enemy, most of whom made their escape.

The Thugs, of whom we give an illustration, derive their nomenclature from the Hindoo word *thugna*, which means "to deceive"—and were a sect of assassins now happily exterminated by the British Government. They roamed about the country in bands of from 30 to 300, and strangled to death such persons as they could decoy into their company. Their atrocious practices were not followed so much from impulses of plunder or malice, as from religious motives. They were worshipers of the goddess Kali, who presided over sensual indulgence and death.

The members of the sect belonged to different Hindoo castes, and each had its functions. The bands were under a *junadar*, or *sirdar*, who was the leader, and a *guru*, or teacher. Its members were classified into spies, who were learners; stranglers, entrappers—who were sometimes women—and grave-diggers. They usually assumed the dress of merchants or pilgrims, and often craved the protection of those whom they intended to destroy. Their usual instrument of destruction was the handkerchief, with which, by a dextrous movement, they strangled their victims. The spies having informed the band of the route, habits and circumstances of their intended victims, the members traveled in such lines as to be near one another, and the entrappers, by artful management, attracted them to a spot remote from dwellings, where the stranglers executed their office; and, having stripped them of whatever they possessed, the grave-diggers buried them with such precautions as generally to prevent discovery.

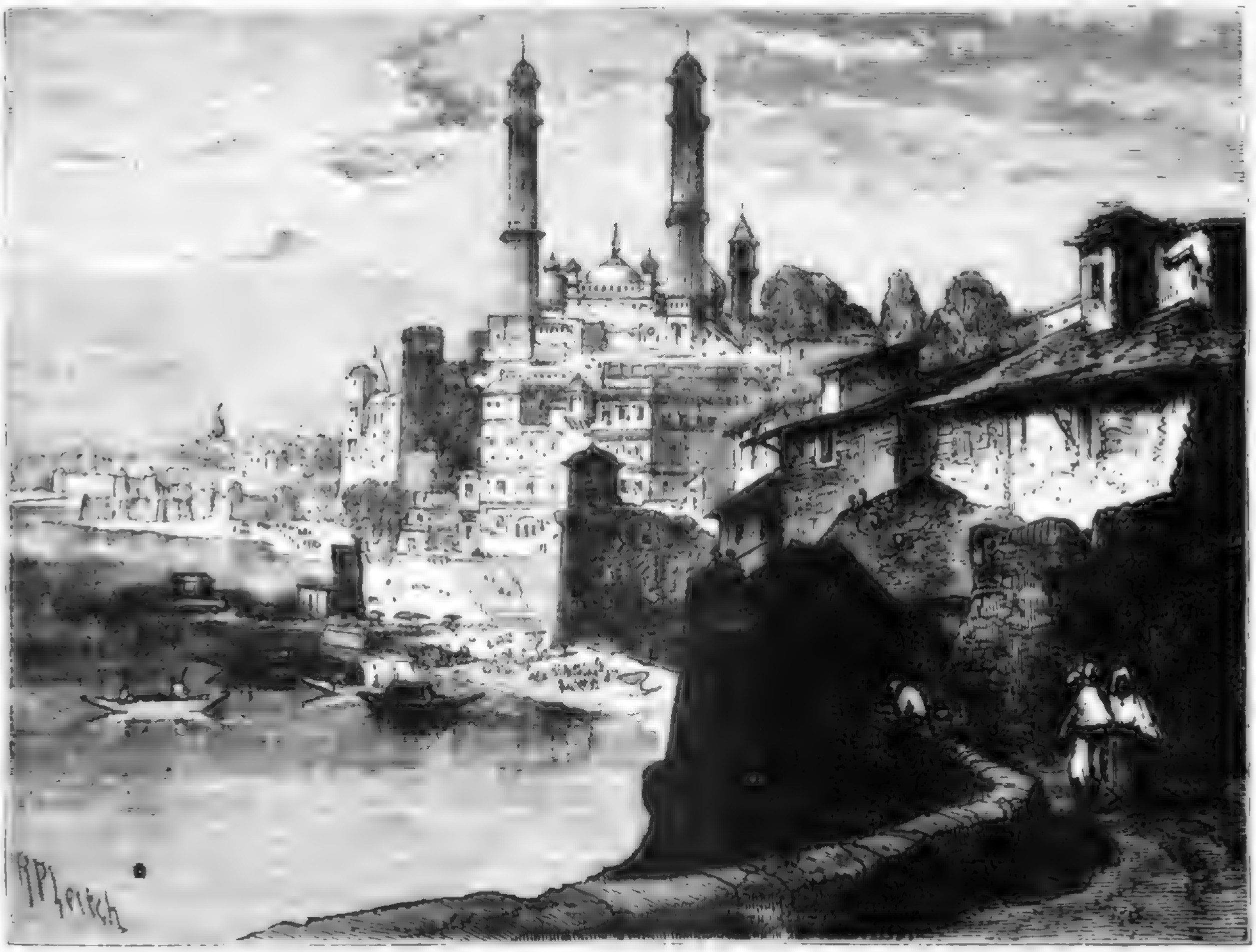
The plunder was divided, one-third to the widows and orphans of the sect, one-third to the goddess Kali, and the remainder to the partners in the assassination. After a murder, the Thugs who had committed it united in a sort of sacrament, eating consecrated sugar. Their deities were carefully consulted before going on these expeditions, and unless the omens were favorable, the Thug would not go. Neither women nor old men were victims. Europeans were never killed, as there would have been danger of detection.

There were also bands of Mohammedan Thugs, of the sect of Mooltanees, and it is possible that, at first, the system of *thuggee* originated with Mohammedan banditti, though it afterward became more of a Hindoo than a Mohammedan practice, and the words used are of Sanskrit origin.

Thugs were found in all parts of India. Attempts were made to exterminate these bands of murderers in several of the native States, even prior to the present century; but their connection as a widespread religious fraternity remained unbroken till 1829, during the administration of Lord William Bentinck, who undertook to break up the organization. This was successfully accomplished by the arrest of every known Thug in India.

The movements of the professional dancing women of India are as graceful as they are wonderful. Their agility is something marvelous, and their "chic," if occasionally a little too expressive, is decidedly fetching. The *nautch* or dancing girls of Calcutta are a separate and distinct corps of dancers. They dress in massive folds of silk down to

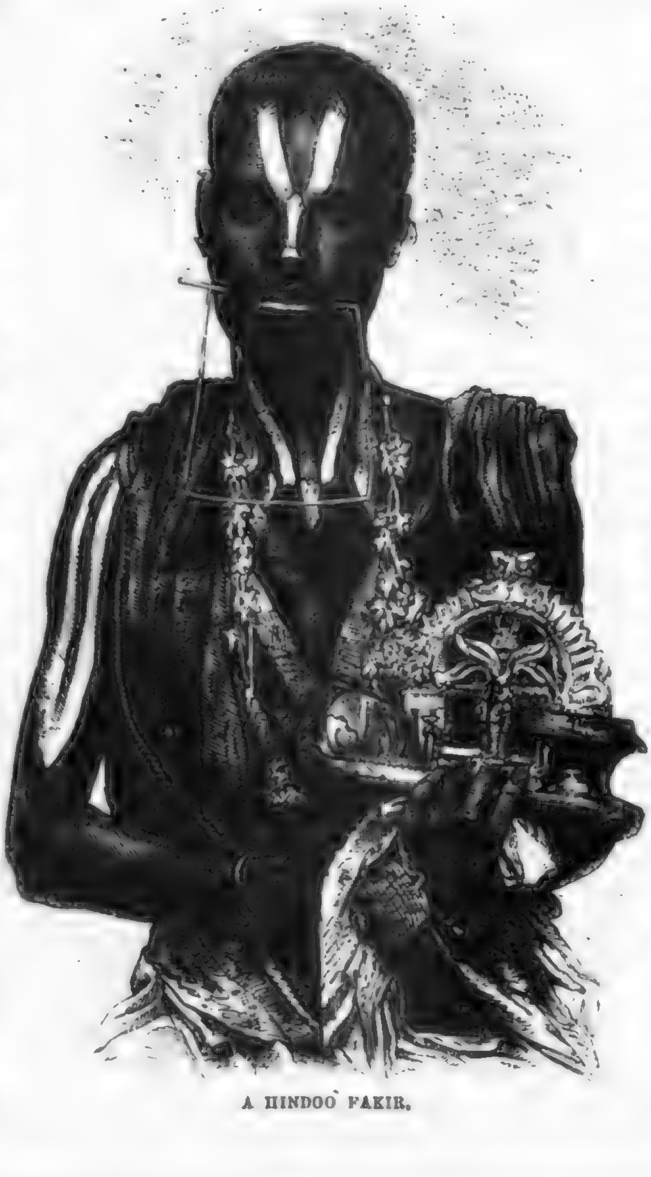
XUM



VIEW OF BENARES FROM THE GANGES.

the ground, and are decorated with a profusion of jewelry—bracelets, bangles and other ornaments. Their movements are wild and voluptuous, but seldom pass the bounds of modesty, as some writers have stated.

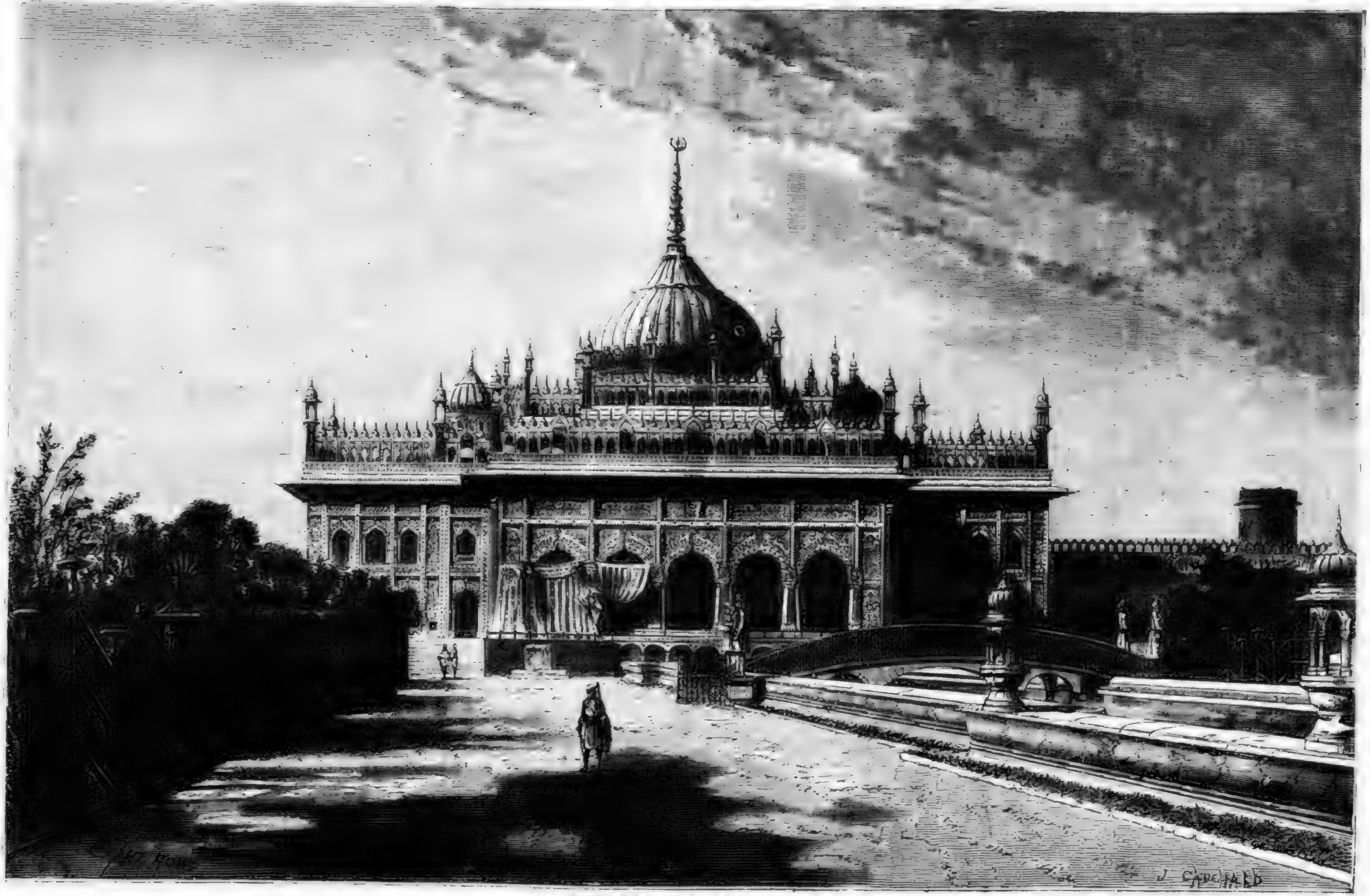
Another class of dancers are the egg-dancers—girls who, dressed in scanty but gorgeous attire, place eggs on the ends of sugar-canes radiating from a circular frame adjusted to a pad on the head, dancing the while to the music of the tom-tom, and whirling round and round till the eyes of the on-lookers become giddy in the gazing. The egg-dance is a very quaint and curious performance, and one which no visitor to India should fail to see.



A HINDOO FAKIR.

India advances in gigantic strides toward civilization and progress. Her commerce, which is capable of almost indefinite extension, increases every year. The rich natural productions of Hindostan are being more fully developed under the appliances of Western civilization ; thus, while wool comes from Afghanistan, and 28,000,000 acres of land are already under cotton cultivation, and 1,200,000 acres under indigo, the silver blossoms and tender leaves of the tea-plant are beginning to cover the slopes of the Himalayas and hill districts of the north-western provinces ; rice is being grown in the South, and thousands of logs of teak are now furnished yearly by the forests of Tenasserim, of Martaban and Malabar. The mineral wealth of India, too, is being developed, and she is immensely rich in coal, copper and iron, plumbago and lead, gold, silver and precious stones. Railways are being constructed, and works for the purpose of irrigation, the lack of which breeds famine. since the failure of the rice crop to India is equivalent to the potato-blight in Ireland.

England is "awfully jealous" of Russian influence, and very sensitive on the subject of Russian intrigue, and the "barrier" is watched, by both War Department and diplomacy, with a degree of vigilance which shows how keenly alive Great Britain is to the "cleavage of the thin line."



VIEW OF A TEMPLE AT LUCKNOW.

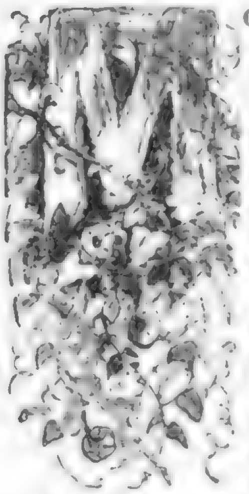
XUM

A PARABLE.

By Philip Bourke Marston.

A magic circle holds me round to-day.
The air is vital with the young, sweet Spring;
In the fresh wind the leaves and grasses sing.
The songs of birds are blown from spray to spray;
The time is pure and ardent, and how gay!
Now falls the saintly dusk; low whispering,
The gentle wind goes by with flagging wing,
The sun to follow on his downward way;
Great quietude of moonlight holds the land.
Now, if *one* word I whisper to the air,
If one way turn, or even reach my hand—
The spell is broken, and, my Spring to scare,
Comes Winter back; and, shivering, I stand,
Once more the blast of his cold winds to bear.

THE WIDOW HAS IT.



MONEY, sir!" exclaimed old Colonel Martinette, who was flattening his "jolly red nose" against the window of the Senior United. "He won't know what to do with it. I give you my honor, sir, as an officer and a gentleman, I don't believe he can ever spend it all. It's an e-mense sum—an e—mense sum."

He quite forgot that as a young man it had not taken him long to run through sixty thousand pounds.

"Ah!" said his friend, who was assiduously using a gold toothpick to his false teeth, "you don't know what he can do till he tries."

"I know one thing," answered the colonel—"that he won't part easily with any. I tried him on, sir, for a couple of thous.; but not a farthing, sir—by the living Harry! not a farthing—could I get out of him. I, his uncle, went away from his house with pockets to let."

"Well, that was hard lines, colonel!"

"Lines, sir! hang him! I wish I had him in the lines. I'd break the infernal fellow's back. I'd have a roll-call every two hours; and the rest of the time he should be at rope-drill, or in heavy marching-order. I'd—I'd——"

"But what excuse did he give you?" asked the other.

"Excuse! Why, he said that the purchasing and furnishing of his town-house—the painting and redecorating of his country one—his yacht at Cowes—his new horses and carriages—with various other items, would take all his spare money; that he was now expected to keep up an appearance and position in society; that servants and large establishments were expensive, and all that sort of rot; that he had an idea of marrying and settling down; and the necessity of saving something for a rainy day. Why, hang him! his box at the opera costs more than I have for a year's income. By gad, I——"

"But did he actually refuse you?" persisted the other.

"Well, no, not exactly," replied the colonel, turning as red as he well could. "He said he'd let me have five hundred if I'd put down a certain little establishment at Brompton. Hang it, sir, I'm a bachelor, and can do as I choose. Fancy, sir, a young man of six-and-twenty, with thirty thousand a year, dictating to his uncle, and offering him five hundred pounds on certain conditions! By gad, it's monstrous!"

Young Arthur Martinette, the inheritor of the fortune alluded to, was the only son of a dry salter, who had taken his leave of the world some months previous to the time we are speaking of. He had died unknown and unheard of, except by his city friends and acquaintances.

Arthur, who had been left everything, burst like a meteor on the town. All were eager to know him and make his acquaintance; poor relations turned up in scores, and rich ones he had scarcely ever heard of now condescended to know him—his uncle amongst the number.

Arthur Martinette had not been educated at a public school, where a lad can make swell acquaintances who are useful in after life; but he had been well educated; his old father had not been niggardly with him; he had made him a fair allowance, and let him live like a gentleman.

"I don't want my boy," he said, "to wish for my death because I won't give him sufficient for his expenses. Young men will be young men, and Arthur shall do as the rest do." So Arthur had his couple of hunters and a small manor to shoot over.

He was a nice, quiet, gentlemanly, good-looking fellow, with plenty of common sense, which is not a common thing with young men of means of the present day.

He rode fairly, fished fairly, and shot fairly. He detested the dry-salting business; but it was too good a thing to give up. So when he came into the property he left it to the management of his father's old confidential clerk, whom he knew he could trust.

George was fond of farming; he had a nice estate in Wiltshire, not too far from London, and a canny Scotchman as his bailiff. He liked yachting—in fact, all country amusements.

A friend of his having made the pace too hot to last, Arthur took his hundred-ton schooner off his hands at a moderate price. He was not a racing or betting man, but he liked to see a race, and was fond of horses; so he kept his two riding ones, and three or four for carriage-work, and was now on the lookout for half a dozen hunters for the coming season. He had a stall at the opera, which his uncle magnified into a box.

As Arthur Martinette had plenty of means, he did not see why he should not enjoy himself, like other men similarly situated. Many men of his club had volunteered to introduce him into society, though as yet he had declined all offers.

His uncle had been most pressing on this point; but as that gentleman's acquaintances were somewhat doubtful, he had not availed himself of his services.

Arthur wished to get into good society; and he resolved that if he, with his fortune, could not get into the best, he would go into none.

One night, as he was waiting his turn for his carriage to come up to take him from the opera, a fine, white-headed old gentleman, who had been standing by him, was taken suddenly faint, for the heat was oppressive, and two ladies who accompanied him were in a great state of mind.

"What shall we do?" they exclaimed. "He has a fainting fit coming on."

Arthur's carriage was at this instant called.

"If you will allow my carriage to take you home," he said, "it is perfectly at your service."

He was a good-natured fellow, and liked doing a good-natured act.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" they said. "We will gratefully avail ourselves of your kind offer."

Arthur gave his arm to the half-fainting old man, and conducted him to his carriage, followed by the ladies.

"Where will you wish my coachman to drive you to?" he asked.

"To No. — Eaton Square," answered one. "But are you not coming, sir? It is a shame to deprive you of your carriage!"

"Not at all, ladies; it is quite fine, and I prefer walking home. I have not far to go," and, raising his hat, he wished them good-night.

The next morning he was loitering over his breakfast, and looking through the *Morning Post*, when his servant entered and handed him a card.

"The Duke of Westmoreland! What on earth can his grace want with me? Show him up instantly."

Martinette's rooms were always proper and ready at all times to receive any one. He was somewhat surprised to see in the duke the old gentleman of the evening before.

"I have called at this unseasonable hour, which I hope you will excuse," he said, "to thank you for your very great kindness to me last night. I really do not know what I should have done without your well-timed assistance. I was very ill last night, but quite myself this morning. I am unaccustomed to London life, and the heat totally upset me. I have not been in town for more than ten years, for the place and its gayeties have no charm for me. The duchess was too fatigued to accompany her nieces last night to the opera, so I went on duty in her stead."

Martinette bowed, and expressed the happiness it had given him to be of the slightest service to his grace.

"If you will excuse a short invitation," continued the nobleman, "it will give the duchess and myself great pleasure if you will dine with us this evening. We have a few friends and an evening party afterward."

Martinette accepted at once. Here was what he wanted, what he had been looking for, what he had so much desired; the thing which had before appeared so difficult, almost impossible, had been accomplished in the simplest manner, all through a little act of kindness.

He found the duke and duchess nice, plain, unaffected people, and he thoroughly enjoyed his evening; was introduced to several people of standing and returned home highly pleased.

He was not wanting in callers or invitations now. No end of dainty little notes were to be seen on his table, and a basketful of cards on his hall-table.

"By gad, sir," said old Colonel Martinette to his factotum, "look here!" showing the *Morning Post*. "Why, hang me, if my nephew was not dining at the Dooke of Westmoreland's last night! How the dooce did he know him? By gad, he's got into the line at last. Confound the fellow! in with that old cattle-breeding humbug, too!"

"I never heard his grace was an old humbug," replied his friend. "I have always heard him most highly spoken of. A thorough country gentleman. Nothing can beat his herd of short-horns; his hounds are first-rate; his men well horsed. He rides forward, is liberal with his game, and beloved by his tenantry and all who know him. No, no, colonel; hang it, be just!"

The colonel had got his answer, and went grumblingly away.

There was no denying it. Martinette was the man of the day, and was invited everywhere. Operas, balls, dinners, passed in rapid succession. The season was wearing away. Arthur had danced, flirted, picnicked, done flower-shows and morning concerts, races, with all the leading belles of the day; yet not one had managed to hook and land him. Mammas with marriageable daughters were beginning to despair. Yet thirty thousand a year is not so easily found every day. It was worth trying for, so they still had hopes.

Arthur was not so much in town after May. He was constantly away at Cowes. The fact was he was already sick of London and its gayeties. He liked his yacht and the fresh breezes. Then, by way of ringing a change, he would run down to Wiltshire, and look over his farm and stock.

He was one evening sauntering down Ryde Pier, about the middle of July, when he saw before him one of the most beautiful figures he had ever beheld, tall and elegant; and the wind, which every now and then blew her dress aside, revealed a most perfect foot and ankle.

"If her face is only half as good as her figure," soliloquized Arthur, "she must be simply perfection."

She was walking with another lady, who seemed, by her feeble gait, to be an invalid. Arthur was by far too gentlemanly and well-bred a man to pass them and look; so he lounged quietly behind, in the hope that they would presently turn. But this they did not do; for on arriving at the head of the pier, a sailor in yachting costume touched his hat to them, and handed a shawl to the younger, which she was placing on the shoulders of the elder, when she dropped her parasol.

Arthur instantly darted forward to restore it; and the lady, on receiving it with a bow and a smile, revealed a face so exquisitely lovely that Arthur was startled.

In his hurry and confusion he quite forgot to see if the name of the yacht was upon the man's cap, or guernsey, and when he thought of it, the boat into which they had stepped was too far away. He had not his glasses with him; there were a large quantity of vessels lying about, and the boat which he was so eagerly watching was soon lost amongst them.

He was returning home in a very thoughtful mood, cursing his stupidity for not finding out the vessel the ladies belonged to, when he ran against his uncle.

"Why, Arthur, my boy!" said his uncle, "what the dooce brought you here? I thought you were a Cowes man."

"And why not a Ryde man, uncle? I am here, there, and everywhere—Ryde, Cowes, Torquay, Southampton—anywhere as the wind serves. My vessel is lying off the pier-head. I am starting to-morrow; at least, I was going to start"—he had determined to remain a few more days, in the hope of seeing the beautiful face that was running riot in his thoughts. "By-the-way, uncle, you could do something for me."

A bright idea had just occurred to him.

His uncle saw an opening in an instant, and answered:

"Can I, my boy? what is it? You must make haste, for I am off to-morrow."

He had not the least intention of going for a week or two, for it was necessary he should absent himself from the "little village" till his next payment became due, for there was an awkward kite flying about, which, had he shown in town, would have caused him some little trouble. So to his London tradesmen he was on the Continent till September.

"Going to-morrow?" said his nephew, reflectively. "Well, that's a pity."

"I would stay with pleasure, my dear fellow; but this place is so cursedly dear that I can't stand it."

"Oh!" replied Arthur, brightening up, "don't let that trouble you. Be my guest for a week."

"It will be dooced inconvenient, Arthur; for I intended to run about a little, I am so doocedly seedy; but a few days will make no difference, so I'm your man." And, hooking his arm into that of his nephew, he walked toward his lodgings to get his portmanteau. That being done, they went on board his nephew's yacht.

"If I don't bleed him of some coin for this," thought the uncle, "my name is not what it is."

"So you say she is perfectly beautiful, Arthur," remarked the colonel, as he lounged on one of the sofas in

XUM

the saloon of the *Firefly*, "and you have not the least idea who she is, or what yacht she went to?"

"Not the slightest," returned his nephew.

"Well, I must do what I can," remarked Martinette, senior. "I must inquire of every one I know—you must do the same. What a muff you were, Arthur, not to notice the vessel's name, or the man's cap, or even the boat; all then would have been easy sailing. However, I will do my best for you; but, upon my soul, you must find some coin. My creditors are become clamorous; I shall have to make an arrangement with them, or something of that sort, unless you help me."

"What do you suppose, at a rough guess, your debts might be?" asked Arthur.

"I should say about two thousand."

He owed about three or four hundred, but he thought it would be as well to stick to the sum he had first asked his nephew for some time ago.

"That is a heavy sum; but I tell you what, uncle—when we have finished this hunt, we will go up to town together. Bring me the bills, and I will see what I can do."

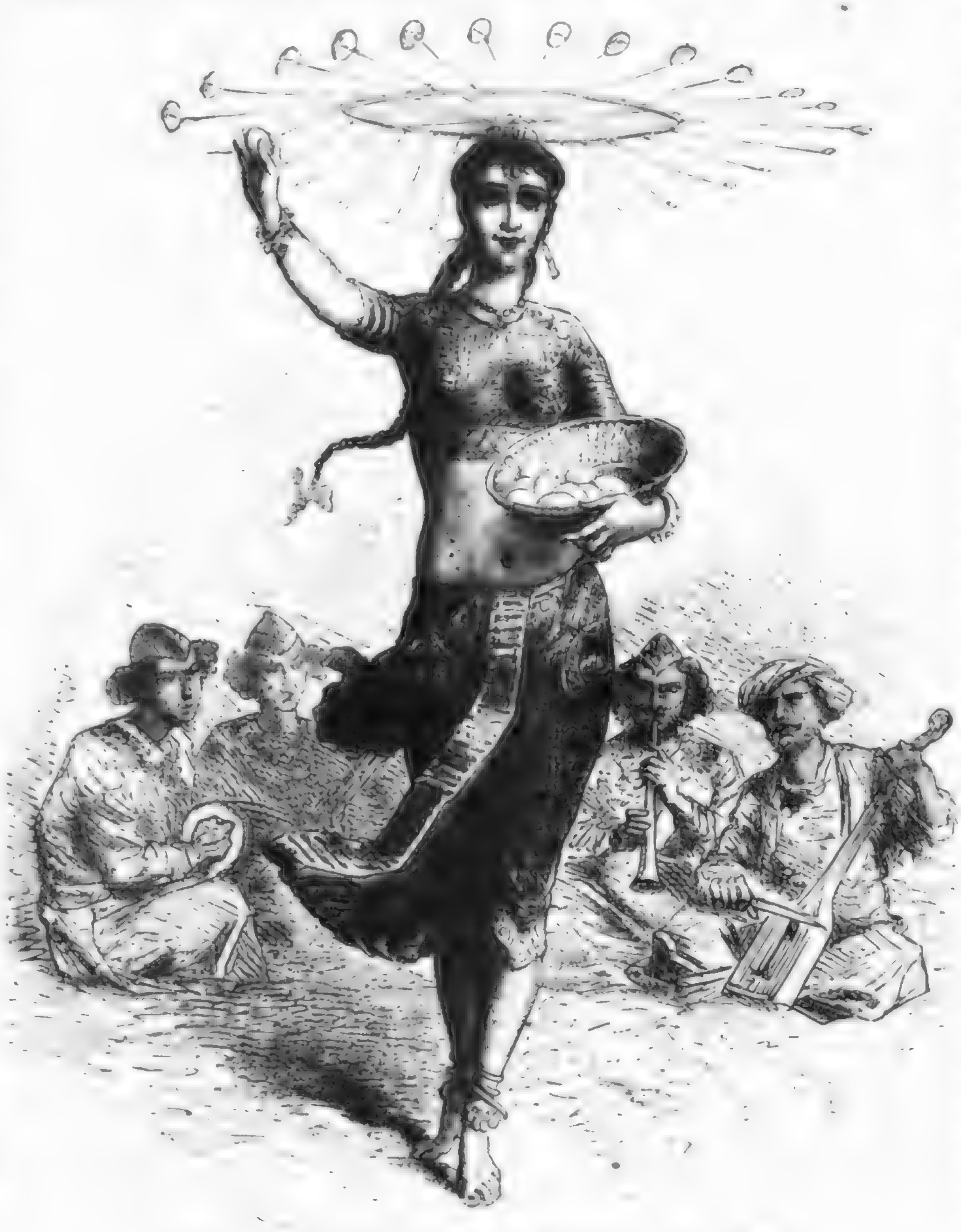
The next day they made every inquiry, but a lot of yachts had sailed during the night, and no one knew anything about the ladies. They cruised about the different vessels, and went on shore, but no tidings could they gain.

Day after day this went on, and the old colonel was so footsore he could scarcely walk. They then had a turn at Cowes, Southampton, and several other places, but with no better success.

At last Arthur was obliged to give it up as a failure, and both gentlemen proceeded to London for a few days.

Directly the colonel got there, the first person he called on was his tailor, a low scoundrel.

"Glad to see you, colonel. Thought you were on the Continent—Baden-Baden or Homburg."



INDIA.—A HINDOO GIRL DANCING THE EGG DANCE.—SEE PAGE 511.

The man knew well enough the old gentleman had not been out of England, but only playing hide-and-seek for a time.

"No, Mercer, no; was going—in fact, had started, but my nephew persuaded me to have a cruise in his yacht. Splendid vessel. It has done me an immense deal of good. Now, Mercer, you want to be paid."

"Well, colonel, I should like my little account settled—or, at any rate, a part. I've not troubled you, but really——"

"Ah, yes, I know," interrupted the colonel. "Well, how much is it?"

"Well, sir, it is over two hundred—with interest, and one thing and the other, two-fifty."

"Over two hundred? Then make the bill out for five hundred, and let me have it to-morrow; my nephew pays"—here he winked at the other—"twig, do you? Mind you're mum hand over the balance, and I'll give you a good order."

To all his creditors did the wily old man go with the same tale.

Arming himself with these documents, he, the next day, went to the house of his nephew.

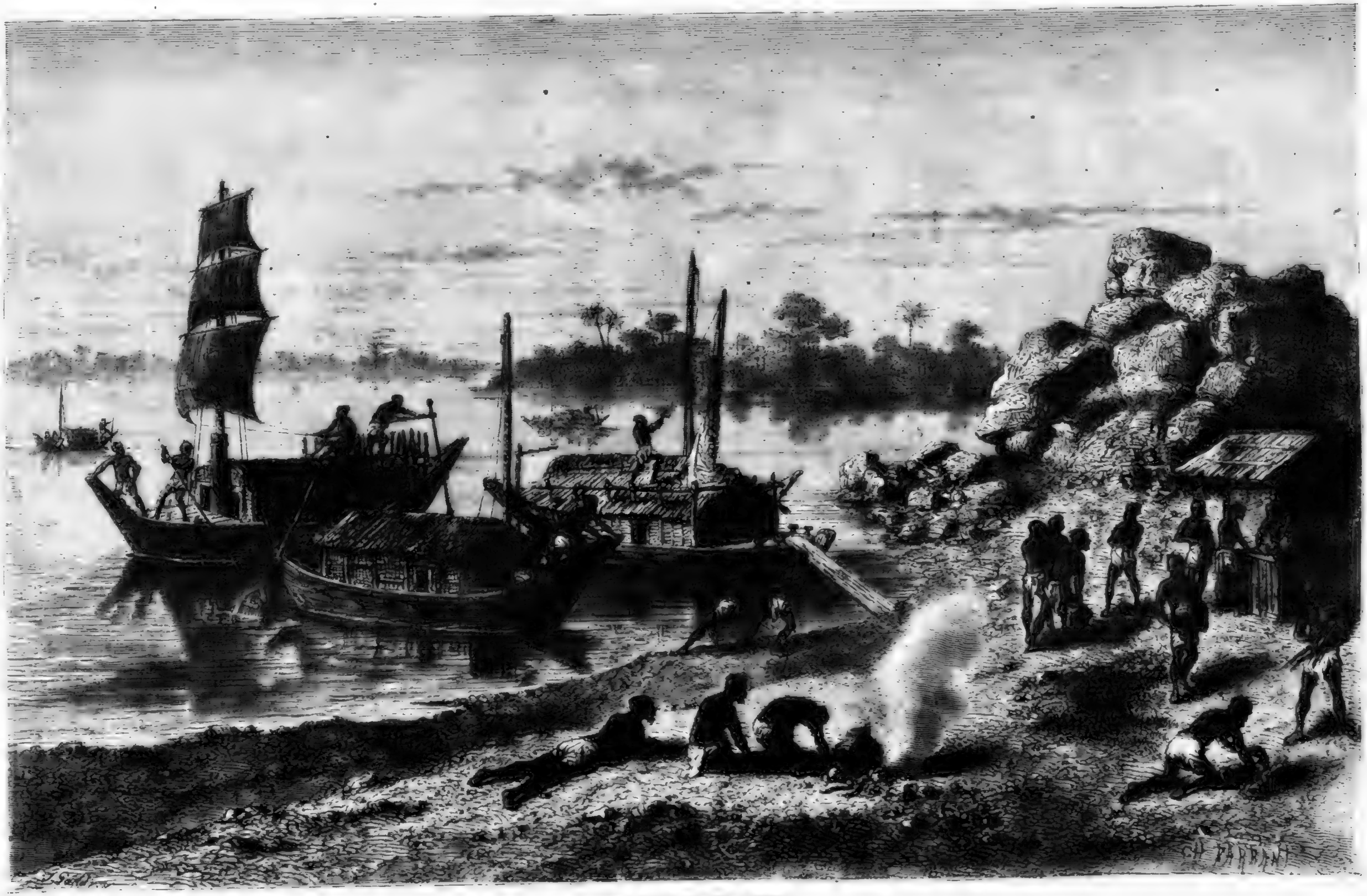
"I have brought all the bills, Arthur," he said, in a light, airy way; "and a dooce of a lot there is, I can tell you. Had any news?"

"Not any. I leave town again to-morrow. To-night I am obliged to go out to dinner, but I will see to your matters in the course of the morning."

The colonel, seeing it would be of no use staying any longer, presently took his departure; and directly he did so, Arthur looked through the bills, and made a little note on each with his pencil.

"I believe you are my uncle Colonel Martinette's tailor?" he asked, on entering that person's establishment.

"Yes, sir—I have that honor. May I hope to——"



HINDOO BOATS ON THE GANGES.

"I have come to try if I can settle his account," intercepted the other, shortly. "Look here, Mr. Mercer, it is a large sum—five hundred pounds. I have no doubt it is all correct, and as moderate as you could make it under the circumstances; but I must tell you candidly there is not the slightest chance of my uncle being able to pay you. He has not the means; and if you give him more such credit as this, you are sure to lose. Now, I am prepared to write you out a check for two hundred and fifty pounds—just half the amount—that is, if you give me a receipt in full of all demands."

"Good gracious, Mr. Martinette! Why, that will be only ten shillings in the pound!"

"I am quite aware of that, but it is better than losing all. I am in no way responsible for my uncle's debts. I shall not give one sixpence more."

"Well, sir, rather than lose all, I suppose I must take what you offer"—he was afraid of his books being asked for. "It's very hard on me—a heavy loss; and I am quite astonished at the colonel."

"Don't give him long credit again," said Arthur, as he pocketed the receipt, and proceeded to the next one.

He settled all the bills in this way, and that afternoon inclosed them to his uncle, with a note, saying he hoped that now he was relieved of his liabilities, he would get into no more trouble.

The colonel was in great spirits when he received the note and receipted accounts.

"Now, this is what I call doing the trick handsomely," he said. "You're a clever fellow, Colonel Martinette—a very clever fellow. I must go at once and touch the balances."

His tailor's being the largest, he went there first.

"Well, Mercer," he exclaimed, on entering, "I am come to bleed you. I see you are paid, and in full, of all demands. Two hundred and fifty to shell out to me."

"No, colonel, not a farthing."

"Do you mean to say, Mercer, you are going to pocket the whole?" and his face got purple with anger as he asked the question.

"I am only going to pocket what belongs to me, colonel. Your nephew would only pay half the account, getting a receipt in full. There is the check, so you can see for yourself."

"Done brown—bowled out, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the colonel, as he rushed from the shop.

He found that the same had been done to all creditors—half paid, and a receipt in whole given; so the little pickings that the ex-military gentleman expected, vanished in the air.

The old gentleman was very irate at getting, as he called it, none of "the ready"; but when he cooled down he considered it was not such a bad stroke of business, after all. His bills had in reality been paid in full, and, though he had not been able to pocket anything by his proposed rascality, yet he was a free man.

Arthur was still unsuccessful in his endeavors to find out the lady who had made such an impression on him, and at last he gave up the search in sheer despair. It was now the latter end of August, and on the first of September he was to go down to the duke's for a month's shooting. It was a promise he had made the old nobleman, who had taken quite a fancy to him; so he laid up his vessel, and proceeded to get all his shooting things in readiness and order.

Westmoreland Castle was a fine old place, and when Arthur arrived he found a large party assembled. There was Sir Peregrin Falcon, a great sportsman—a bachelor, who had made a fearful hole in a fine fortune by racing, steeple-chasing, betting and play; but he had the sense to pull up whilst he had sufficient to live on. He was a handsome though dissipated man of five-and-thirty, and was now, before he lost his good looks, seeking a wife with money. As yet, he had not had much luck, for his principles, if he had any, were rather lax, and ladies, as a rule, were afraid of him.

There was a Colonel Kennedy, devoted to shooting, a man of first-rate family but small means; he was accompanied by his daughter, a very stylish girl of two or three-and-twenty. Then there was Lady Foxley, with her two grown-up daughters, dashing girls on the lookout for husbands; Mr. Craven, a fine young man with a nice fortune; and several more.

It was a merry party, and both the duke and duchess tried their best that all should be happy, flirted and comfortable.

The gentlemen shot, fished, played billiards, rode or drove, just as it pleased them. The ladies played croquet, walked or drove, and flirted if they got the chance.

Martinette was the lion of the party—thirty thousand a year was not to be sneezed at. Besides his means, he was a quiet, gentlemanly fellow, good-tempered, and always obliging.

"Mr. Martinette, will you come and play a game of croquet with me?' asked Miss Kennedy, one day after luncheon; "that is, if you have nothing better to do. A single game, you know; I hate a double game, it takes so long to play."

She would have liked to play one double game, though—marriage.

"With all my heart, Miss Kennedy; I am not much of a hand, though."

"That's what I call mean," thought Lady Foxley. "That is not fair!" she exclaimed; "all would like to join."

"Well, there is plenty of room for one or two more sets," said the young lady, looking triumphantly at Lady Foxley. "Mr. Martinette is going to play a single game with me."

"It is a little game," whispered Sir Peregrin to the irate lady, "that she wants all to herself."

The baronet, though pressed, would not play. Mr. Craven was out shooting, and as the two Miss Foxleys did not see the use of playing with old or married gentlemen, they were obliged to content themselves with a drive in the pony-chaise.

The duke was amused at the dead set made at his young guest.

"That's the advantage," he laughingly said, aside, to him, "of having lots of money, Martinette. You've had a pretty good turn this year; but wait till you see the widow.

"Widow!—what widow, your grace?'

"Oh, a very nice dear creature, who is coming here next week with her aunt—only twenty-three, poor thing! She married, by her aunt's wish, old Sir Samuel Whitehead, at eighteen, and was a widow at nineteen. The most beautiful creature I ever saw—so gentle and good—all you young men will be at loggerheads about her. She has five thousand a year at her own disposal. I doubt if she will ever marry again, though. Falcon, they say, proposed and was refused. But come and look at my short-horns—talking of widows, I'll show you one. My best cow is called 'The Widow,' and a beauty she is."

So the two gentlemen strolled off to the home farm.

"Mr. Martinette, will you do us a great favor?" asked the two Miss Foxleys, as that gentleman entered the drawing-room after dinner.

"Certainly; what is it?"

"Why, take us for a ride to-morrow after luncheon. We are so lonely here, and nothing to do."

"Of course I will. I shall be ready at three o'clock."

"What were you and Mr. Martinette talking so earnestly about just now?" carelessly asked Grace Kennedy; her quick eye had noticed all

"We were only arranging a ride to-morrow," said the elder of the two. "Mr. Martinette is going to take us both out for a ride."

The other crimsoned up with passion. She was done, for she was no horsewoman; but she concealed her chagrin by saying "she hoped they would not fall off."

All this amused Arthur. He saw the fight for him; and as he had no intentions toward any of them, determined to treat all alike.

Grace Kennedy was an old hand, and had quickly discovered that Martinette was not to be caught, so she struck up a serious flirtation with Sir Peregrin Falcon; but the Misses Foxley gave Arthur no peace, and, by their mother's desire, made the running as hot as they could, and rang the changes between him and Mr. Craven.

Arthur one evening returned late from shooting, and had only just time to run up to his room and dress. On entering the drawing-room, a tall, graceful woman was standing with her back to him, talking to the duke, who turned as he entered.

"Ah, Martinette!" he exclaimed, "you are late this evening. I want to introduce you to a very dear friend of mine, Lady Whitehead."

Arthur felt all the blood rush to his heart, as on bowing, he encountered the gaze of the beautiful unknown of Ryde Pier.

"I have had the pleasure of seeing Lady Whitehead before," he said.

"Have you, Mr. Martinette?—where?" she asked, smiling, and looking ten times more beautiful than Arthur even dreamed her to be.

"Not very long ago, Lady Whitehead, on Ryde Pier; you were putting a shawl on a lady, and dropped your parasol. I picked it up."

"Oh, yes, I remember perfectly. My aunt was with me. There she is, sitting with the duchess. Yes, we sailed that night for Cherbourg. We were having a short cruise in a friend's yacht. I am very fond of sailing."

Further conversation was put an end to by dinner being announced.

Arthur felt himself a new man now; he had been low and moody for the last month. He was desperately bit, and head-over-ears in love; he had heard from his host that Sir Peregrin Falcon had been refused by her, and he was more than gratified to see that her manner toward him was exceedingly cold and distant.

But the duke had also told him that she was not likely to marry again; so he felt there was but little chance for him. Sir Peregrin had his eagle eye on him, for whenever Martinette approached the widow, the baronet, with some excuse or other, was always by their side.

"If you please, your grace," said the head-keeper, coming up to the duke one morning, as they were starting for shooting, "we have an otter in the lower mill-dam; perhaps you would like me to send for the hounds, and draw for him instead of shooting? I know he is there, for I saw the *seal* of him this morning, and have tracked him to his *crouch;* and the *spraints* are quite fresh."

"By all means, Martin, send for the hounds."

His grace kept a few couple of otter-hounds for this particular amusement.

"Ladies," said the old gentleman, going into the morning-room, "we have given up all idea of shooting to-day for another sport, at which you can all be present—an otter-hunt."

"Oh, how delightful!" they exclaimed, jumping up.

"Then go and get ready, quick," said he, "for all the gentlemen are gone to put on their flannels and light clothes. This, Lady Whitehead, is a water-lark. Will you join us?"

"I should like to see it, of all things, your grace. I will go and put on my things at once."

Grace Kennedy and the two Miss Foxleys had already left the room, and soon returned, ready.

"It is very late to draw, your grace," remarked Martin; "but as I know he is at home, it is a certain find."

The mill-dam where the otter was *crouched* was a deep, dull pool, which had been the scene of many an exciting hunt before.

The duke was dearly fond of the sport, and entered into it. Craven, too, was an adept at it. Sir Peregrin Falcon might have been, but he betrayed no interest whatever in it.

Martinette had never seen an otter-hunt, so it was perfectly new to him.

The sagacious dogs were not long in sending the fish-slicer into his native element.

A burst of music greeted the ears of the sportsmen as he flopped into the water, the dogs swimming wildly about.

"Watch the ford below!" exclaimed his grace, all excitement; "we shall have great fun here."

Sir Falcon undertook this post with Craven. No spears were allowed, only poles.

"He *vents*, your grace!" halloaed the keeper, from the other side of the dam, as the otter came up for a breath; but the hounds had seen him as well, and were at him.

Hardly pressed as the poor animal was, there was plenty of life in him yet; and he was under again.

"Down the stream, sir!" roared the keeper to Craven; but that gentleman was on the *qui vive.* And as the otter endeavored to shoot the ford, he poled him and lifted him clean out of the water, and threw him back into the dam.

The ladies were all excitement, and rushing about. In vain did the otter dodge up and down, endeavoring to baffle his pursuers; his only chance for life was the ford again.

"Down the stream again!" was the cry, as he was seen to *vent* preparatory to taking another turn.

"There he goes!" halloaed the duke, as his quick eye saw him stealing along under water, leaving a wake behind him. "He is to you, Falcon—*tail him!*"

But the baronet was not an adept, and the animal slipped by him.

"Down the stream!" was the cry, as dogs and men rushed indiscriminately along the bank.

The ladies entered fully into the sport now; they had been half an hour at it, and as yet the otter had beat them, and had escaped into a lower ford, which was a swift and deep one. Here he beat the hounds for some time, and for an hour or more it was a scene of wild excitement.

"There he is!" exclaimed Lady Whitehead, as she saw the nearly exhausted animal come to the surface again for breath. She was full of eagerness, and her face was flushed and her eyes glittering with excitement. "There he is—look!" she said, pointing with her parasol at him; but as she spoke the bank gave way, and she, with one of the Miss Foxleys, fell with a splash into the water beneath.

There was a cry of horror as the ladies disappeared, but were seen immediately after, being whirled away in the

XUM

rapid stream; their light clothes kept them up for a second or two, and then the treacherous current sucked them under, and they disappeared.

Craven and Arthur were in on the instant, and striking manfully out; but Sir Peregrin did not offer to stir; he remained pointing to where they were last seen, and bawling out. Martin, the keeper, could not swim; but he, with others, had waded in as far as they dared. The poor duke ran hither and thither, like one distracted.

Martinette and Craven were both good and strong swimmers; they had kicked off their shoes and torn off their waistcoats and coats, so were not much incommoded. They struck out boldly, the stream taking them in the same direction that it had swept the ladies away.

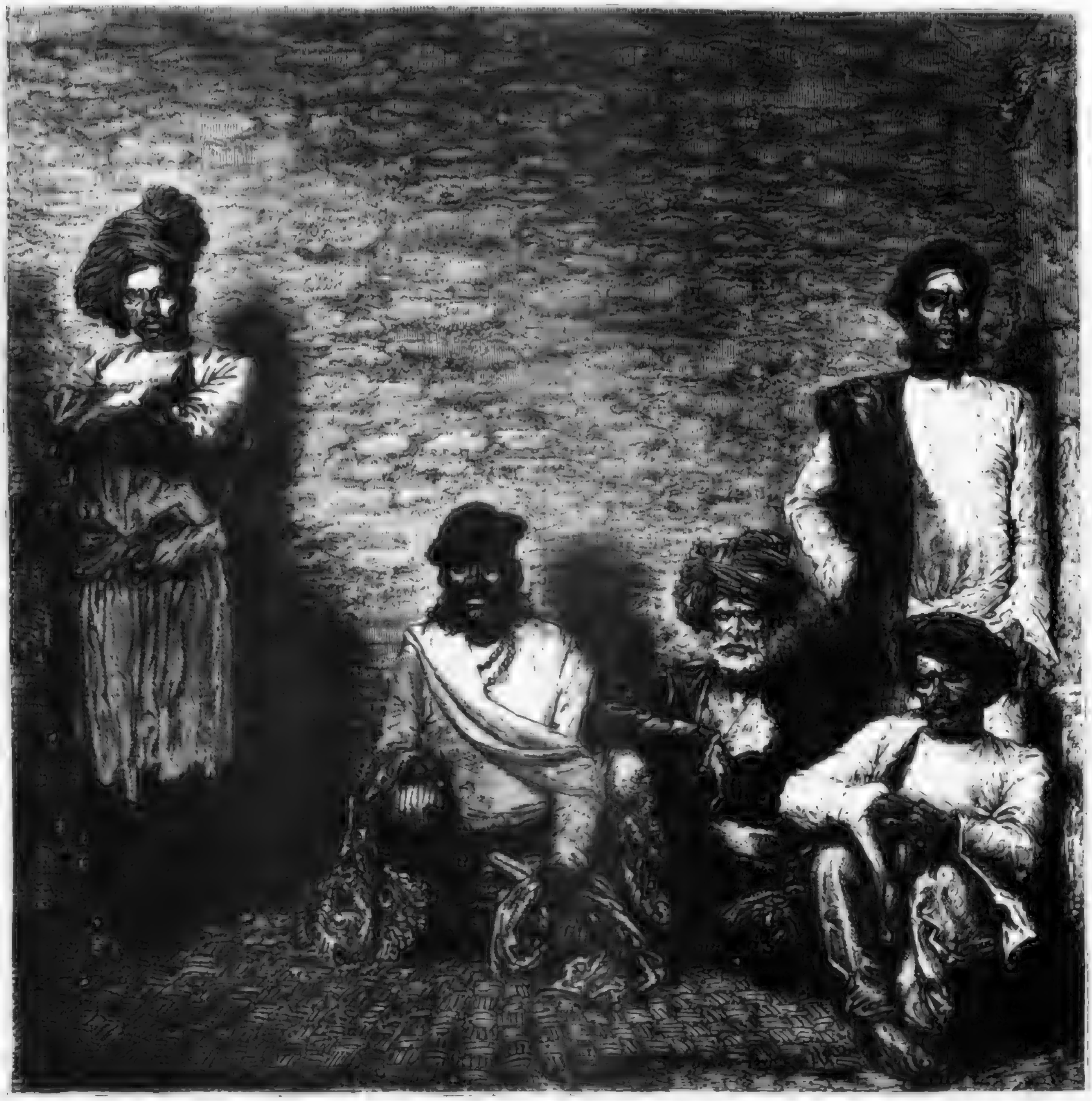
"Do you see them, Craven?" hoarsely demanded Martinette, who was swimming close by the other; but as he spoke, the dresses of both ladies appeared close by, and the arm of one of them was thrown up.

"Go for the middle of the pool!" yelled the keeper; "there's a shallow there. You cannot bring them to land, the stream is too swift."

Craven had caught Miss Foxley by the arm; the poor girl tried to clutch him; but he was a powerful, resolute man, and kept her off at arm's-length.

"For God's sake, don't try to hold me!" he exclaimed; but he might as well have spoken to the winds as to the insensible girl, who struggled violently to close with him; but in a few strokes he brought her to the shallow in th middle of the pool, which was but knee-deep.

"The others are drowned!" were the first words that caught his ear.



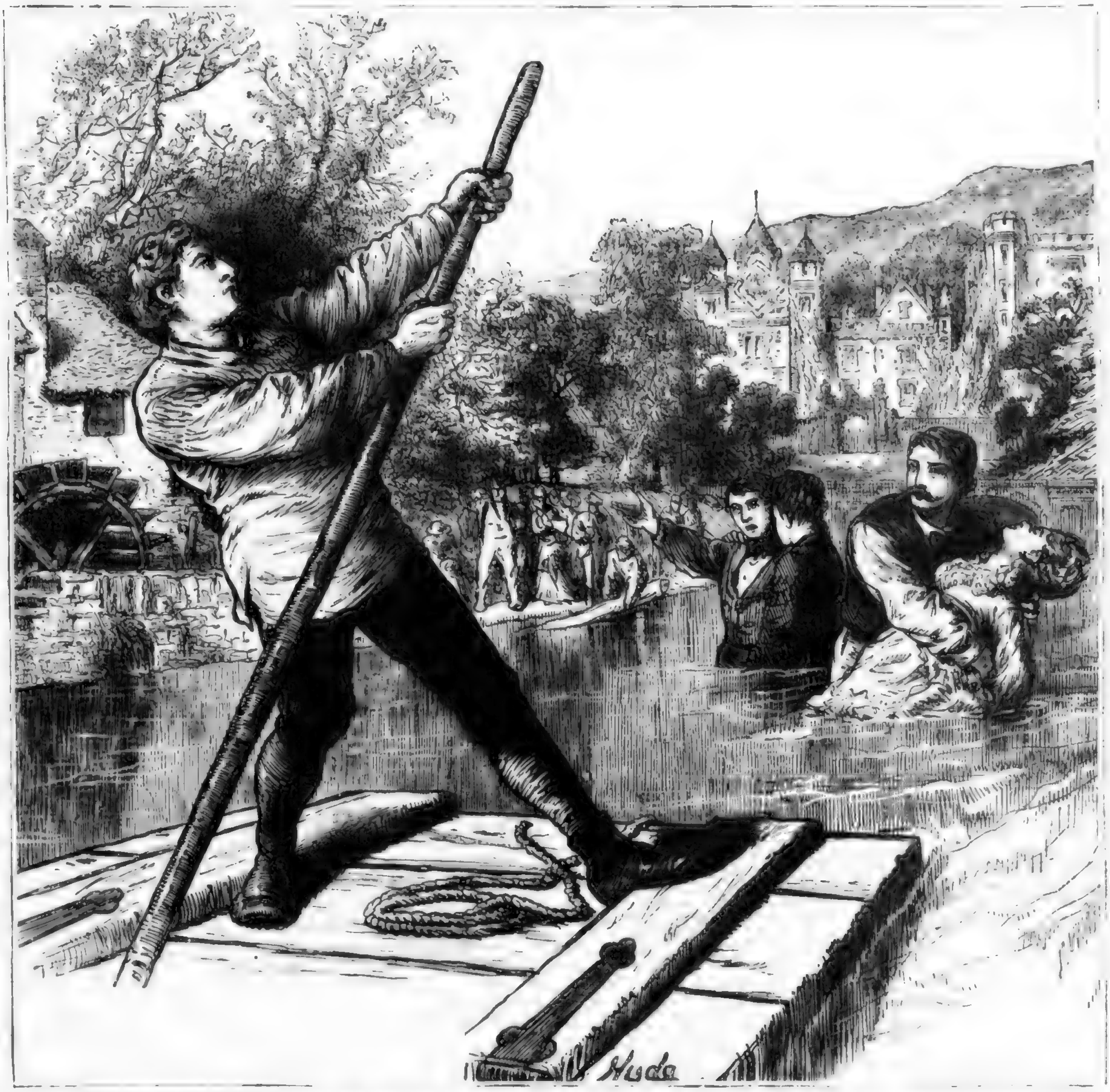
INDIA.—A GROUP OF THUGS.—SEE PAGE 544.

"Where are they?" he piteously uttered. "I can't leave Miss Foxley—she is dead, or has fainted."

He was holding her in his arms.

"There they are again!" was the general cry, as Martinette and Lady Whitehead appeared above the water.

The half-drowned man had managed to extricate himself from the death-clutch of the senseless lady; and seizing her again by the neck as she was about to sink, held her off and struck out; he was too exhausted to swim, and merely paddled to keep himself up, the stream bringing them nearer and nearer Craven.



THE WIDOW HAS IT.—"THE MILLER'S SON, A FINE YOUNG FELLOW, WHO COULD SWIM LIKE A DUCK, VOLUNTEERED TO POLE THE RAFT TO THE MIDDLE OF THE POND WHERE THEY WERE."— SEE PAGE 554.

"Keep up, Martinette, for God's sake!—use every endeavor!" he cried out. "I will come in as far as I dare."

The young man heard him, but was too exhausted to answer.

Craven, without losing hold of his burden, waded out as far as he could. The hounds were swimming round him; he saw he could not reach his friend, and in his extremity he cheered them on.

"Elew—at him!" he shouted, pointing to Martinette.

One hound, bristling for blood, seized Arthur, without knowing what it was, and Craven, getting hold of the hound, dragged his friend into his depth.

Both ladies were either dead or senseless—no one knew which; and to get them on land was the next thing to be done. There was no boat within two miles. Sir Peregrin now made a great display of going in, but the duke quietly told him that it was useless.

"The miller's two large gates, your grace," said his keeper, "lashed one over the other, will make a good raft. That is the only way I can think of."

It was no sooner thought of than three or four of the men started off, and in less than a quarter of an hour they were in the water. Ropes were sent in plenty. There was now a large party of laborers, their wives and others assembled. Blankets were there; also, brandy and other unfailing remedies.

The miller's son, a fine young fellow, who could swim like a duck, volunteered to pole the raft to the middle of the pool, where they were. A rope was made fast to the raft and coiled down. This was to be thrown to Craven and Martinette, so that they might bring their vessel to them all the quicker.

As the young man gave a push against the bank with his pole, the ponderous gates floated off; but it was some time before he could get near enough to throw the rope, for, though the distance was small, yet the eddy was so strong that it turned the gates round and round. At last, however, he was near enough to cast the rope, which he did, and it was caught by the one hand at liberty of Craven.

"How many do you think it will hold?" exclaimed Martinette.

"It will take the two ladies and me," replied the man. "You see I did not sink it half an inch in the water."

"The better way, then," said Arthur, "will be for me to swim ashore and bring more light rope back with me, fasten it to that you have, and then swim to land again with it. You can then be hauled in, which is safer and quicker than poling."

"Right you are, sir," replied he on the raft. "Give me the lady—I see both are all right, and breathe regularly—they are coming round. Please God, we'll have them in bed in ten minutes. It's nothing more than a faint, like."

Martinette was quickly on shore.

"Thank God, my dear, dear fellow!" exclaimed the old nobleman, as the young man was given a hand and scrambled up the bank. "Take a nip of brandy; you are shivering."

He mechanically did as he was told, and putting the rope over his neck and the flask under his shirt, was, in two minutes more, by the raft.

"Here, Craven, is the brandy; give each a little. They are chilled to death." And fastening the ropes together, the intrepid young man swam ashore again. "Are you all right?" he asked, as he stood on shore to haul.

"Yes, sir," replied the miller; "haul away."

This he did, the others helping him, and the impromptu boat was away again, Craven swimming by it.

"Now, then, bear a hand—quick!" ejaculated Sir Peregrin—he was all life now. "Take them up to the mill."

There was no occasion for him to say anything—there were plenty of willing hands. The ladies were each wrapped in a blanket, and carried to the house close by, undressed, and put to bed.

They sighed deeply as they were being rubbed by the miller's wife, Grace Kennedy, Miss Foxley and others, and by degrees came to.

"Will you come up, your grace, and see them?" asked the woman, entering the large kitchen where all the gentlemen were assembled. "Dear hearts! they be coming round nicely; hot bottles to their feet, and each have drank some warm spirits-and-water. We was obliged to force it down them; but they be all right and out of danger."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the nobleman, as he followed the bustling housewife up-stairs.

There they lay, deadly pale and nearly helpless, Edith Foxley in a half doze. Lady Whitehead smiled faintly, and tried to hold out her hand to the old gentleman, who burst into tears.

"Don't, my dear child," he sobbed, "attempt to speak. The carriage and the doctor are sent for. Don't be alarmed—all will be well."

By six o'clock they had so far recovered as to be moved to the duke's residence and put quickly to bed.

It was a piteous sight to see poor Lady Foxley crying over her child, and the aunt over her niece; but the old ladies, when they saw that there was no danger, further than that of a cold, and were assured by the medical man that quiet only was necessary, were more reconciled.

As for Craven and Martinette, it had not affected them in the least. They looked as if nothing had happened, and the dinner passed off gayly enough.

Sir Peregrin said but little, but the little he did was in a sneering way:

"It was nothing, after all, to make such a fuss about."

The two ladies passed a quiet night, and the next morning appeared after breakfast.

As it happened, Martinette was quite alone, writing a letter, when they entered. Both looked pale and somewhat fatigued.

"We have come, Mr. Martinette, to thank you and Mr. Craven for our lives," said Lady Whitehead.

"I am only too delighted, Lady Whitehead, to have been partly the means of rendering you such a service. And so, I am sure, is Craven, who is out shooting. We should have done the same for any one, for we could not have stood by and seen a fellow-creature perish before our eyes without an effort to save life, if possible; but I trust you and Miss Foxley are none the worse for your immersion? Are you both prudent in venturing from your rooms?"

"We are none the worse, Mr. Martinette, I can assure you," broke in Miss Foxley; "not even the slightest cold—thanks to the care that has been taken of us. You, too, do not seem to have suffered."

"My sufferings, Miss Foxley, were over when I knew you were both safe and out of danger. It was a narrow escape for all four of us, and we have reason to be thankful."

"Indeed, we have," returned the young lady, "notwithstanding Sir Peregrin Falcon says the danger was much exaggerated."

"A pity he did not try to help," returned the young man, somewhat dryly, with the slightest curl of scorn on his lip—"especially as he says he can swim so well."

"The coward! the paltry coward!" muttered Lady Whitehead. "But where are you going to-day, Mr. Martinette? We ladies have determined to walk down to the scene of disaster, and to thank the miller for his kindness and attention to us. If you have nothing better to do, will you come?"

"There is nothing I should like more, Lady Whitehead. We will go, by all means, and have a look at the place. But are you and Miss Foxley prudent in venturing out so soon?"

"It will do us all the good in the world. We shall be ready in half an hour."

At the time mentioned, Lady Whitehead, Grace Kennedy, the two Miss Foxleys and Martinette set out.

They were a merry party, but on returning, Lady Whitehead gave evident signs of being fatigued.

"I thought it would be too far for you," exclaimed Arthur, as he offered his arm.

"Well, I must own I am a little tired," she replied; "but we have not any distance to go;" and they sauntered quietly along.

On entering the park, they met Sir Peregrin walking slowly along, smoking his cigar.

"What folly have you been guilty of, Lady Whitehead?" he asked, a heavy frown overspreading his face. "Is it possible that you are out, after such a wetting as you had yesterday?"

"I or Miss Foxley are not the least the worse for it, Sir Peregrin," she answered, somewhat stiffly.

"The doctor said it would do us all the good in the world," put in Miss Foxley. "We have all been to look at the pool. But I see we are going to have a shower of rain, and you have no overcoat, Sir Peregrin."

"Oh, water will do me no harm," replied the baronet, somewhat shortly.

"I am certain it will not," replied Lady Whitehead.

She uttered this in such a marked manner, and in such an unmistakable tone of voice, that every one understood the allusion.

The baronet looked furiously, said nothing, but kept close to them during the remainder of the walk home.

"We have had a very pleasant walk—at least, the first part of it, Mr. Martinette," remarked her ladyship, as they entered the hall. "We are much obliged to you."

XUM

And she slipped out without deigning a look at Sir Peregrin.

"Why, Arthur, my boy!" exclaimed a well-known voice at his elbow, as he was standing in a brown reverie; "what the deuce are you thinking about?"

He turned, and saw his uncle and the duke.

"How on earth did you come here, uncle?" he asked, in the greatest surprise.

"On my way from the North to town. I've been popping at the grouse; so thought I would take you on my way." He had never been near Scotland, but had come down expressly to say he had found the unknown of Ryde Pier, to draw a little money on it, and, if possible, to scrape acquaintance with his grace. "The duke has most kindly asked me to remain a few days. I've been to look at his short-horns with him. Magnificent—splendid! By gad, sir, they're the finest I ever saw!" He knew as much about a short-horn as he did about an angel. "That was a deuced narrow escape of yours, Arthur, yesterday!"

"Never mind that, colonel, now. We have just time for a couple of games of billiards before dinner," remarked his host.

Arthur was not pleased at his uncle's coming in this way, but could say nothing, so he resolved to make the best of it.

"You don't seem pleased to see me, Arthur," remarked his uncle, the first opportunity he had—"and bringing you news, as I do, of the beautiful unknown of Ryde Pier."

"Oh, do you?" responded the other. "Where is she?"

"Why, with her aunt—at Ryde now."

"Well, that is odd; because the lady I mean is here with her aunt—in this very house, at this very identical time. It was her I saved yesterday."

"Then the beautiful widow the duke has been telling me about is the lady of Ryde Pier? so I must be mistaken. Have you made running, and put it beyond a doubt?"

"No, uncle—not a word has been said. Sir Peregrin Falcon is an ardent admirer."

"Falcon here?" interrupted the old gentleman, hastily. "You don't mean it! Well, I can settle his pretensions. If ever you get a chance, just say 'Pawlet' to him. He does not think I know anything, but I do. Old Jack Martinette is up to a little. Hang it, sir, I'm a wonder!"

The opportunity arrived somewhat sooner than Arthur had calculated on, for at dinner that day the duke said:

"We are to have some gay yeomanry races in the park next week; and for one race my guests are requested to name and nominate a horse. Come, Sir Peregrin, you shall name my steward's horse. What will you call him?"

The baronet was deeply enraged and embittered against Martinette. He had seen the beautiful widow hanging on his arm, and walking and talking familiarly with him. He had rescued her, too, from death the day before, and he felt that his chance with her, always hopeless, was now still more so. He knew what Arthur's father had been, and that the business had descended to the son. So he determined to insult him quietly.

"What name, your grace? 'Salt Fish' is a capital name, because he is a good one for a fast day, and my horse must be a winner; but 'Salt Fish' is an old name and an old joke. Suppose we call him 'Dry Salter'?" And, as he said it, he looked Arthur Martinette full in the face.

The duke understood the allusion, and looked exceedingly angry. Colonel Martinette turned purple with suppressed rage, but uttered not a word. The ladies did not understand what it meant, but glanced from one to the other inquiringly. Arthur, although he knew perfectly well what was meant, took it with the utmost coolness and good temper, and never changed a muscle.

"Now, Martinette," continued his grace, after a somewhat awkward pause, "what will you call your horse?"

He was afraid the young man would retort by naming "Penniless," "Roué," or something of that sort.

"I will name my horse after a well-known racing man, your grace," and he looked Sir Peregrin full in the face as he uttered "*Pawlet.*"

The effect was instantaneous. The baronet turned deadly pale, and hastily gulped down a glass of wine to hide his confusion.

The old colonel chuckled to himself as he played with the preserved ginger on his plate.

"Here, Arthur, my boy," he said, when they rose to leave the table, "come to my room."

"All right, uncle; I'll go with you now;" and the two gentlemen left the others.

"Arthur," commenced the colonel, "you'll be having Sir Peregrin at you presently, no doubt; so it is as well I should put you in possession of what I know of him. Some four years ago I was stopping at Pawlet, in ——shire, on a visit" (he had been hiding from some creditors), "and one morning there was a private marriage in the village church—it was Sir Peregrin, with a poor though good girl. He has three children by her; and I suppose, from what you say, he is going to desert her, and commit bigamy. There, now you are as wise as I am, and prepared for him."

The ladies had sauntered out on the lawn. Lady Whitehead had taken a path to herself, leading down to the river's edge, which ran through this part of the gardens. She had wandered on in a musing fit, when her name was pronounced close to her. She turned, and confronted Sir Peregrin Falcon.

"Mabel," said he, "I am come once again—my last chance. I will, I must have an answer—a favorable one."

"Sir Peregrin, I shall give you no answer but that you have already had. I do not know that there is any one I dislike more than yourself, and you know it well."

"What!" he exclaimed, in a voice hoarse with passion, "is it to hear this I have followed you for more than a year, and striven heaven and earth to gain you, as man has never striven before?"

"If you were to follow me ten years, my answer would be the same. Let me pass, sir."

"By heaven, you sha'n't!" he uttered, in a voice choked with passion. "Your thoughts are on that fellow, Martinette—you have thrown me over for him—and because he picked you out of a duck-pond."

"Manly, gentlemanly remarks, these!" she replied, calmly.

"By heaven, woman! you shall answer me!" He was frenzied by passion and wine. "Will you be mine—now and for ever?"

"No, Sir Peregrin, never!"

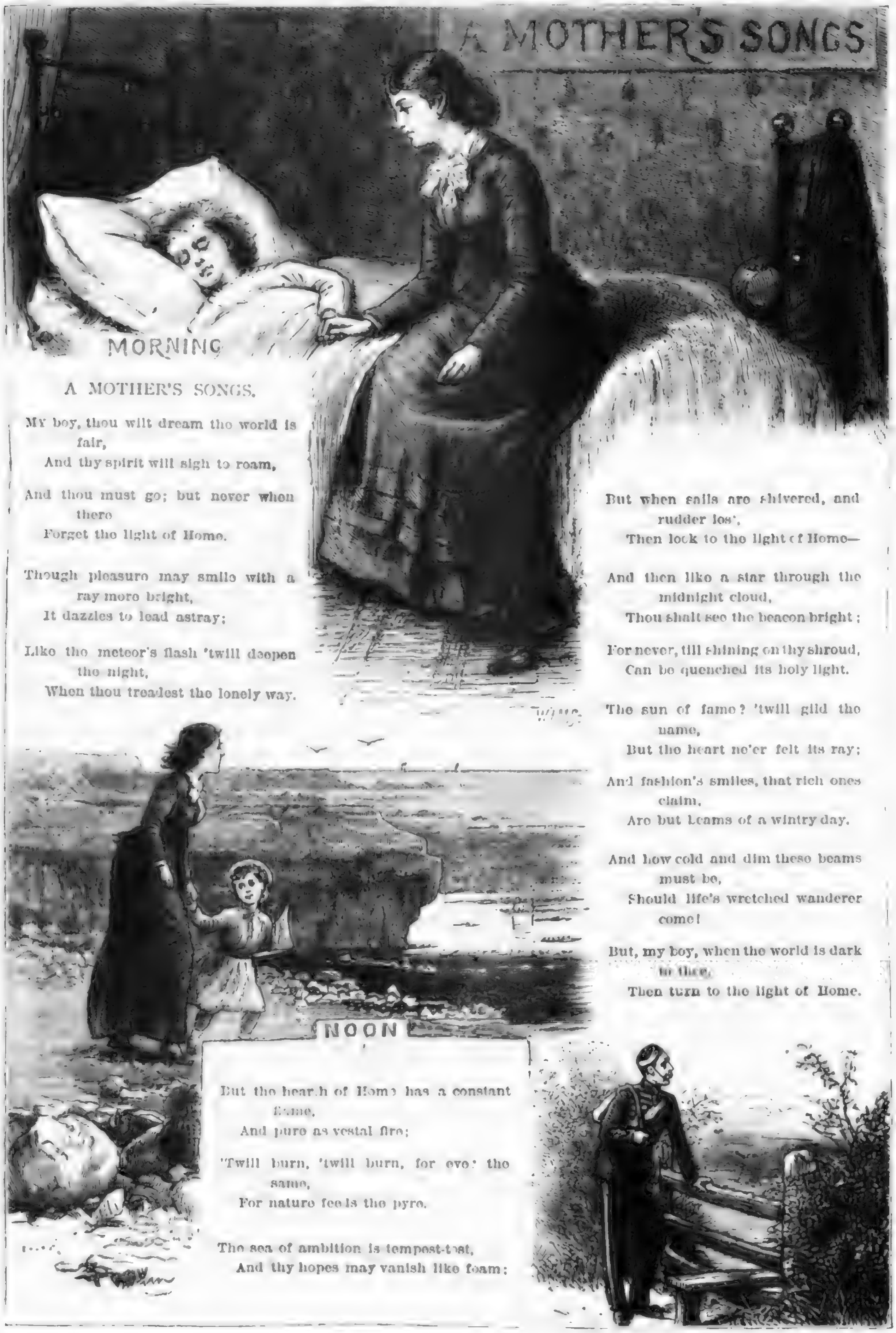
He paused for an instant, and looked back; they were close to the edge of the deep and rapid stream; there was not a soul in sight; the evening was fast fading into night; a sudden frenzy seized him.

"Then you die!" he almost shrieked. "Let him who saved you yesterday save you now!"

And he caught up the terrified woman in his arms; but as he did so he was hurled violently back, and she fell from his grasp.

"Coward and madman!" exclaimed Martinette; "what

XUM



A MOTHER'S SONGS.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou must go; but never when there
Forget the light of Home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash 'twill deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of Home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire;
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shivered, and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of Home—

And then like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame? 'twill gild the name,
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim these beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of Home.

would you do? By heavens, sir, if you are not away from this on the instant, I'll brain you where you stand. Go back, while you are safe; go to your unfortunate wife and children. Leave the duke's house quietly and at once, and not a word of this shall ever be known; but if you do not, it shall be the talk of the whole country before another twelve hours are over your head, and yourself arrested."

The baronet uttered not a word, but, casting a look of withering hatred on both of them, strode away at a rapid pace.

"It is all well, Lady Whitehead," he said to her.

She was standing, white and motionless, without the power to utter a word, but a hysterical fit of sobbing seized her, and she leant for support on the young man, who gently placed her on one of the garden seats. She was presently more herself.

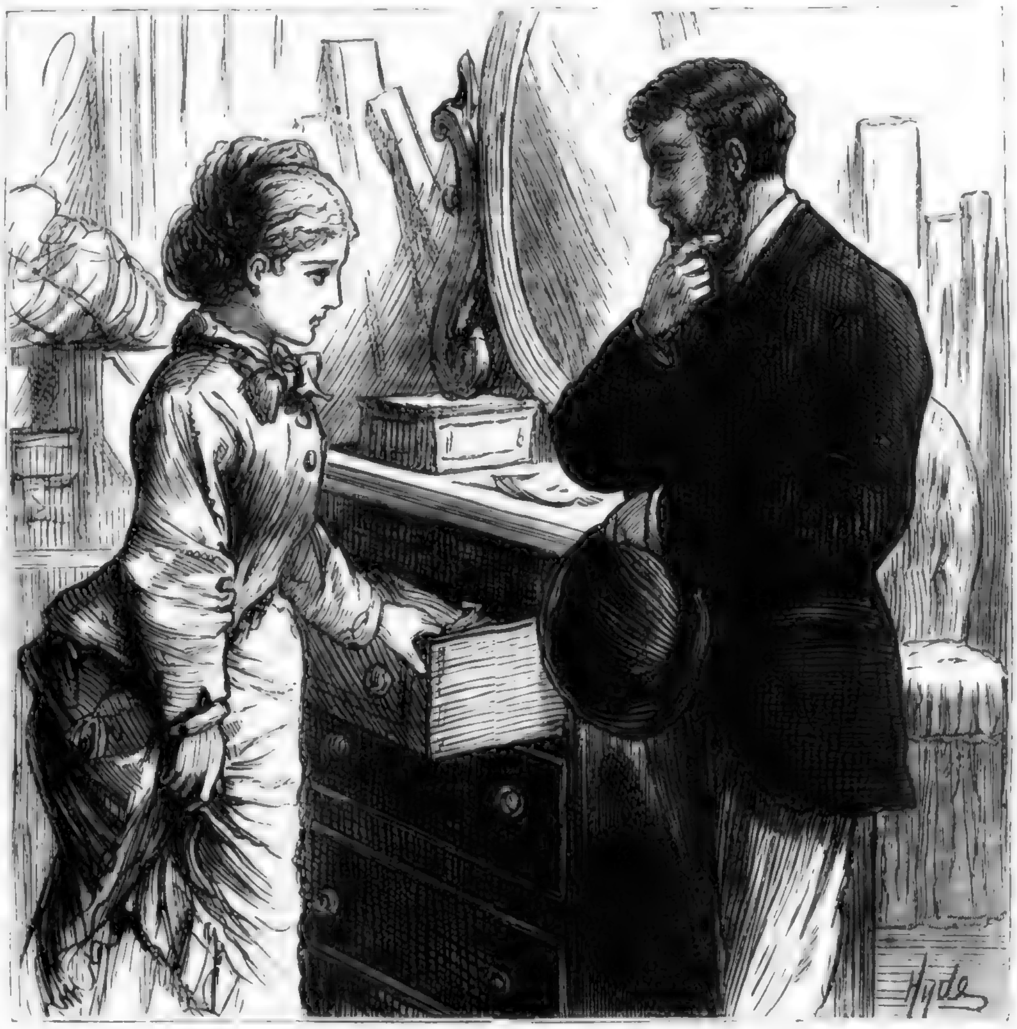
"Twice saved!" she murmured. "What could have induced that man to act as he did?"

"Wine and disappointed hopes, Lady Whitehead. It was lucky I was on the spot. I had seen you go down here, and followed by a different path; then I saw him steal after you, keeping himself out of sight, and I felt certain he was after no good."

"And you, too, were following me, Mr. Martinette? What for?"

"I will tell you presently," he gently said; "that is, if you feel equal to conversation."

She replied nothing, but remained silent.



AUNT SOPHRONIA'S STORY.—"'AND I HAVE BEEN SORRY FOR TWENTY YEARS,' SAID LOT. 'RHODA, IS IT TOO LATE TO FORGIVE EACH OTHER NOW?'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"Lady Whitehead," he commenced, presently, as he saw she uttered not a word, but sat beating the gravel with one tiny foot, "do you remember Ryde Pier?"

"When you picked up my parasol? Of course I do."

"Then, Lady Whitehead, ever since that moment I have madly loved you. I sought you high and low; you have never been out of my thoughts. Lady Whitehead—Mabel—may I hope? It is an ill-chosen moment, I know, to make such an appeal, but will you be my wife?"

What her answer was, the breeze only heard; but her head fell on his shoulder, and, as it rested there, he pressed one passionate kiss on her marble forehead.

"Do not, I beseech you, utter a word of our engagement to any one for a few days," she murmured, as they strolled toward the house. "I could not bear it now; I am too upset with yesterday and this evening. You promise me, do you not?"

"Not a word, Mabel, to a living soul, till you give me permission."

They found all the party on the terrace on their return.

"Where have you been?" asked Lady Foxley, who had seen the couple as they slowly made their way toward the house, and felt sure if Martinette had not proposed he soon would. There was one chance yet, and that she determined to embrace the first opportunity.

The duke looked toward his wife, and slightly smiled, as the lady asked the question.

"Arthur," said the colonel, approaching him, and drawing him apart, "he is gone—Falcon, you know; he came in just now, said he had met a messenger with a telegram for him, which called him at once to London. He has started to catch the night train. You've cooked his goose, at any rate. I thought 'Pawlet' would be one too many for him."

"Mr. Martinette, may I have a minute's conversation with you?" asked Lady Foxley, as the colonel left.

"Certainly, Lady Foxley. Shall we walk to the end of the terrace?"

"Mr. Martinette," commenced her ladyship, directly they were out of earshot, "I am sure you will excuse a mother's anxiety, but I feel it my duty to speak. I have noticed, with pleasure, your attentions to my eldest daughter, and I am afraid the poor girl has given her heart to you. I am sure you are too manly, too gentlemanly, to trifle with her."

"My dear Lady Foxley!" exclaimed her astonished listener, "I am grieved to hear you say this, for I can assure you on my honor my attentions to your daughter have been nothing more than I have shown to any other of the ladies here. I am not aware, nor do I think they have been remarkable. I am sure you will forgive me for speaking so plainly, but I have never had the slightest intentions toward your daughter, or any unmarried lady in the house here."

"Well, Mr. Martinette, of course I believe you," answered the lady, making as light of it as she could. She saw the game was lost. "Not a word of this to a soul, I beseech you."

She was forced to submit with as good a grace as she could.

Arthur had said "any unmarried lady." She was now quite certain that the widow was the attraction, and that as far as her daughter was concerned, her case was hopeless.

Grace Kennedy had long since given up all idea of

XUM

getting him, and now, as she had lost Sir Peregrin, made strong running with Craven; but, somehow or other, the young man did not seem to bite, and was generally to be found at the side of Miss Foxley, who was really a nice girl.

"Now that Sir Peregrin is gone, Mabel, I suppose I may make known our engagement?"

"If you like, Arthur. You can tell your uncle, and I will inform the duchess."

And so it was settled.

"By gad, your grace!" exclaimed the colonel, meeting the duke on the terrace, "what do you think? *The widow has it*—she has beaten the field in a canter."

"I knew it, colonel," he responded, gleefully rubbing his hands; "there is no such cow in England—not in the United Kingdom. This makes seventeen prizes she has won; she is worth five hundred if she is worth a pound."

"Five hundred! you mean five thousand a year. Cow! what cow?"

"Why, my short-horn—The Widow."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the colonel. "No, no, duke; I do not mean your cow, but Lady Whitehead. My nephew, Arthur Martinette, has proposed and is accepted."

"I am very glad to hear it, colonel—very glad. A good, worthy, young man. They must be married from the castle. I shall insist on it. He proposed here, and he must be married from here. I will take no refusal."

Such a wedding had seldom been seen as that of Martinette's. Presents to the bride showered in right and left; triumphal arches were erected, and the duke was thoroughly done up with excitement.

"God bless you both!" he uttered, as he stood at the hall door, with his white hair waving in the wind—"God bless you both! long life and happiness to you!"

And, as he spoke the last words, the carriage whirled them away.

AUNT SOPHRONIA'S STORY.

DO YOU see this bit of ashes-of-roses silk? It is a scrap of Rhoda Daniels's wedding-dress; and it was twenty years after it was bought for her wedding that Rhoda wore it to be married in.

Let me tell you the story.

At sixteen years old, Rhoda was a beauty, and no mistake. Fair as a blush-rose, and with a pile of yellow curls on her shoulders, such as would drive the young ladies frantic with envy nowadays; bright as a button, and modest as a daisy, there wasn't her equal nowhere round Plumside.

We were a plain class of people, believing in virtue and sobriety; Rhoda wasn't spoiled in bringing up, though she was a beauty. She could make butter with the best of the old wives; she was always seen at church; she spun and wove her own wedding-sheets.

She was brought up with Lot Lambert. He was five years older than she. The two loved each other honestly and truly, all the friends were willing, and one year after they commenced keeping company regularly, the wedding-day was set.

Then it was that old Mr. Lambert, Lot's father, made Rhoda a present of her wedding-dress, an ashes-of-roses silk, brought all the way from London. It was not often that such a dress was seen in our place. All Rhoda's friends, for miles about, had a look at it; everybody admired it, and I presume some of the young girls envied Rhoda.

Then, too, Lot Lambert was rather a "catch" at Plumside; he was a tall, straight, bright-eyed fellow, the only son of his father, who was the richest man in the community; and he had given Lot a house and farm in prospect of his marriage.

The house was just on the other side of the road from Rhoda's old home. The new furniture came, and Lot and Rhoda put down the carpets and set up the things, and they seemed just as good as married.

But there came a quarrel between the young folks, the beginning of which was a word dropped by the village gossip, old Huldah Lane, about some remarks Lot's friends had made on Rhoda's father.

Mr. Daniels was a drinking man. In those days everybody drank, more or less; but Mr. Daniels, though a hard-working and an honest man, a kind neighbor and a good farmer, was too fond of his cups; and it was a source of great mortification to Rhoda. She was sensitive on the subject, and when she heard that Lot's Aunt Nancy, who had brought Lot up, had said that "he might do better than to marry a toper's daughter, pretty as Rhoda Daniels was," she sent word to the old lady by Lot, that "the toper's daughter should not marry Lot's relations, if she married him"—a message which Lot refused to carry, and denied that his good aunt had ever made the reported remark.

That was the beginning—it ended in the breaking off of the marriage. How many lies were told, and how many heartaches the young folks endured, before they became estranged by the intermeddling of busybodies, I cannot exactly tell you. But the marriage was broken off.

It made talk for three months in the country round about.

The new house was shut up. There it stood, with all its new furniture, for a year. Lot and Rhoda would pass each other in the road without speaking.

Rhoda grieved, but she was proud and unrelenting, like her mother, and made no offer of reconciliation. Lot, also, was proud and passionate, and, at the end of the year, to show, perhaps, that he was not heart-broken for Rhoda Daniels, he married Mercy Ray.

She was a good enough girl, but Lot Lambert never loved her.

She bore him children that died. They lived together until they were middle-aged people.

But Rhoda did not marry. She had other offers, I presume, but Rhoda's trouble changed her. She no longer cared for society; she kept close at home with her father and mother. When Mrs. Daniels sickened and died, she devoted herself more than ever to her father, who was much broken by the blow of his wife's death. It was Rhoda who kept him at home from the public-house, and from falling into deeper dissipation. Then her aunt died, and left two young children, and Rhoda took them to bring up.

Long before this she had put up her yellow curls, and the rose-color had died out of her face, and Rhoda was no longer the village beauty. But she was a fair, pleasing woman, saintly with long walking in the paths of duty, and if men and women found her "cold," as they complained of doing, little children never did. She brought up her little orphans with gentleness and love. She buried her father with such prostration of grief that a long sickness followed.

About this time, Mercy Lambert died. Lot was left a widower. He went to his father's house to live, and again the house across the road was shut up.

Rhoda Daniels was now thirty-five years old. The little girls were grown, and launched in life for themselves. One had a trade; the other was school-teaching. Rhoda lived alone at The Blackthorns, as her old place was called. She had prospered; she kept a man and a maid. To avoid being solitary, perhaps, she extended much hospitality to her friends and neighbors. But only part of the great farmhouse was in use. The south side, looking toward the house that was once to have been hers, was kept shut up.

One night a strange sound awoke the quiet village. It was the cry of fire.

Rhoda sprang from her bed. Lot Lambert's house was on fire. The flames lighted her chamber so she could see to pick up a pin. Indeed, she was separated but by a few rods from the burning building.

The village was all aroused and on the spot. At first, only one side of the house was on fire, and willing hands brought out the furniture. Sideboards, bedsteads, tables, chairs, were placed by the roadside until morning, when, the house lying in ashes, and his father's house being out of the village, Lot came to Rhoda's door and asked leave to place his furniture in her unoccupied south rooms until he could remove it to another place of storage.

It was the first time the two had spoken to each other in twenty years. Rhoda was pale, but she gave quiet, ready consent. Lot and his men brought the things in, and went for the night.

It was June weather. In the morning Rhoda went into the south rooms and opened the windows and blinds. The sunlight fell upon the household goods of Lot Lambert, every article of which she remembered.

There was the little sewing-chair he had bought her; there was the dining-table which Lot had laughingly said must be proportioned for a large family; there was Lot's desk, and the bedstead upon which she had never rested.

The drawer of a bureau had been broken open in the removal, and Rhoda glanced in this. She saw a silk dress, ashes-of-roses in color, lying still unmade in its wrapper.

The color had crept out of her lips. She stood with her hand to her brow, in bewilderment and pain, when a step came. Lot Lambert stood beside her, and his eyes, too, sought the silk dress in the bureau-drawer.

A tight feeling came about Rhoda's heart. She looked up into Lot's face, and he was looking at her.

"I am sorry," she faltered, scarcely knowing what she was going to say.

"And I have been sorry every day for twenty years," said Lot. "Rhoda, is it too late to forgive each other now?"

In a moment her arms were round his neck, and he was kissing her as he had never kissed Mercy Ray.

Soon they were married. And Rhoda would be married in no other but the ashes-of-roses silk, which she had once sent back to him; and this strip which I have in my hand is a bit left from the making.

PALIMPSEST MANUSCRIPTS.

In olden times writing materials were not so plentiful as they are now, and the people who could write were not so numerous either. Those who could do so were principally the monks, who, in their convents, had more leisure than the busy toilers in the outside world. In the convents were many old parchments and vellum manuscripts, which were not regarded with much reverence by the monks, who, when they were in want of vellum to write down various items concerning their Order or convent, would wash out the lamp-black or coloring matter of the ink upon the old parchments, and sometimes rub it down with pumice-stone, or scrape it. And parchments which had been thus used were termed *palimpsest*, from a Greek word signifying twice scraped.

The ink used, however, was made with vinegar, and later with an infusion of iron, and both these materials sink into parchment, so that though the surface coloring may be rubbed off, yet the iron or vinegar, having sunk into the parchment, still remains.

Ink being a combination of iron and a solution of *galls*, it has been found that if with a light brush a solution of galls is applied to a palimpsest manuscript, the original writing is restored, and in this manner many manuscripts have been restored to their first condition.

ELIZABETHAN DRESS.

Living though we do in days of great material wealth and luxury, there can be no question that in extravagance of dress we fall far behind the Elizabethan age; men certainly do, a very long way, and ladies no little way, except upon those rare and great occasions when they appear in dresses of fabulous value, on account of the costliness of the fabric, or when they deck themselves in jewels worth a prince's renown.

In these days it is only the absurd custom, the offspring solely of feminine vanity and female rivalry, of considering a dress *passé* after it has been worn once or twice, that makes milliners' bills such formidable foes to marital peace. Dress materials are much less costly, nor are fashionable and beautiful dresses necessarily made from the most costly materials. It is, then, quantity, not their quality, which makes the mischief. Then it was both silk, satin, lace and velvet formed the groundwork of dress for both sexes. Sumptuary laws were necessary to insure the occasional wearing of less expensive fabrics. Upon these sumptuous materials were showered a proportion of ornamental articles, lace and gold and silver and jewels; garments slashed and girded and laced with "points," gave opportunity for a blaze of ornamentations, of which, happily, our modern costumes can give us no conception.

THE TOMBS OF THE BONAPARTE'S.

The statues and ashes of the Napoleons, writes a foreign correspondent, have suffered strange vicissitudes. Twice has the statue of the First Napoleon, which stands in the Place Vendôme, been dragged to the ground, first by royalists, then by radicals, only to be re-erected, while his ashes were restored to France on the demand of another dynasty, to be respected even during the Commune. Louis, the ex-King of Holland, removed his father's remains from Grenoble to St. Leu, to which place his own ashes were in time removed from Italy. The eldest son of Louis, regarded by Napoleon as his heir, and who died when but six years old, was at first laid in St. Denis, but the Bourbons, when they returned to France, had the body translated, and the "little Napoleon" now rests in the same vault as his father and his grandfather. Jerome alone reposes under the dome of the Invalides with his great brother; the ashes of the other Bonapartes lie scattered here and there, and are to be found at Rome, Florence, Vienna and Chiselhurst, and somewhere in Calabria.

XUM

getting him, and now, as she had lost Sir Peregrin, made strong running with Craven; but, somehow or other, the young man did not seem to bite, and was generally to be found at the side of Miss Foxley, who was really a nice girl.

"Now that Sir Peregrin is gone, Mabel, I suppose I may make known our engagement?"

"If you like, Arthur. You can tell your uncle, and I will inform the duchess."

And so it was settled.

"By gad, your grace!" exclaimed the colonel, meeting the duke on the terrace, "what do you think? *The widow has it*—she has beaten the field in a canter."

"I knew it, colonel," he responded, gleefully rubbing his hands; "there is no such cow in England—not in the United Kingdom. This makes seventeen prizes she has won; she is worth five hundred if she is worth a pound."

"Five hundred! you mean five thousand a year. Cow! what cow?"

"Why, my short-horn—The Widow."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the colonel. "No, no, duke; I do not mean your cow, but Lady Whitehead. My nephew, Arthur Martinette, has proposed and is accepted."

"I am very glad to hear it, colonel—very glad. A good, worthy, young man. They must be married from the castle. I shall insist on it. He proposed here, and he must be married from here. I will take no refusal."

Such a wedding had seldom been seen as that of Martinette's. Presents to the bride showered in right and left; triumphal arches were erected, and the duke was thoroughly done up with excitement.

"God bless you both!" he uttered, as he stood at the hall door, with his white hair waving in the wind—"God bless you both! long life and happiness to you!"

And, as he spoke the last words, the carriage whirled them away.

AUNT SOPHRONIA'S STORY.

DO YOU see this bit of ashes-of-roses silk? It is a scrap of Rhoda Daniels's wedding-dress; and it was twenty years after it was bought for her wedding that Rhoda wore it to be married in.

Let me tell you the story.

At sixteen years old, Rhoda was a beauty, and no mistake. Fair as a blush-rose, and with a pile of yellow curls on her shoulders, such as would drive the young ladies frantic with envy nowadays; bright as a button, and modest as a daisy, there wasn't her equal nowhere round Plumside.

We were a plain class of people, believing in virtue and sobriety; Rhoda wasn't spoiled in bringing up, though she was a beauty. She could make butter with the best of the old wives; she was always seen at church; she spun and wove her own wedding-sheets.

She was brought up with Lot Lambert. He was five years older than she. The two loved each other honestly and truly, all the friends were willing, and one year after they commenced keeping company regularly, the wedding-day was set.

Then it was that old Mr. Lambert, Lot's father, made Rhoda a present of her wedding-dress, an ashes-of-roses silk, brought all the way from London. It was not often that such a dress was seen in our place. All Rhoda's friends, for miles about, had a look at it; everybody admired it, and I presume some of the young girls envied Rhoda.

Then, too, Lot Lambert was rather a "catch" at Plumside; he was a tall, straight, bright-eyed fellow, the only son of his father, who was the richest man in the community; and he had given Lot a house and farm in prospect of his marriage.

The house was just on the other side of the road from Rhoda's old home. The new furniture came, and Lot and Rhoda put down the carpets and set up the things, and they seemed just as good as married.

But there came a quarrel between the young folks, the beginning of which was a word dropped by the village gossip, old Huldah Lane, about some remarks Lot's friends had made on Rhoda's father.

Mr. Daniels was a drinking man. In those days everybody drank, more or less; but Mr. Daniels, though a hard-working and an honest man, a kind neighbor and a good farmer, was too fond of his cups; and it was a source of great mortification to Rhoda. She was sensitive on the subject, and when she heard that Lot's Aunt Nancy, who had brought Lot up, had said that "he might do better than to marry a toper's daughter, pretty as Rhoda Daniels was," she sent word to the old lady by Lot, that "the toper's daughter should not marry Lot's relations, if she married him"—a message which Lot refused to carry, and denied that his good aunt had ever made the reported remark.

That was the beginning—it ended in the breaking off of the marriage. How many lies were told, and how many heartaches the young folks endured, before they became estranged by the intermeddling of busybodies, I cannot exactly tell you. But the marriage was broken off.

It made talk for three months in the country round about.

The new house was shut up. There it stood, with all its new furniture, for a year. Lot and Rhoda would pass each other in the road without speaking.

Rhoda grieved, but she was proud and unrelenting, like her mother, and made no offer of reconciliation. Lot, also, was proud and passionate, and, at the end of the year, to show, perhaps, that he was not heart-broken for Rhoda Daniels, he married Mercy Ray.

She was a good enough girl, but Lot Lambert never loved her.

She bore him children that died. They lived together until they were middle-aged people.

But Rhoda did not marry. She had other offers, I presume, but Rhoda's trouble changed her. She no longer cared for society; she kept close at home with her father and mother. When Mrs. Daniels sickened and died, she devoted herself more than ever to her father, who was much broken by the blow of his wife's death. It was Rhoda who kept him at home from the public-house, and from falling into deeper dissipation. Then her aunt died, and left two young children, and Rhoda took them to bring up.

Long before this she had put up her yellow curls, and the rose-color had died out of her face, and Rhoda was no longer the village beauty. But she was a fair, pleasing woman, saintly with long walking in the paths of duty, and if men and women found her "cold," as they complained of doing, little children never did. She brought up her little orphans with gentleness and love. She buried her father with such prostration of grief that a long sickness followed.

About this time, Mercy Lambert died. Lot was left a widower. He went to his father's house to live, and again the house across the road was shut up.

Rhoda Daniels was now thirty-five years old. The little girls were grown, and launched in life for themselves. One had a trade; the other was school-teaching. Rhoda lived alone at The Blackthorns, as her old place was called. She had prospered; she kept a man and a maid. To avoid being solitary, perhaps, she extended much hospitality to her friends and neighbors. But only part of the great farmhouse was in use. The south side, looking toward the house that was once to have been hers, was kept shut up.

One night a strange sound awoke the quiet village. It was the cry of fire.

Rhoda sprang from her bed. Lot Lambert's house was on fire. The flames lighted her chamber so she could see to pick up a pin. Indeed, she was separated but by a few rods from the burning building.

The village was all aroused and on the spot. At first, only one side of the house was on fire, and willing hands brought out the furniture. Sideboards, bedsteads, tables, chairs, were placed by the roadside until morning, when, the house lying in ashes, and his father's house being out of the village, Lot came to Rhoda's door and asked leave to place his furniture in her unoccupied south rooms until he could remove it to another place of storage.

It was the first time the two had spoken to each other in twenty years. Rhoda was pale, but she gave quiet, ready consent. Lot and his men brought the things in, and went for the night.

It was June weather. In the morning Rhoda went into the south rooms and opened the windows and blinds. The sunlight fell upon the household goods of Lot Lambert, every article of which she remembered.

There was the little sewing-chair he had bought her; there was the dining-table which Lot had laughingly said must be proportioned for a large family; there was Lot's desk, and the bedstead upon which she had never rested.

The drawer of a bureau had been broken open in the removal, and Rhoda glanced in this. She saw a silk dress, ashes-of-roses in color, lying still unmade in its wrapper.

The color had crept out of her lips. She stood with her hand to her brow, in bewilderment and pain, when a step came. Lot Lambert stood beside her, and his eyes, too, sought the silk dress in the bureau-drawer.

A tight feeling came about Rhoda's heart. She looked up into Lot's face, and he was looking at her.

"I am sorry," she faltered, scarcely knowing what she was going to say.

"And I have been sorry every day for twenty years," said Lot. "Rhoda, is it too late to forgive each other now?"

In a moment her arms were round his neck, and he was kissing her as he had never kissed Mercy Ray.

Soon they were married. And Rhoda would be married in no other but the ashes-of-roses silk, which she had once sent back to him; and this strip which I have in my hand is a bit left from the making.

PALIMPSEST MANUSCRIPTS.

In olden times writing materials were not so plentiful as they are now, and the people who could write were not so numerous either. Those who could do so were principally the monks, who, in their convents, had more leisure than the busy toilers in the outside world. In the convents were many old parchments and vellum manuscripts, which were not regarded with much reverence by the monks, who, when they were in want of vellum to write down various items concerning their Order or convent, would wash out the lamp-black or coloring matter of the ink upon the old parchments, and sometimes rub it down with pumice-stone, or scrape it. And parchments which had been thus used were termed *palimpsest*, from a Greek word signifying twice scraped.

The ink used, however, was made with vinegar, and later with an infusion of iron, and both these materials sink into parchment, so that though the surface coloring may be rubbed off, yet the iron or vinegar, having sunk into the parchment, still remains.

Ink being a combination of iron and a solution of *galls*, it has been found that if with a light brush a solution of galls is applied to a palimpsest manuscript, the original writing is restored, and in this manner many manuscripts have been restored to their first condition.

ELIZABETHAN DRESS.

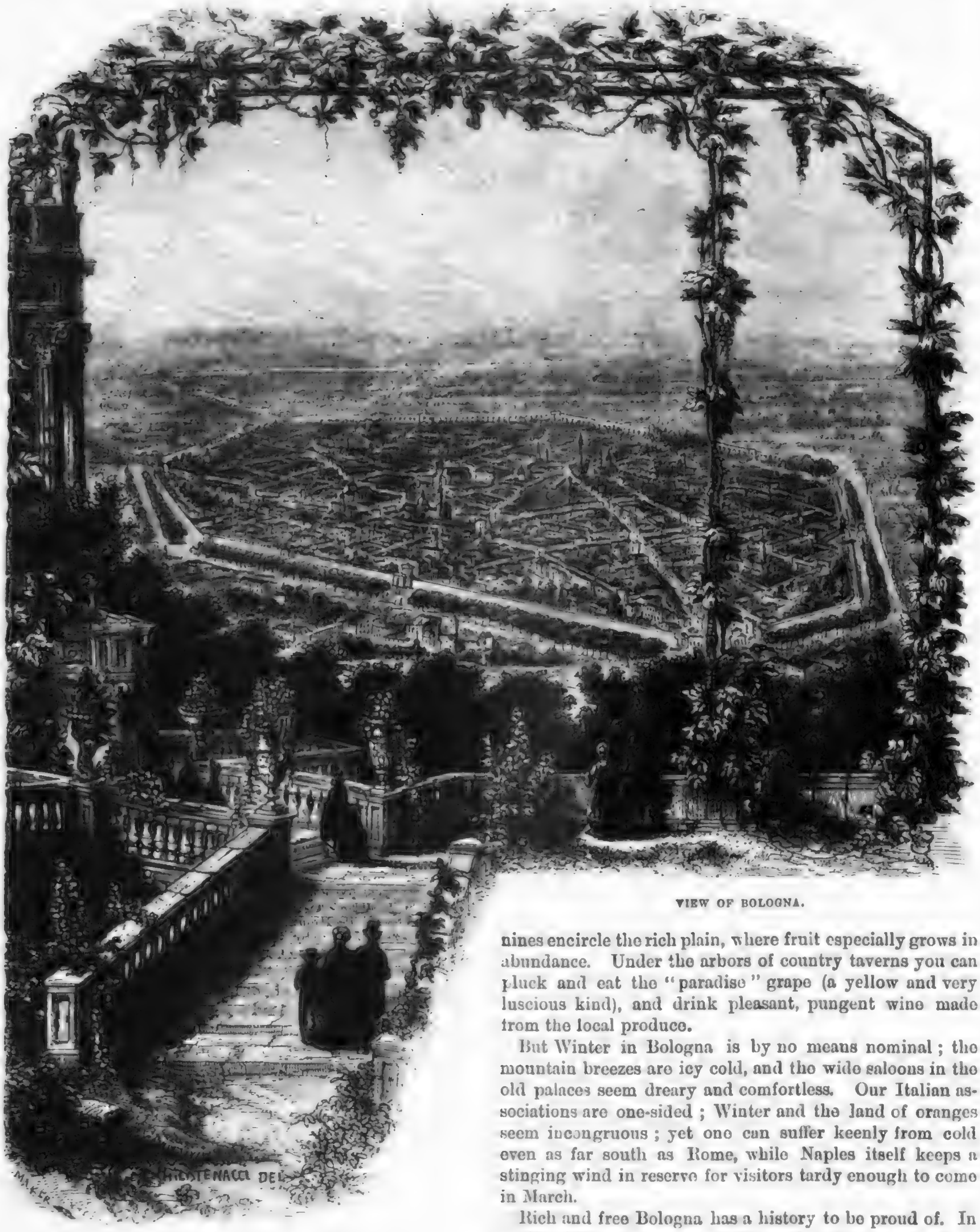
Living though we do in days of great material wealth and luxury, there can be no question that in extravagance of dress we fall far behind the Elizabethan age; men certainly do, a very long way, and ladies no little way, except upon those rare and great occasions when they appear in dresses of fabulous value, on account of the costliness of the fabric, or when they deck themselves in jewels worth a prince's renown.

In these days it is only the absurd custom, the offspring solely of feminine vanity and female rivalry, of considering a dress *passé* after it has been worn once or twice, that makes milliners' bills such formidable foes to marital peace. Dress materials are much less costly, nor are fashionable and beautiful dresses necessarily made from the most costly materials. It is, then, quantity, not their quality, which makes the mischief. Then it was both silk, satin, lace and velvet formed the groundwork of dress for both sexes. Sumptuary laws were necessary to insure the occasional wearing of less expensive fabrics. Upon these sumptuous materials were showered a proportion of ornamental articles, lace and gold and silver and jewels; garments slashed and girded and laced with "points," gave opportunity for a blaze of ornamentations, of which, happily, our modern costumes can give us no conception.

THE TOMBS OF THE BONAPARTE'S.

The statues and ashes of the Napoleons, writes a foreign correspondent, have suffered strange vicissitudes. Twice has the statue of the First Napoleon, which stands in the Place Vendôme, been dragged to the ground, first by royalists, then by radicals, only to be re-erected, while his ashes were restored to France on the demand of another dynasty, to be respected even during the Commune. Louis, the ex-King of Holland, removed his father's remains from Grenoble to St. Leu, to which place his own ashes were in time removed from Italy. The eldest son of Louis, regarded by Napoleon as his heir, and who died when but six years old, was at first laid in St. Denis, but the Bourbons, when they returned to France, had the body translated, and the "little Napoleon" now rests in the same vault as his father and his grandfather. Jerome alone reposes under the dome of the Invalides with his great brother; the ashes of the other Bonapartes lie scattered here and there, and are to be found at Rome, Florence, Vienna and Chiselhurst, and somewhere in Calabria.

XUM



VIEW OF BOLOGNA.

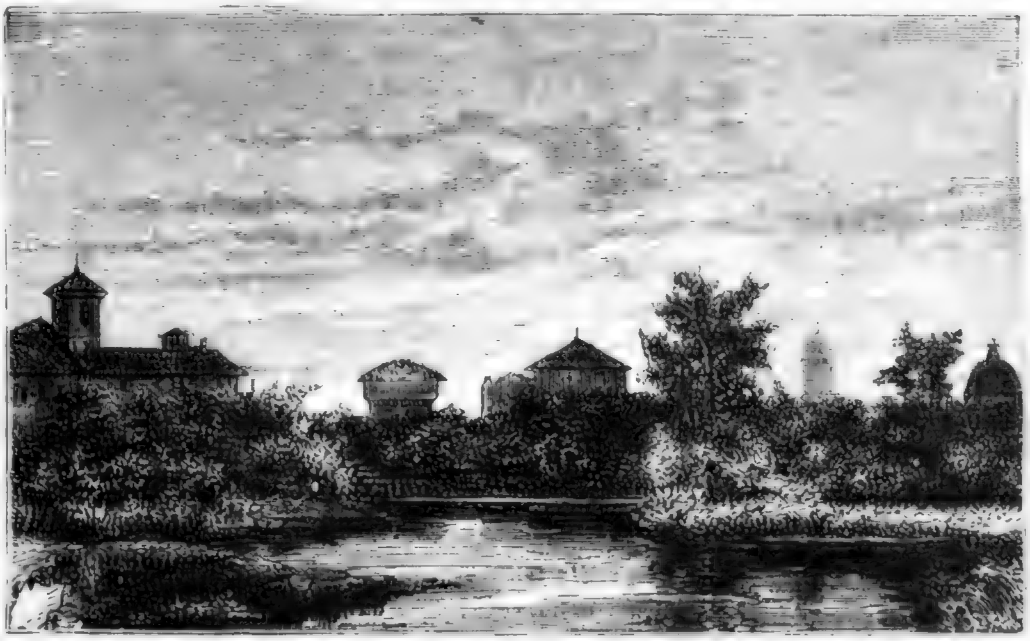
BOLOGNA.

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

"*Bologna la Grassa,*" or, "The Wealthy and Well-fed," has less of a modern aspect than its continued prosperity would lead one to expect. The belt of shade-trees around its walls is a modern but beautiful feature ; and the view from the Villa Reale (an ancient monastery with a frescoed courtyard) is very attractive. Three little rivers zigzag in and around the town, and the chestnut-covered Apennines encircle the rich plain, where fruit especially grows in abundance. Under the arbors of country taverns you can pluck and eat the "paradise" grape (a yellow and very luscious kind), and drink pleasant, pungent wine made from the local produce.

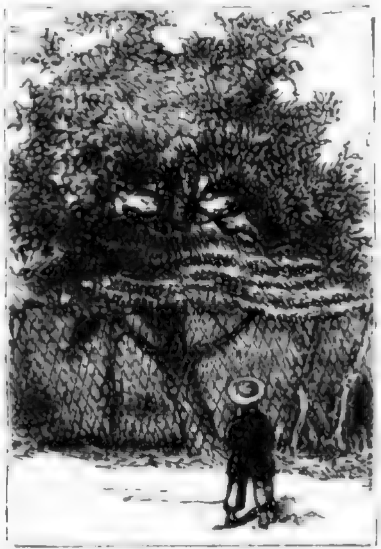
But Winter in Bologna is by no means nominal ; the mountain breezes are icy cold, and the wide saloons in the old palaces seem dreary and comfortless. Our Italian associations are one-sided ; Winter and the land of oranges seem incongruous ; yet one can suffer keenly from cold even as far south as Rome, while Naples itself keeps a stinging wind in reserve for visitors tardy enough to come in March.

Rich and free Bologna has a history to be proud of. In medieval times she was warlike and patriotic, as well as learned ; the Empire constituted her a free town, and she used her independence against the encroaching successors of the friendly Emperor Charlemagne. But internal dissensions between the rival families of distinction who ruled the republic brought about foreign arbitration, and in 1512 she lost her freedom and became subject to the warrior-Pope, Julius II. After that, her fortunes were inglorious ; she fell a prey to Napoleon, and then to the Austrians ; but briefly distinguished herself in 1848, when the latter were forced to evacuate the city. Just before succumbing to Julius II., the mob destroyed that Pope's statue in bronze by Michael Angelo, which stood, sword and keys in hand, over the chief entrance to the cathedral; and the fragments were sold to the neighboring Duke of Ferrara, who recast them into a gun that he called "Giuliano."


THE LAKE IN THE MARGHERITA GARDENS.

Probably the University is the best known characteristic of Bologna; it is one of the oldest in Italy, second only to Salerno—the school of medicine, to which Longfellow makes his hero and heroine journey in the "Golden Legend"; but, unlike Salerno, which has dwindled to a name, Bologna has survived and progressed The old quarters of the University (now styled "Archiginnasio Antico," and used as a town library) included a quadrangle, where each student of noble birth hung up his shield as a perpetual memento—a custom observed in other places besides colleges; for the Chamber of Commerce, or "Loggia de' Mercanti," a building dating one century later than the old University, is adorned in the interior with the armorial bearings of all the lawyers who taught and practiced law there. The law-school was the distinctive feature of this University, as the medical was of Salerno; but anatomy was early taught, and galvanism was first discovered there by Joseph Galvani in 1789.

Shakespeare's Portia had equals at Bologna, for the records have it that many women (legend says they were all beautiful) took degrees and gave lectures on mathematics, Greek, anatomy, chemistry, etc. One of these lectured vailed—another version says concealed by a curtain. Propezia de' Rossi, a female sculptor, and Elizabeth Sirani, a painter, were natives of Bologna.

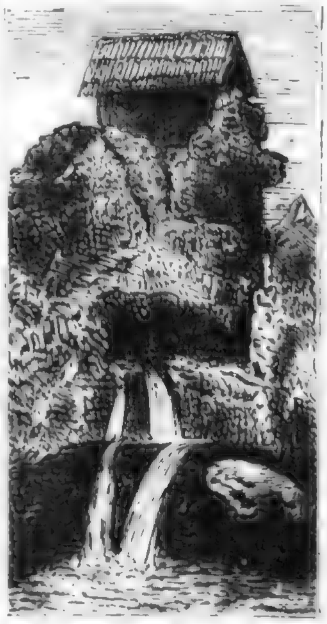

THE EAGLE HOUSE.

The greatest family of this town were the Bentivogli, whose romantic history is traced to the captive son of the Emperor Frederic II. King Hencius, or Enzio, as he was called, was taken prisoner at the battle of Fossalta in 1249, and kept in honorary confinement for the rest of his life, like the Scottish King James, whose story forms the romance of Windsor Castle. Like James, Enzio found comfort in the love of a lovely woman, Lucia Vendagoli, from whom the powerful Bentivogli are descended. The decay of those great Italian families is one of the sad social features of the country at present. Everywhere historical names are borne by the impoverished and nearly extinct kindred of the ancient rulers—an old maid or a few orphans represent a princely house; the palace is let in shabby apartments to foreign tourists; the old spirit is dead within the depressed representatives of the family, and often the latter disappear from even the sorry position of poor nobles into that of absolute paupers.

The scene of Enzio's captivity is the Palace of the Podesta, or Chief Magistrate, with its immense hall called after him, where a Papal conclave sat in 1410. It is now a municipal building, containing the city archives and a museum. Enzio and Lucia lie buried in the Church of St. Dominic, but the family chapel of their descendants is in San Giacomo, and was begun early in 1486, when they had already been powerful, and almost supreme, for a hundred and fifty years.

The two Francias, father and son, the former originally a goldsmith, are painters of the Bologna school, though their Madonnas and Saints bear a great likeness to the first named of Raphael and that of his predecessors, the Umbrian artists. Domenichino and the two Carracci modernized and broadened the style of this school, while Guido Reni expressed its softer and more heathen side. The galleries are full of specimens of these and many other painters, but we will not inflict catalogue-talk on our readers, further than to mention that Bologna possesses Raphael's St. Cecilia, a picture often photographed, and probably well known. The Cathedral of St. Petronius has a more unusual memento, in the shape of a meridian line drawn on the pavement of the north aisle, by the astronomer Giovanni Domenico Cassini, in 1653; and on the pilaster between two mortuary chapels are two clocks (1756) by Fonasini, respectively marking the solar and the mean time.

Books at Bologna are more plentiful than in some cities in Italy; the University library, which is free, has 100,000 volumes, besides curiosities in literature; and the town library is also large. The old gymnasium, where the latter is kept, holds to its


THE CASCADE.

XUM

connection with the University by its halls adorned with armorial bearings of professors (the historian Muratori was among the more recent) and of scholars, arranged according to their provinces; its anatomical lecture-room, with statues of the best professors of anatomy, and its carved woodwork over the chair, supported by life-size, correct anatomical figures; and, lastly, by its museum with domestic utensils, dug up in the Etruscan burial-ground, near the present cemetery; Greek fighting-cocks in marble, life-size, and miniature cloaked figures playing at *morra*, the guessing game which you still see played in the streets, with the same cries and gestures that historians describe as common in Italy two thousand years ago.

St. Dominic's history is associated with that of Bologna, and historical in the church of his name, where a supposed authentic portrait of St. Thomas Aquinas, the medieval philosopher, also exists. In the same chapel lies buried the womanly painter, Guido Reni.

The oddest thing in the city is the group of two leaning towers, one of them intentionally built so, as an experiment. They are homely, enormously high, and provided with rough stairs; crazy-looking buildings, standing in an irregular piazza, formed by the junction of five narrow streets. Here and there, on these streets, you pass the old palaces of once great families, some with grand entrances and rich gateways, and catch glimpses, through elaborate but rusty iron gates, of colonnades, arches, niches with shell-shaped headings, and sometimes corner staircases, with lovely but battered carvings along the rails. Grass grows thick in the chinks between the stones, and green fungi cover with a velvety growth the broken statues on disused fountains, while luxuriant shrubs, that seem to thrive best when let alone, make living pictures and trellises among the gray and yellow marbles. Nowhere do scarlet pomegranates and rose-colored oleanders and star-shaped orange-blossoms, all with dark glossy leaves, show better than against such a background. The "Romeo and Juliet" balcony scene meets you at every turn in Italian cities, and in these unexpected "bits," much more than in the churches and galleries that you conscientiously "do," to justify your stay in the city at all, lies the real charm of Italian travel.

One strange church, however, is worth notice, as peculiar in grouping, consisting as it does of seven different buildings, incongruously overlapping each other. The whole goes by the name of St. Stephen's, though each chapel has a distinct dedication. The ancient portions are the most interesting, one fragment going back to the ninth century, and containing marble reading-desks and low pulpits, whence the Epistle and Gospel were publicly chanted. The old temple of Isis has contributed fifth century columns and capitals, incorporated into twelfth century masonry, the tomb of a patron saint having been built in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. St. Peter and St. Paul give their names to an ancient, small basilica, where, as is usual in this form of building, copied from Roman judgment halls, the altar takes the place of the magistrate's chair, and stands clear of the wall at the eastern end, the officiating priest standing facing the people. Ninth century bas-reliefs, very quaint and archaic, represent men and animals on the sarcophagus of a local martyr, St. Agricola, who is himself figured with wings; but the earliest Christian memento is a font of the eighth century, in which a Lombard King is said to have been baptized. This stands in a circular church, called the "Court of Pilate"; but the real baptistery, surrounded by an outer circular corridor on pillars, was the church now known as the Holy Sepulchre. The "Trinity" is raised upon pillars higher than a man's stature from the ground, and in the centre of this colonnade are a few pillars with Byzantine carved capitals. Close to this are the delicate carved columns and tracery-work of the fourteenth century cloisters, a peculiar feature of Italian Gothic, in which ingenuity and invention seem to have reached their furthest point.

Bologna is the birthplace of the linguist, Joseph Mezzofanti, who was once librarian and professor at the University, and subsequently cardinal. He could speak at least twenty-two—some say more—languages and dialects fluently, and could master a language within a week; besides which, he was also a good classical scholar. Rossini studied in Bologna, under Mattei, and, later, built a house in which he lived for some years, and which he adorned with inscriptions from Latin orators and poets.

The suburbs of the city are very picturesque, dotted with convents and churches, and broken into hilly terraces and winding roads. They lead to various points whence map-like views can be had of the town and plain, rivers and mountains; and one road, bordered with arcades, leads to the cemetery in the grounds of the old Carthusian Monastery, the common graves being in the centre, and the special ones under shelter of the cloister gallery. Here, again, the professors of the University take the post of honor, with bas-reliefs representing scenes from their lecture-rooms disposed above the graves as monuments.

Coming back from the cemetery, one can branch off t the pilgrimage church of the Madonna of St. Luke, the shrine of one of the many traditional, dark-colored Byzantine pictures, on panel, ascribed to the artist-evangelist.

THE USE OF TORTURE IN ENGLAND.

The history of the use of torture in England is curious. From the hesitation to apply it to the Templars in the reign of Edward II. (1310), as well as from the express statement of Walter de Hemingford, it appears to have been at that time unknown in England, either as an act of prerogative or as an instrument of criminal inquiry in the ordinary course of law. Nevertheless, Holinshed relates that in 1468 Sir Thomas Coke, the Lord Mayor of London, was convicted of misprision of treason upon the evidence of one Hawkins, given under torture; and that Hawkins himself was convicted of treason by his own confession on the rack, and executed.

From this period until the Commonwealth the practice of torture was frequent and uninterrupted, the particular instances being recorded in the council-books, and the torture-warrants, in many cases, being still in existence. The last instance on record occurred in 1640, when one Archer, a glover, who was supposed to have been concerned in the rioters' attack upon Archbishop Laud's palace at Lambeth, "was racked in the Tower," as a contemporary letter states, "to make him confess his companions." A copy of the warrant, under the Privy Seal, authorizing the torture in this case, is extant at the State Paper Office. With this instance the practice of torture in England ceased, no case of its continuance being discernible during the Commonwealth or after the Restoration.

But, although the practice continued during the two centuries immediately before the Commonwealth without interruption, it was condemned as contrary to the law of England, and even declared to be unknown in that country by judges and legal writers of the highest character who flourished within that period. Thus, Fortescue, who was Chief-Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and who wrote his book, *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, in the reign of Henry VI., and who writes of a case of false accusation under torture (which was probably the case of Sir Thomas Coke above mentioned), condemns the practice in the strongest terms, though he does not expressly deny its existence in England. Again, Sir Thomas Smith, a very eminent lawyer, statesman and scholar, who wrote in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, says that "torment or question, which is used by the order of the civil law and custom of other countries, is not used in England. It is taken for servile." And Sir Edward Coke, who wrote in the reign of James I., says: "There is no law to warrant torture in this land; and there is no one opinion in our books, or judicial record, for the maintenance of them." Notwithstanding this explicit denunciation of the practice as against law, both Smith and Coke repeatedly acted as commissioners for interrogating prisoners by torture; and the latter, in a passage which occurs in the same book, and only a few pages before the words just cited, implicitly admits that torture was used at examinations taken before trial, though it was not applied at the arraignment or before the judge.

There is also a direct judicial opinion against the lawfulness of torture in England. In 1628 the judges unanimously resolved, in answer to a question propounded to them by the King in the case of Felton, who had stabbed the Duke of Buckingham, "that he ought not to be tortured by the rack, for no such punishment is known or allowed by our law."

And yet several of the judges who joined in this resolution had themselves executed the warrants for torture when they held ministerial offices under the Crown. Possibly the explanation of this inconsistency between the opinions of lawyers and the practice may be found in a distinction between prerogative and law, which was better understood two centuries ago than it is at the present day. It is true, as the above authorities declared, that torture was not part of the common law; it was not used in judicature as it was by the Roman law, and the legal systems derived from it in Germany, Italy and Spain; and, therefore, in England, no judge could by law direct the torture to be applied, and no party or procurator could demand it as a right.

But that which was not lawful in the ordinary courts of justice was often lawful for the prerogative of the Crown, which authorized the mode of enforcing the discovery of crimes affecting the State, such as treason or sedition, and sometimes of offenses of a grave character, not political—acting, in this respect, independently of and even paramount to the common law, asserted so early as the reign of Edward I. This view of the subject is confirmed by the circumstance that in all instances of the application of torture in England, the warrants were issued immediately by the King or by the Privy Council. Objectionable as the use of torture was in all countries and under all circumstances, it was in no country so unjust and dangerous an instrumental power as in England.

In other countries, where it formed part of the law of the land, it was subject to specific rules and restrictions, fixed and determined by the same law which authorized the use of such an instrument, and those who transgressed them were liable to severe punishment. But in England there were no rules, no responsibility, no law beyond the will of the King. "The rack," says Selden, "is nowhere used as in England. In other countries it is used in judicature, when there is *semiplena probatio*—a half-proof against a man; then, to see if they can make it full, they rack him if he will not confess. But here, in England, they take a man and rack him—I do not know why nor when—not in time of judicature, but when somebody bids."

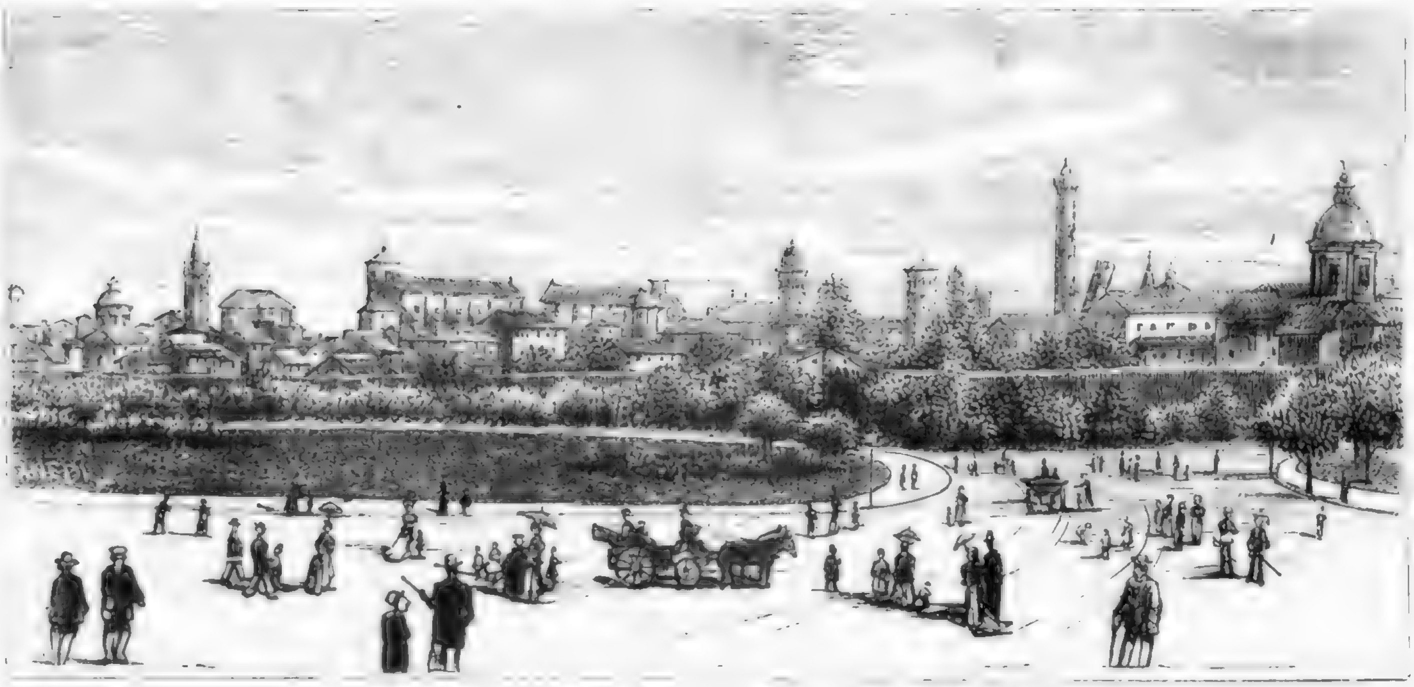
The modes of applying torture were as various as the ingenuity of man is fertile in devising the means of inflicting bodily pain. The rack, which was common throughout Europe, was a large frame, in shape somewhat resembling a mangle, upon which the examinant was stretched and bound; cords were then attached to his extremities, and by a lever gradually strained, till, when carried to the utmost severity, the operation dislocated the joints of the wrists and ankles. This engine is said to have been brought into the Tower of London by the Duke of Exeter, in the reign of Henry VI., and was hence called "the Duke of Exeter's Daughter." Besides the rack there were endless varieties of "the lesser tortures," such as thumbscrews, pincers and manacles. In England, one of the most dreaded engines of this kind was the "Scavenger's Daughter," so called by a popular corruption from Skevington's Daughter, being invented by Sir William Skevington, a lieutenant of the Tower in the reign of Henry VIII. The engine was found in "Little Ease," in the Tower, in 1604, by a committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire as to the state of the dungeon so called. In Scotland the instruments were the boots, called in France *le brodequin*, in which the torture was applied by driving in wedges with a hammer between the flesh, and iron rings drawn tightly upon the legs; the thummikins; the pinniwinks, or fulliwinks; the caspitaws, or capsicaws. The particular construction of these barbarous instruments it would be difficult at the present day to ascertain; but several of them were in practical use in Scotland within twenty years from the final abolition of torture in that country in 1708.

Mr. Jardine has shown fifty instances of the infliction of torture. The last torture-warrant is stated to be signed with the sign manual of King William III., is dated at Kensington Palace, and is for the torturing of Norvill Pain. With the form of that terrible instrument of torture, the rack, we are familiar from the plates to the early editions of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

Dr. Lingard, in his account of the different kinds of torture used in the Tower in the times of the Tudors, says, "A fourth kind of torture was a cell called 'Little Ease.' It was of so small dimensions and so constructed that the prisoner could neither stand, sit, nor lie in it at full length. He was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting posture, and so remained several days." Randle Holme tells us that "there was a similar place at Chester, where it was used for the punishment of petty offenses. In the House of Correction is a place cut into a rock, with a grate-door before it; into this place are put renegadoes, apprentices, etc., that disobey their parents or masters; robbers of orchards, and such like rebellious youths; in which they can neither stand, sit, kneel, nor lie down, but be all in a ruck, or knit together, and in such a lamentable condition that half an hour will tame the strongest and stubbornest stomach, and will make him have a desire to be freed from the place."

We have various evidence of the use of the rack in England. Sir Walter Raleigh, at his trial, mentioned that Kentish was threatened with the rack, and that the keeper of this horrid instrument was sent for. Bishop Laud told Felton that if he would not confess he must go to the rack. Campion, the Jesuit, was put to the rack in the reign of Elizabeth; and in Collier's "Ecclesiastical History" are mentioned other instances during the same reign. Bishop Burnet, in his "History of the Reformation," states that Anne Askew was tortured in the Tower in 1546, and that the Lord Chancellor, throwing off his gown, drew the rack so severely that he almost drew her body asunder. It appears from the "Cecil Papers" that

XUM



VIEW OF BOLOGNA FROM THE MARGHERITA GARDENS.—SEE PAGE 568.

all the Duke of Norfolk's servants were tortured by order of Queen Elizabeth, who also threatened Hayward, the historian, with the rack. Ben Jonson alludes to the rack being threatened in his time: "And like the German lord, when he went out of Newgate into the cart, took orders to have his arms set up, etc. . . . The judge entertained him most civilly, discoursed with him, offered him the courtesy of the rack, but he confessed," etc.

CORNERED BY A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

A Personal Experience, by Dr. P. Hoffman.

In '65 I was in the service of Datu Abubakar, Rajah, Maharajah, Srirajah Tummongong of Sohore, a powerful Malay prince, on the peninsula of Malacca.

There was no other white man in the service, and I was the first who ever had been engaged by him, and, as a matter of course, there was a great deal of animosity shown to me continually by the native court favorites, who were jealous of the good graces into which I, the detested "orang putsh" (white man), had managed to work myself by success in my profession, and my accurate shooting when out on hunting expeditions in the jungle.

Often had I been stopped by the natives in my ramblings through the woods, and innumerable questions asked me about my gun, the way in which I ran my bullets, and if I put any "obat" (medicine) into it.

When I protested that it was a common rifle, common powder and common lead, run in the common way, they would wistfully gaze into my eyes, and declare:

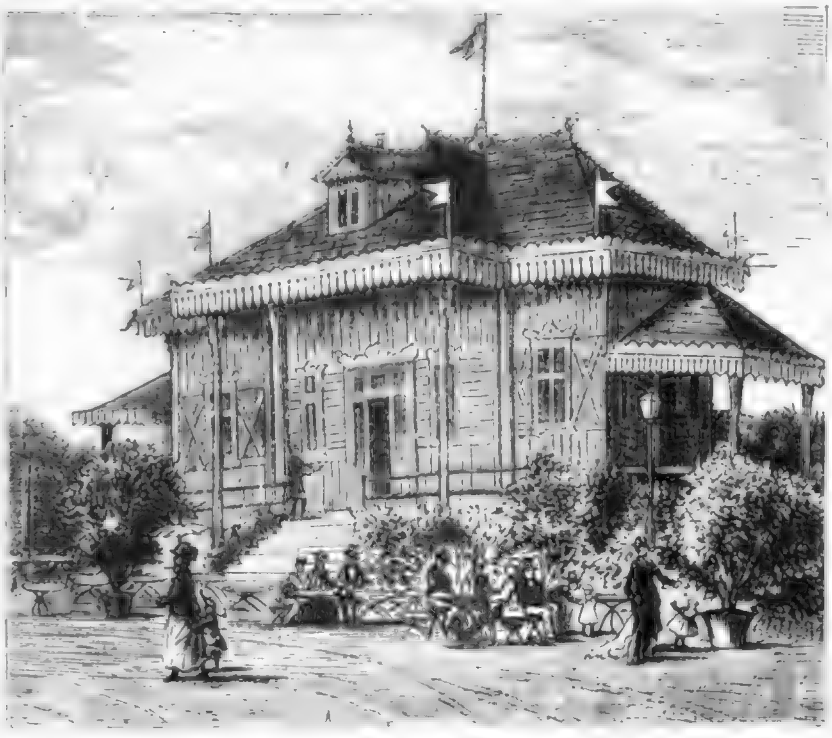
"Tuan punyah mata mata bagoose skali, tymbang bye bye" (Master's eyes are good—shoot well).

Although cordially hated by the nobles, at least some of them, I was a general favorite with the people, and, best and most important of all, with the Rajah, who did his utmost to counteract all animadversities shown to me.

On the whole, my position was a comfortable one. The people had unbounded confidence in my skill as "tukan obat" (medicine-man), and what with tiger-shooting and pig-sticking, I managed to pass my time tolerably well.

There was a steam saw-mill, belonging to the Sohore Steam Saw-mill Company, about four or five miles from Tanjong Putri, where the Rajah held his court, and where I, of course, lived with him. The mills, like myself, were a new institution, and, as may be imagined, the coolies employed there, being unaccustomed to circular saws, never having seen such things in their lives before, were constantly sawing themselves to pieces instead of the sleepers they had to saw, thus reversing the order of things, and making sleepers of themselves.

Disagreeable as must have been their waking on finding themselves *minus* an arm or a hand, it was not much less so to me, as I had to come over daily, and often several times a day, in a broiling hot sun—the thermometer ranging from a hundred and ten to a hundred and twenty degrees in the shade

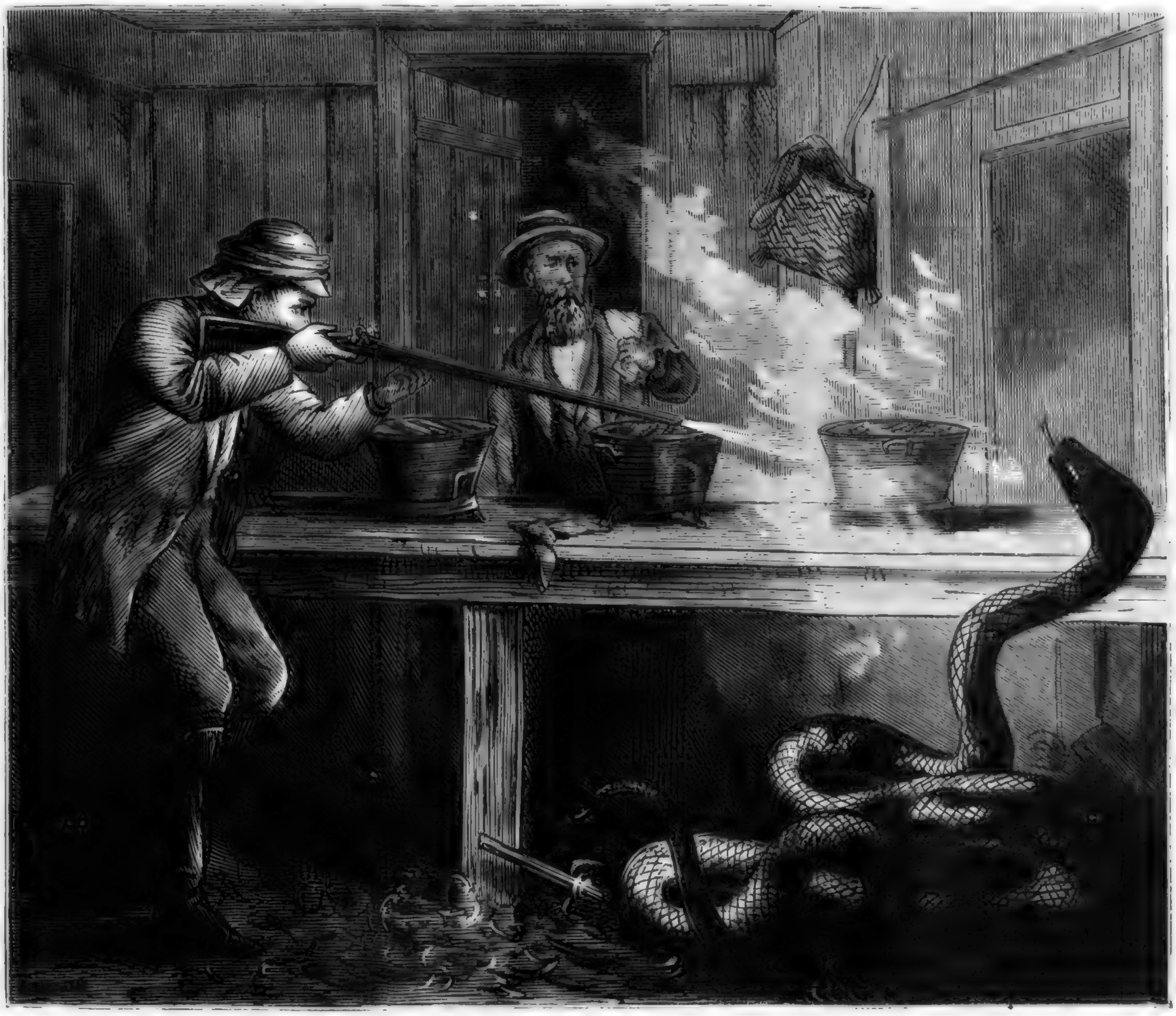


THE CHALET IN THE MARGHERITA GARDENS.

XUM

the year round—to fix up some unfortunate fellow who had been clumsy enough to put his hand on the saw.

The management of these mills was in the hands of a few Scotch people, and the director—a Mr. McPherson, a genial, hearty fellow—and we had not only learned to respect each other, but a warm feeling of friendship had sprung up between us. Often, when I had been out in the jungle, shooting, and came past his bungalow, I would slip in, and if he was not there himself, his jolly little wife was sure to make me feel as comfortable as I would have felt in my own house.



CORNERED BY A BOA CONSTRICTOR.—"TO BEAR THE GUN TO MY SHOULDER AND PULL THE TRIGGER WAS THE WORK OF A MOMENT, BUT NONE TOO QUICK, FOR, JUST AS I FIRED, I SAW THE REPTILE MAKE A FORWARD MOVEMENT."

I was quite a factotum with Mrs. McPherson. Whenever anything went wrong, the cry was: "Oh, never mind; the doctor will be here very soon, and he will set things aright."

When a snake or a mongoose or a guiava had depredated in the henroost, and made off with some of Mrs. McPherson's favorite Bantams or Chittagongs, it was: "Oh, but the doctor will get square with him."

If one of her chubby, rosy little youngsters had been exhibiting a little fit of ill-temper, he was told that "the doctor won't like him any more." And, altogether, I was looked upon as part and parcel of the household, almost.

One afternoon I had been out in the woods, shooting, and had managed to kill a splendid porker, the hams of which I had strung over my shoulders, and whose head—a rare delicacy—I was bringing to Mrs. McPherson.

Evening was coming on fast, and as there is no twilight in India, darkness setting in as soon as the sun has sunk below the western horizon, I hurried up, to reach the bungalow before it became quite dark.

I just managed to get there before dinner, and after excusing my shooting-jacket—people in India being very rigid in their etiquette—I sat down to partake of the hearty cheer put before me.

We had got through dinner, and were raking up old memories, talking of former days, of bonnie Scotland, and of a subject which more immediately concerned and interested us, namely, an intended war against Imhiuandola, the Rajah of Pahang, the neighboring territory.

The table was loaded with the most delicious fruit; we were discussing a glass of sherry, and smoking our after-dinner cigar; Mrs. McPherson had taken up her guitar, and was singing to us some quaint old ballad, when one of the servants rushed in, pale and breathless, crying:

"Tuan, tuan, dalum roomah cookie ada ula busar!" (Master, master, there is a big snake in the cookhouse!)

This was grand news for me; nothing could have suited me better.

I ascertained from the boy that the snake had been in

XUM

the fowlhouse, that it had swallowed several ducks and chickens, and had come into the cookhouse, quietly but determinedly taking charge, to the great discomfort and consternation of its lawful occupants.

I took my trusty double-barreled rifle and cautiously approached the cookhouse, which, like all other Indian cookhouses, was detached from the dwelling.

A cookhouse must not be imagined to be anything like a kitchen, though they both serve the same purpose. A range, an oven, and other appurtenances found in well-appointed culinary temples are wanting, and all the apparatus set aside for cooking is a table, running from one wall to the other in the middle of the room. On this table a number of small charcoal-stoves are fixed, and this is all that is necessary in India, where people do not go in for heavy dishes, and one makes one's dinner of a lot of little nicknacks, highly flavored and seasoned, with the inevitable curry for a staple. Under this table the kindling-wood, charcoal, shavings or straw for lighting the fires usually are kept, and Master Ula had taken possession by cozily coiling himself away among these, and was no doubt enjoying a luxurious *dolce far niente*.

If I had not happened to be there, I verily believe they would have been obliged to abandon the cookhouse altogether, as the snake, an immense boa constrictor, did not seem to be disposed to move until his dinner had been fully digested, which it might have taken weeks to do.

A cocoanut oil-lamp was hanging over the dresser, shedding an uncertain, flickering light through the room, by which I could plainly distinguish the huge folds of the snake, but could not get a glimpse of the head anywhere.

I was fully aware that it would be worse than useless to fire into the coil, as there would not have been the slightest chance of killing, or even disabling, the brute, and the dead certainty of either turning him upon myself, or, as bad, almost, letting him escape in the dark.

So I conjectured to get over the table, and bring the snake between the light and myself, to get, if possible, a look at his head.

To effect this, I had to crawl over the table, which I proceeded to do with great caution, lest I should arouse the snake from his beginning lethargy, and provoke an attack upon me before I was prepared to receive it.

I reached the other side noiselessly, but, on turning round to watch my enemy, I involuntarily and clumsily knocked the butt of my rifle rather sharply on the floor.

I was by no means in a position of defense—I had but just landed on the other side.

The noise instantly brought about the result I had desired, but too early to be pleasant.

The boa raised his head, and at a distance of about three feet from the ground slowly waved it to and fro, staring at me with his mischievously twinkling, horrid green eyes, which seemed to take the position in at a glance.

I have never experienced fear, but I must confess that it made me feel "peculiar" to be stared at by the boa, although it could not have been longer than a few seconds.

I expected every moment to see him dart forward, enfold me in his deadly embrace, and crush every bone in, and every ounce of breath out of, my body.

The tongue was thrown forward, protruding quite a foot, oscillating and vibrating, drawn in, pushed out again, waved from side to side with that quick, whip-like, almost electric movement peculiar to snakes; the hissing grew more and more audible, the motions quicker and quicker.

I knew from old experience the brute was preparing to leap upon me, and I stood there, unable to stir an inch.

I felt that if I could not shake off this feeling, I must meet my death in another few seconds.

One strong effort, and it was over. To bear the gun to my shoulder, squint through the sight, and pull the trigger, was the work of a moment; but none too quick, for, just as I fired, I saw the reptile make a forward movement, as if about to spring upon me.

But then came the most disagreeable part of the business.

It was natural that the concussion of a gun in a small room should extinguish the lamp—a necessary consequence which I had failed to think of in the excitement, and simultaneous with the flash and crash of the rifle came utter darkness.

And how dark it was, to be sure! Egyptian darkness is child's play as compared with the inky, impenetrable darkness which surrounded me.

Here was a pretty pickle to be in! McPherson ran off to the house to get a light, and the boys with him, and I was alone—alone with death in the shape of a monstrous boa-constrictor.

I jumped back until I reached the wall, and, feeling my way along until I got to a corner, tightly squeezed myself into it, with a view to prevent the brute from passing his death-dealing coils around me.

If ever a man got into a small space in his life, it was I. I am tolerably sure that I cannot have been much more than half my usual size.

A hundred different plans of action rushed through my brain; but I kept cool—at least, as cool as I could—and decided to remain where I was.

With suspended breath almost, and carefully guarding against the slightest noise, not to give the monster a clew to my whereabouts, I stood there, flattened into the corner, momentarily expecting his cold, scaly body to glide over mine.

I heard a rustling among the shavings—an evidence of my opponent's vivacity.

The perspiration beaded in large, cold drops on my forehead; moments seemed ages, and ages eternity.

At last, after a few minutes, which, however, seemed to me so many hours, I heard McPherson shout:

"Doctor, are you alive? I am coming with a light; hold out a little bit longer. We'll help you, old boy!"

Of course I did not dare to answer, fearing to betray my position, and really I did not know if it was advisable to light up the place, as that would at once reveal me to my antagonist; but then I could use my rifle again.

"Yes—by all means, let us have light."

"Here we are, old fellow!" shouted McPherson, bursting open the door, a candle in one hand, and a monstrous cavalry sabre in the other. "Halloa! Where the——Oh! there you are! But is he dead?"

The first ray of light had revealed to me the real state of affairs. The snake was dead—stone dead—shot through the head, which had dropped in just the position in which I had last seen it in the act of striking at me.

Then all uneasiness was at an end, and I courageously (*sic*) said:

"You are a fine fellow, to leave me all alone! Why, what are you afraid of? Why don't you come in, and stop flourishing that sword? You look like a fencing-master going through his exercises. Come and lend me a hand to haul the brute out."

"Good Lord! is he dead? Tell me, quick! Is he dead? Did you shoot him? Tell me, for heaven's sake?"

"Why, yes. Come, Mac—don't be a baby. Take hold of his tail—and, now, out with him!"

XUM

"Take hold of his tail! Lord, man, give us your hand to take hold of! I knew you had shot him—I knew it! I was na scared awa'."

With the assistance of the boys, we succeeded in pulling the monster out. He measured twenty-four feet, and had a medium thickness of about a man's thigh.

I skinned him, and the Malays took the body to render out the fat, one of their most reputed and powerful *obats.* The skin I have in my collection now.

The noise I heard among the shavings could either not have been any noise at all, or some mouse or lizard, and not my then harmless, but nevertheless dreaded, enemy. McPherson's chickens fared better after that.

ONCE AND FOR AYE.

He sang as he lay on a Highland mountain,
That English knight who had never known love,
"What song so sweet as the chiming fountain?
What blue so blue as the heaven above?"
Fond heart! for nearer and nearer drew
A sweeter voice and an eye more blue.

"Oh, what can blush by the purple heather?
What gold with the gorse-flower dare compare?"
He turned, fond heart, and found them together
On her glowing cheek and her glittering hair.
Now what for the knight are the hill-flowers' dyes,
The fountain's voice and the sapphire skies?

She had lost her path, that Lowland lady,
Whose heart had never a lord confessed;
Oh, bright she blushed, and gently prayed he
Would guide her over the mountain-crest.
And little loath was the gallant knight
To squire the steps of that lady bright.

So he took her hand, and they passed together,
The knight and the lady unlearned of love,
Through the golden gorse and the purple heather
Oh, laughingly beamed the blue above.
And the fountain sang as their feet went by,
The Sibyl fountain—"*For aye—for aye!*"

FISHING DAYS IN CANADA.

In some of the deep, still pools, where the surface is under a shadow, and we can see the depth below, it is very curious to watch the salmon. If we cautiously approach the ledge of an overhanging rock, we can count the fish, and see them apparently enjoying life for its own sake; nothing but the fins are in motion, and that slowly, to counteract the slow current. If a fly is thrown very lightly and delicately over a hundred fish, they may not notice it for ever so long; but one will perhaps gradually leave the crowd and deliberately float up to the surface to seize it. It requires two fishermen to enjoy the scene—one to stand away from the ledge and throw, and the other to cautiously approach and take the notes; for if the fisherman stood where he could see them, and took a cast, all the salmon would vanish too quickly for the eye to follow.

What charming recollections the days on the Lower St. Lawrence bring back! We had, on one occasion, quarters in a French farmhouse, and went out the morning after our arrival to try our luck with the fly. Mine was made of the dull gray hackles from a cock's neck, that are called in old books "smoky hackles"; but if we look at these against the light we shall find that they have a few transparencies, and this shows clearly from the water. It is supposed that, to the eye of a salmon, these resemble a prawn, and of course that was his most delicate food during his visit to the seaside.

We walked a mile up the river to get to a pool, and took several casts at likely-looking eddies, though without success; but the pool we arrived at was clearly a halting-place for salmon, and we kept away from the edge so as to throw a long line. My companion went some distance further on, where a mountain stream met the main river, and had scooped out another small black pool in the Lawrentian rocks.

After a few throws, I heard him call out that he had got a fish. I could see his silvery sides in a leap he took out of the little pool, and, as it was an awkward corner, I sent my man, who was an adept with a gaff, to be of assistance to him, should it be necessary. It was quite clear that the fish meditated a rush for a nasty rapid, where there were two or three rocks just showing themselves above the broken water. Here the man had stationed himself, for he had seen the fish making for them, and, fortunately, the captive was checked for a moment before dashing into the foam, when the unerring gaff deposited him on the bank—her, I should have said, for it was a beautiful fresh-run female fish of thirteen pounds in weight. The sides would have shamed any production of the mint, and the little head was scarcely too large for a moderate-sized trout. Ten minutes did not elapse from the time of hooking her before she lay on the bank.

I had been giving a divided attention between my friend and my own casts, which were rather of the careless kind, when there was a rise at the fly, but the looseness of the throw gave the fish the benefit. In three more throws over the same place the salmon rose again, and was well hooked. He reeled out fifty yards of line, and turned; a multiplying reel gathered in the slack—and here I cannot too strongly recommend these reels. Many old anglers say, "Avoid a multiplier," but the great probability is that they have used an inferior article.

It is clear that such a reel must be of the most perfect construction, or else it will not bear the strain, and you must also remember that a little extra precision in turning the handle is not thrown away. The slack of the line is gathered up so rapidly that you may always have your fish in hand. The salmon made a rush toward the place where I was standing, and at about fifteen or twenty yards' distance began to show fight indeed, leaping out of the water to strike the line, and making several runs; but at the end of half an hour he showed signs of weariness, and came rather helplessly to the surface. Still, there was life in him yet, and with the shortest breathing time he would be off again; but about ten minutes longer brought him within reach of Baptiste's gaff. We got three or four trout on our way to the farmhouse, which stood on high land overlooking the St. Lawrence estuary, here about thirty miles wide, and all the clubs in New York could not have pretended to give us such a breakfast as we enjoyed there. We had excellent black tea, thick cream, fresh butter, new-laid eggs, and about four or five pounds of salmon steaks, that were but too fresh. The lattice of the French cottage casement pushed away a great gathering of red and white cabbage-roses, which fell back on the sill when the window was opened. Far away were the hills of Rimouski, and a pearly haze from the St. Lawrence foretold a hot June day.

There was, as we came in, a slight appearance of smoke in the distance looking down the estuary, and this had so far increased before we finished our breakfast that we could discern the hull and funnel of the steamer *Polynesian.* The day was certainly very warm, but the water was in excellent condition, and we took, before evening,

XUM

ONCE AND FOR AYE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 575.

thirteen fish—weighing 147 pounds in all. Of course, this is absurdly small sport as compared with the bags on the Godbout, where standing nets have been quite abolished; but there is plenty to entice an angler to try it, and with the free access of salmon to their spawning-grounds, so often insisted on before, our take in this river might have been doubled. The first day was our best, and the seven subsequent ones brought us in nine, eight, ten, eleven, four, twelve, eleven, averaging about eleven pounds per fish. The days passed pleasantly enough—sunny skies and drowsy nights were the rule—till we found our time was up, and we had to return to Montreal.

There is a slight circumstance that left an impression on my mind as we staid for a couple of days at the splendid hotel at Tadousac, by the mouth of the Sagounay, on our way home. An enormous whale came rolling into the bay, but kept a respectful distance from the shore, and it seemed to be known to every one quite well. It was seen daily from the windows of the hotel, and generally made its appearance at early morning. Its gambols—if such gigantic turns can be called by such a name—uphove the surge and made it sound as if a heavy gust had struck it; and when it spouted up water, Madison Square would indeed have hidden its diminished head. The creature was called a "sulphur whale," useless almost for commerce, and very dangerous to attack. It was a wonderful sight to see its great dusky back rise slowly from the water, and, after a roll or two, disappear just as slowly. We judged that a length of about eighty feet w s seen at one time, and the oldest inhabitant remembered the same fish from his infancy; this gentleman was then about eighty years old, and he said that his father had often described it to him just as it appeared now. There is no mistaking it; other whales come into Tadousac Bay, but this one is all alone; the surge he makes in the water is more than a whole school of them can raise, and he always seems to keep the same hours, and to frequent the middle of the bay.

The sulphur whales, of which he must be almost the monarch, are so dangerous that harpooners avoid them; they tow a boat out at once into deep water, and sink it. Yet they must be possessed of more than common shrewdness, for the Tadousac one has for generations passed by reefs that would leave him dry at low water; and if he had made a single mistake it would have been enough, and the receding tide would have left him lying in cold obstruction.

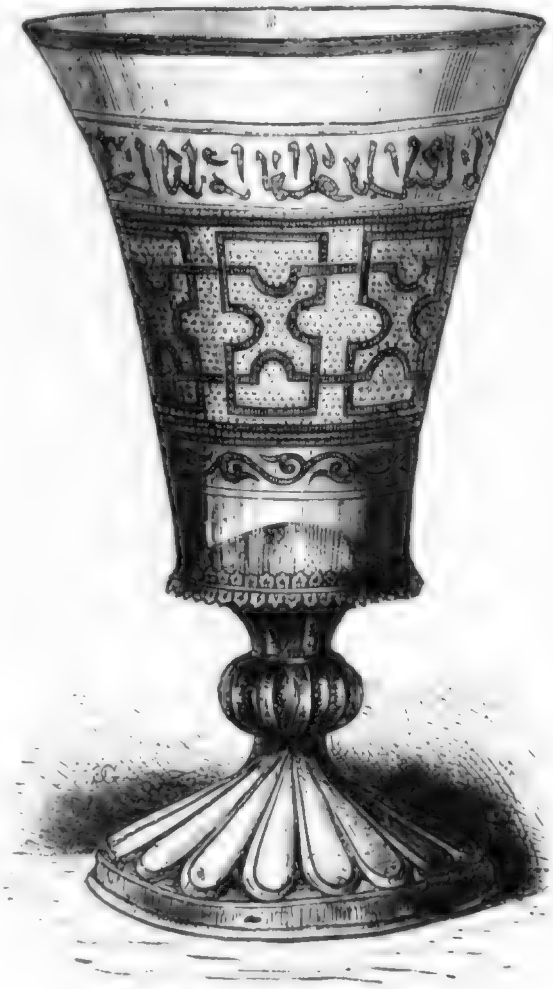
ANCIENT GOBLET WITH AN ARABIC INSCRIPTION.

This goblet, of exquisite workmanship, is preserved in the Museum of Chartres, under the name of "Hanap de Charlemagne." It was supposed to have formed part of the presents which the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid sent to the Emperor Charlemagne, who presented it to the Abbey of St. Madeleine, at Chateaudun. When the abbey was sequestrated it was placed in the town library of Chartres, where it remained until the formation of a local museum, in 1834.

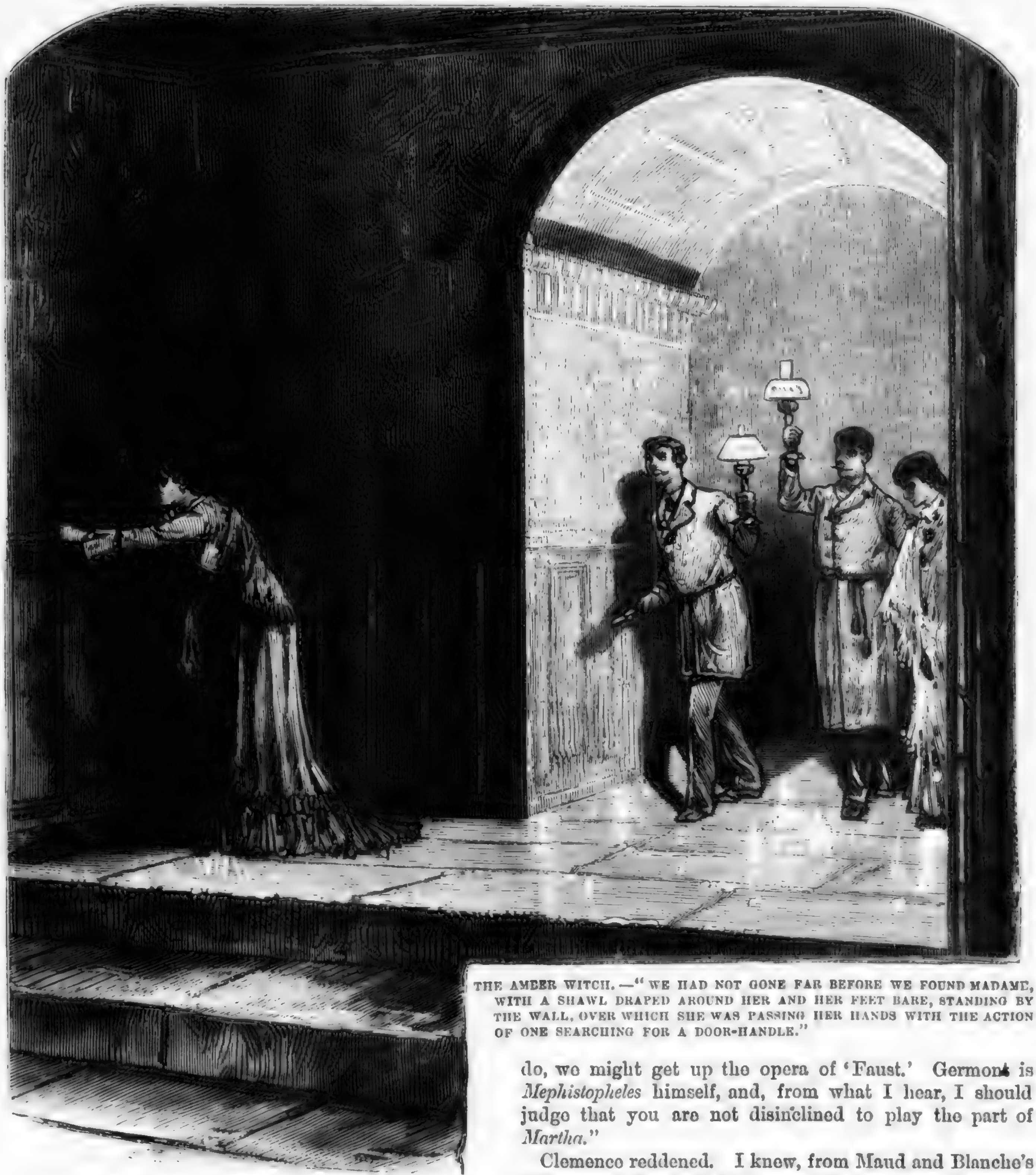
Modern antiquaries assert that, to judge by the workmanship, the goblet cannot be dated back earlier than the twelfth century, and probably was brought to France by a crusader. However that may be, the workmanship of the goblet is exceedingly elegant and interesting. It stands about eight and a half inches high, on a foot of silvered copper, the latter elaborately chased and engraved. The interlaced band in the middle of the glass vase is formed of gilt lines, filled in with small white and blue spots of incrusted enamel. Above is an inscription in Arabic, the characters in gold, within outlines in blue. The inscription has been translated thus: "May his fame be never-dying, and his life long and prosperous: may his fate be happy, his period auspicious, his fortune perfect."

The Liverpool Museum has just been presented with a fine specimen of the giant crab of De Hann, from the Japanese seas. The crab measures eleven feet from tip to tip of the claws.

The difference between those whom the world esteems as good, and those it condemns as bad, is in many cases little else than that the former have been sheltered from temptation.



AN ANCIENT GOBLET.



THE AMBER WITCH.—"WE HAD NOT GONE FAR BEFORE WE FOUND MADAME, WITH A SHAWL DRAPED AROUND HER AND HER FEET BARE, STANDING BY THE WALL, OVER WHICH SHE WAS PASSING HER HANDS WITH THE ACTION OF ONE SEARCHING FOR A DOOR-HANDLE."

THE AMBER WITCH.

By the Author of "The House with an L," Etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHEVALIER'S DIPLOMACY.

I have told Clemence as much as I choose her to know about Philippe Germont, and she knows that it was he who saved me from disfigurement at Madame de G——'s masquerade. She said to me:

"You cannot emerge from your chrysalis, then, *mon petit papillon!*"

"No; I must still endure these odious braids. You cannot think how I detest them!"

"But they make you look so very young, and, in fact, change the character of your face altogether. With them, you have quite the *Marguerite* expression."

"Should we find ourselves at a loss for something to do, we might get up the opera of 'Faust.' Germont is *Mephistopheles* himself, and, from what I hear, I should judge that you are not disinclined to play the part of *Martha*."

Clemence reddened. I knew, from Maud and Blanche's insinuations, that she had shown a disposition to coquette with Germont, who has already called upon her, as a countrywoman of his own, has also sent his sister to call upon us, and has this very afternoon invited us to drive out with them. *I* shall stay at home. I don't like the way in which he looked at the braids of my hair that day of the races. I mentioned this to Clemence as she stood before the glass, arranging her hair under her bonnet.

"I believe I shall allow *my* hair to regain its natural color," she said.

"You would not think of such a thing!" I exclaimed.

"And may I ask why I should not? No one is ever expected to be able to tell the original color of a woman's hair in our days. I can assure you that half Paris thought the color of yours was artificial. (Impertinence!) I can say that I changed the color of mine because I wanted to wear black velvet, and gray hair is always superb with that."

XUM

"But Monsieur Shirley!—won't he suspect?"

"Monsieur Shirley knows that I am a Frenchwoman, and what man ever calls a Frenchwoman to account for her whims?"

"You are sure you have no designs upon Germont, Clemence?"

"Should you object? He was never a lover of yours, was he?" with a quick glance at my face in the glass. "But, as long as I do not interfere with Monsieur Shirley——"

"Perhaps it is on his account that you wish to recover your beautiful black hair?"

"Perhaps. You remember how becoming it used to be to me, dressed *en Pompadour*, and worn with a certain amber-colored silk? That silk has escaped the sea-water"—here she laughed—"and gray hair does not accord with amber."

I do not like the airs of equality that Clemence has assumed lately. She very seldom calls me "madame," now; it is always "petite," or "chère amie," which is all very well before others, but not when we are alone; then, I expect to assume my own individuality. And I am so entirely in her power, that it would do me no good to resent it. I think she fully recognizes this, and intends to avail herself of it to the utmost. Women have no greatness of soul.

To my surprise, soon after Clemence had driven off with the chevalier and his sister, Monsieur Shirley came into the room where I was sitting alone, feeling so helpless, so humiliated, that I believe there were actually tears in my eyes. "You did not go out with Lady Amberside?" he said. He very seldom calls her *aunt*. Is it because he thinks her *so young?*

"You see me here," I replied, trying to speak carelessly.

"And you wished to go?"

"I! Oh, no!"

"I had thought——" here he paused. "Are you not happy, Beatrix?"

"Very happy, now."

He changed color, glanced at me quickly, then averted his eyes, and went on:

"I am glad that you did not go."

"So am I, now."

He looked at me again.

"You are very frank, Beatrix. I like that trait, and it is not what I had expected from your French education."

"Don't you like the French?"

"To speak as frankly as yourself, Beatrix, I do not."

(N. B.—My small demon, he must never know that *I* am a Frenchwoman.)

"You do—not—like—mamma?"

"I do not mean that. I find Lady Amberside very agreeable, but I would not wish to do as my uncle did."

"You mean you would not wish to marry mamma?"

"A man does not marry his uncle's widow, and I would not wish to marry *any* Frenchwoman."

(If Germont should betray me!)

"I am glad *I* am not a Frenchwoman," I said.

(What an advantage it gives one to be *supposed* to be no more than seventeen!)

He took my hand, he looked at me very kindly.

"My dear little cousin," he said, "do you really like me?"

"Don't you *know* that I do?"

How his eyes softened! He bent toward me, then drew back suddenly; a look of mingled pain and aversion clouded his face, and he released my hand.

(Will he never forget my resemblance to the Amber Witch?)

"I had something that I wished to say to you, Beatrix. You have met Madame D'Arbrai?"

"That red-headed woman? Yes."

He smiled.

"Do you like her?"

I could honestly answer "No," to this question.

(Tell me, my scarlet familiar, does one handsome woman ever really like another handsome woman? You know she does not.)

"I am glad to find that you have not been attracted by her, for you are just at the age when an impressionable girl often makes an idol of an older woman."

(If he only knew that she cannot be many years older than I am!)

"Don't you like her?" I asked.

"I neither like nor dislike her; but I fancy she belongs to the present generation of *fast* women, and I would not like to see a little lily like yourself become a poppy from the force of fascinating example."

"I will do as you wish, monsieur."

"Why do you call me monsieur, Beatrix?"

"I thought that I must."

"We are cousins, you know, and even if I am so much older, I still should be Laurence to you."

"Laurence!" I said, and looked up at him; and, Frenchwoman and "Amber Witch," as I am, I was for that one moment but a grateful, dependent woman, regarding her protector—and such a strong, tender, beautiful protector! As he stood before me I caught the hand nearest to me in both of mine and kissed it. He sat down by me, and taking me in his arms, pressed me gently to his breast.

"You seem like my own little sister," he said to me.

As if moved by an irresistible impulse, I put both my arms around his neck.

"And you will be a brother to me always?" I said.

He looked into my eyes, and I was satisfied. I am sure that, from this time, he will be more than a brother to me.

(If I can only keep my secret!)

When Clemence returned from her drive, I saw by the subdued excitement of her manner that something had happened.

"Was your drive a pleasant one?" I asked.

"It was by no means as tame as I had expected. I went out to shear a sheep, and he turned into a tiger."

I felt myself growing pale.

"You mean Philippe?" I said, faintly. "He hasn't——"

"Shown *me* his claws? Oh, no; but I fancy that his sister sees them, once in a while. And I think I have discovered something else, also."

"Not that Germont suspects——"

"What *could* he suspect? I don't suppose he had ever heard of Monsieur Shirley's relations; and if you continue to act the *ingénue*——"

"You will be the *first* to forget yourself. Now, tell me your wonderful discovery."

"I am sure that Madame d'Arbrai has a secret of some kind."

"She isn't the only one who has."

"Very true; but let me go on. The chevalier questioned me as to the length of our stay in Naples, and our future destination. I thought there would be no use in telling him anything but the truth, so I replied that Florence was to be our stopping-place, while in Italy, and that we were going directly there from Naples.

"While I was speaking, I happened to look at madame. Her face was like a piece of marble, and, although her eyes were fixed upon my face, she did not seem to be looking at me, but at some dreadful object a long way off.

"'My sister and I shall be in Florence at the same time with yourselves,' said the chevalier.

"'Not in *Florence*, Philippe!' said madame, catching her breath like a bather when a great wave of the sea rolls over his head.

"'In Florence, my sister.'

"Can't you hear him say it?

"'I will not go, Philippe!'

"This was said with fixed eyes, like a woman who speaks when in a trance.

"'You will stay here without *me?*'

"Here the claws began to show a little.

"'No, Philippe; I will go back to France, or anywhere, only—*not to Florence!*'

"The chevalier seemed to look at her in astonishment, and I think he *was* surprised.

"'This is more than a whim,' he said.

"'I had a dream—a *dreadful* dream—about being there. I—I cannot go. It would kill me!'

"Her brother looked at her fixedly.

"'No one was ever killed by a dream,' he said. 'It is *realities* that are deadly.'

"'Dreams come true, sometimes. I am superstitious—I am *very* superstitious, you know, Philippe.' And she smiled; but that dreadful pallor was still on her face, and a horror in her eyes. I actually pitied the woman.

"'You are fanciful, Rosé Marie, and you quite frighten miladi with your dreams. Do you believe in such things, miladi?'

"He was studying my face, to find out what I thought of his sister's agitation.

"'Not at all,' I replied.

"'Fortunate woman! Without weaknesses, one of your sex becomes all-powerful.'

"'But lose our charm for your sex.'

"'Not when strength takes your shape, miladi.'

"To tell the truth, petite, I should like to chain that tiger; and while he is roaming around loose, you may well fear him."

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

We took Miladi Amberside to drive this afternoon, and in the course of conversation Florence—dear, hated name!—was mentioned, and Philippe said that he and I would be there some time during the English family's stay. In a paroxysm of grief and horror, I said something—I have lost all control of myself in this familiar atmosphere—and, I fear, roused Philippe's suspicions, for he came to me after our return, and told me that he is very anxious to visit Florence, and wishes that I would overcome any private prejudice that may lead me to dislike to accompany him. While he was speaking, he searched my face with his "judicial eyes," as D'Estaing calls them, until I felt as if all my thoughts lay bare before him. I was so glad to have my embroidery, with which to busy my shrinking eyes and trembling hands.

"Why do you wish to go so much?" I asked.

"And why do you wish to stay so much?" said he.

"I have given you my reason."

"'The baseless fabric of a vision!' Give me something more solid on which to build my belief in the good sense of your refusal to accompany me."

"I will go with you, Philippe."

"Notwithstanding that dream?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, my sister," he said, kissing my forehead. "And you will not go as a martyr?"

"If a martyr, a triumphant one."

"My sister, I have a request to make of you."

"Speak, Philippe."

"Make yourself charming to this Englishman."

"Which Englishman, Philippe? I have met so many."

"Bah! You know well enough whom I mean—the American."

"There are two of them."

"Rose-Marie, you are trying my patience. Of course I mean Monsieur Shirley, the *rich* one."

"I am courteous, Philippe."

"Be more than courteous. You know how to win men."

"But suppose this one should be already won? The blonde cousin is charming."

"I only saw her braids of hair; *they* were beautiful. I had thought but *one woman* could have such hair."

"Her face is even more beautiful than her hair; and when I was calling in miladi's apartments the other day, I thought I saw in Monsieur Shirley's eyes, when he looked at her, that she is very dear to him."

"You are positively sentimental, Rose-Marie! But how do you know that she cares for him?"

"I fancy she could not help it."

"Bah! Girls of that age have no hearts—only stomachs. I will wager that I could win all the affections she has with a pound of bonbons; and if you have any scruples on that score, I will promise to do it."

"Philippe, I will go to Florence, since you wish it, but I will not try to win this man's affections from the English daisy to a withered weed like myself."

"You may not succeed, fascinating as you can be, my sister. I ask only a degree of that charm that you exercised over the young Prince di Rospigliosi."

I went down under this cruel blow. I haven't even heard him *named* before, all these years. Can Philippe have known, all this time? When I came to myself, I could only gasp:

"I was his wife!"

"Then Josephine has no right to her father's name."

In my agony, I had forgotten that I have a daughter. I could say nothing now. I could not rob my child of her father's name. Innocent, I must appear guilty in either aspect of my past!

"You will do as I wish you to?"

I bowed my head, and he left me.

Oh, my God! who alone canst see the whiteness of my soul, would that I lay dead before Thee!

CHAPTER VII.

THE BRACELET WITH THE PANSY CLASP.

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

We are in Florence, now, and have taken rooms in a palace! And a palace that belongs to the descendants of one of the noblest families in Italy—the Palazzo Rospigliosi.

But what a bare reality, after one's ideal of an Italian palace! To be sure, the rooms are immense, and so very lofty that I cannot make out the ornaments of the ceiling; but they are very gloomy, very destitute of furniture; and one ascends to the windows by flights of steps, which, when the massive stone walls of the exterior are taken into consideration, savors strongly of a residence in a prison. The damp mosaic floors have no carpets upon them, and there are no fireplaces, the Florentines never making use of them. But we have a stove, and a square of gorgeous tapestry before it, which is the nearest approach we can make to English comfort.

The palace is built around a court that is paved with square stones, instead of having in it a fountain and plots

XUM

of flowers. It seems that the Florentines carefully exclude vegetation from the region of their dwelling, by reason of the dampness arising from it. The palace is apparently unending. There are two families besides ours residing in it, and any number of occupants of single apartments, among whom are Mr. Carrington, O'Neil and D'Estaing, who tells me that the chevalier has engaged a suite of rooms for his sister and himself on the same floor with ourselves. I wonder what "my cousin" will say?—or, as I may call him now, Laurence.

Laurence! What a fathomless abyss that one word has bridged over! It is no longer the penniless French adventuress, with a doubtful past and still more doubtful future, but the young English gentlewoman, secure in a long line of stiff, precise ancestors; in heirlooms of much valuable but ill-set jewelry; in the bearing of an old name, hard to pronounce, but, oh! so *respectable!* Why have we no similar word in the French language? It means so much—one is so safe—bucklered behind it. Ha, ha, ha!

As I write this dull but magic word between your two red covers, my little book, to whose pages I confide my most secret thoughts, I fancy how, if you were really the small familiar demon the witches of old were favored with, your scarlet legs would caper, and your fanged mouth stretch from ear to ear in a never-ending laugh, when you should see the word *respectable* coupled with the name of Florestine d'Estampes!

The grand staircase of our palace is common to all its residents, and I have often met them, either going up or coming down. As I was thus in constant danger of meeting the chevalier, I have taken the precaution to wear a thick vail when I have not on my large hat, and coming in from the court-yard this morning, where I had been taking what Laurence calls "a constitutional," I saw him going up the staircase, some distance ahead of me, and was surprised to see him stop suddenly and call out "Beatrix!" for he had his back to me as he spoke, and had evidently not seen me.

I could hear the click of his heels on the marble floor of the corridor leading from the landing on which he had paused, and I then saw him hurry down that corridor as if in pursuit of some one. I felt as one does in a dream. Here was I, and yet my "cousin" was following me down the corridor above me. I ran up the stairs, but I could see nothing, either of him or my suppositious self.

I stood motionless, conscious of a vague fear, a possibility of danger shaping itself dimly in the unknown future, when I heard footsteps coming up the stairs behind me. A man passed me, and turning to look at me as he passed, I recognized Germont. "You have lost a bracelet, mademoiselle," he said, proffering me a slender gold band enameled in blue, and clasped by a pansy of dark sapphire and topaz. I was about to disclaim the ownership, when I saw engraved on the inner side of the clasp these two words—"Beatrix Amberside." I stood looking at it, unable to say a word, for I coupled this bracelet and the phantom of myself whom Laurence was then pursuing.

"You are Miss Amberside, are you not?" asked Germont.

I shuddered, and looked around me. Suppose the true Beatrix Amberside should appear, if I claimed her property!

The chevalier shrugged his shoulders; he evidently thought me a tongue-tied schoolgirl, and at this moment, to my great relief, Laurence appeared.

"Naughty girl!" said he. "Why did you run away from me just now? I beg your pardon; I had not seen *you*, Monsieur Germont."

This was said with the haughtiest of bows, and in a by no means cordial tone.

"It must have been then that mademoiselle dropped her bracelet," said Germont, glancing quickly from Laurence to me. "I am happy to have been the means of restoring it to her. Monsieur Shirley, you must bring your cousin to call on my sister; we have apartments on the same floor with you."

Laurence's "I shall be happy to do so" seemed to stick in his throat, but was brought out, nevertheless, and then the chevalier bowed and went up the staircase; while Laurence, taking me familiarly by the arm, asked me why I had tried to tease him by running away from him.

"Because I—I thought you were that man."

"The chevalier!—has he ever dared to annoy you?"

(I tell you, in your ear, my small red demon! that I would have said *Yes*, had I thought that Laurence would have *annihilated* him. Such things *have* been done, in the annals of *old* Italy, but the present age is degenerate.)

"Oh, no; but I am afraid of him—he is so white! and his eyes glitter so!"

"You poor little darling!"—his breath was warm on my cheek—"he *is* peculiar-looking, but I fancy has no more harm in him than any other Frenchman. But you are too young to be wandering about this barrack of a place alone. You must make me your escort, when you wish to ramble about the courtyard, and, remember, you must *never* go into the street unattended."

I could see that he was in a mood that I might have changed to tenderness, but I was still too much alarmed and bewildered to take advantage of it; I was only in a hurry to get to Clemence, that I might show her this bracelet that was so strange to me, and yet had my assumed name engraved upon it.

Clemence stared at the slender blue band, with its innocent pansy clasp, as if it had been a snake.

"*Beatrix Amberside!*" she repeated. "And you say that Monsieur Shirley thought he saw *you* on the corridor of the fourth story? Florestine, she must be in the house with us!"

Danger, like death, puts those who share it on an equal footing. I no longer resented Clemence's assumption of equality, by her use of my baptismal name. I only clung to her, hoping to find her better prepared than myself to meet this threatening danger. Clemence stood, with frowning brow and compressed lips, evidently turning over all the possibilities in her mind.

"Could she and her aunt have been saved, and have followed Monsieur Shirley to Italy? But, if they have done so, and are here in this house, why should they shun making themselves known to him?—especially as they find him here with two ladies who are known as his aunt and cousin. They would, at once, and naturally, expose the impostors, and claim their kinsman's protection. By not hastening to proclaim their identity, they lose all chance of establishing it later. People will say that the impostors must be those who stood in the background and let their claim lie dormant, instead of bringing it into the light of day."

"Clemence, you speak like a lawyer, and I will wear this bracelet, since the date engraved under the name on the clasp, with the initials and private mark of the jewelers from whom it was purchased—which, you see, are on the inside of the band—will prove that it must have been in my possession before I came to France."

"I think I will call on Madame d'Arbrai," said Clemence. "The chevalier may have seen that mysterious person who so much resembles the Amber Witch, and that may be his reason for taking rooms in this palace. He is

XUM

such an enigmatical personage, that I never could hope to find out anything from him; but his sister impresses me as singularly artless, for one who has seen so much of the world."

"You must remember that the perfection of art is to appear artless."

"How oddly that bit of worldly wisdom sounds coming from a young person with long braids of hair, and a peach-and-cream complexion! I wonder what your 'cousin' would say if he heard it."

"I assure you that everything I say to *him* is flavored with 'pig-tails' and bread-and-butter. I wonder he doesn't tire of it."

"He does *not* tire of it, then, it seems?"

"Do go, Clemence, and find out all you can. I shall get to looking as old as the Pyramids if I have to endure this suspense much longer."

"Heaven forbid!—with the chevalier's keen eyes, and your haunting 'double' to perplex us! Let me make you a tisane, and then lie down for a while."

"'Not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,' will give me rest until I know what I have to fear. Give me a palpable danger, and I will face it—but these shadowy terrors—— Clemence, you *must* find out something!"

"I will do my best. If I could only discover Madame d'Arbrai's secret, it might give us a hold on her brother."

As she finished speaking, some one knocked at the door. Clemence went to open it, and as she did so, I heard her say:

"Ah, Monsieur the Chevalier!"

If this was intended as a warning for me, I was no more able to take advantage of it than is a creature which is being charmed by a snake, to escape. I sat there, slowly freezing from head to foot, as he approached me; but pretending to be absorbed in clasping my bracelet. I looked up, and he was standing before me, his keen, obliquely-set blue eyes bent upon me with the old magnetic gaze. A little pulse of color beat in his cheek for a moment, and then his face resumed its usual immobility. Intimately as I have known him for these several years, I could not tell, at that instant, if he recognized me.

"Beatrix is so much obliged to you for finding her bracelet," said Clemence. She had grown very pale, and her voice trembled slightly, as she spoke. She was conscious of this, for she added: "Its loss could never have been supplied. It was her father's last gift."

"The design is a peculiar one," replied Germont; and I fancied that there was a shade of sarcasm in his voice, as if he might mean the plot arranged by Clemence and myself.

"Have you ever been in Italy before, mademoiselle?"

"My daughter has but just left school," said Clemence.

"Are you fond of pictures, mademoiselle?" he went on, still addressing me.

All at once there came to me the recollection that he had never heard me speak!—or, rather, that he had never heard "Miss Beatrix Amberside" speak. I hoped that Clemence would still answer for me, but she did not; and I was obliged to reply, which I did as briefly as I could, in the monosyllable, "No."

"But you must have seen some since you have been in Italy?"

"No, sir," speaking in English, and biting at one of my braids which I had drawn over my shoulder, as if overwhelmed by bashfulness.

Germont turned to Clemence.

"I have a request to make of you, miladi. My sister occupies her apartments here to-day for the first time. She is not feeling well—being, in fact, excessively nervous, and the sight of a familiar face would be better than medicine. Will you do her the favor to call, and bring mademoiselle with you? My sister loves the lilies."

"My daughter is something of a tiger-lily, chevalier; but I am sure she and I will both be happy to oblige Madame d'Arbrai."

"Could you make it convenient to come with me, now? I am expecting my sister every moment, and I dread the impression that these vast, bare-looking apartments may make upon her nerves. Two or three pretty, cheerful faces furnish a room so much better than so many chairs or tables."

Clemence rose to accompany the chevalier, making me a sign to follow.

I thought their suite of apartments presented a much more habitable appearance than our own. There was a stove with an open grate, in which a cheerful fire was burning; the windows were curtained with a warm-hued tapestry, and a couple of magnificent Sèvres vases were filled with fresh flowers.

"My sister is very fond of flowers," said Germont, bending over one of the vases, and taking a lily from its centre. "So I have placed these here to give her a silent welcome. Mademoiselle, allow me to restore your sister to you."

As he laid the lily in my reluctant hand the door opened, and madame came in—not walking with her customary grace and ease, but staggering rather, with her bright color changed to an ashy pallor, her eyes staring, her hands extended before her, the fingers working convulsively.

This apparition so alarmed me that I was unable to move; but her brother went to her, took her in his arms, and said:

"Rose-Marie—my sister, what ails you? Are you ill?"

"Oh, Philippe! how could you? This air poisons me!"

"It is the flowers. Mademoiselle, if you would do me the favor to set the vases without the door?"

It took both Clemence and myself to do this, they were so heavy. When we returned, madame was sitting on a sofa, still deadly pale, but composed—with her hair, which was loosened and falling over her shoulders, drenched with cologne.

I did not suppose all that mass was her own!

"You are pale, mademoiselle!" said Germont. "My sister regrets the alarm this nervous attack has caused you. She is recovered now, as you see."

Madame inclined her head, but did not raise her eyes, from which a tear rolled now and then down her white cheeks, apparently unheeded.

"I will get you some wine, Rose-Marie, if these ladies will be so kind as to stay with you while I go for it."

He left the room, and Clemence went and sat on the sofa by madame, and tried to draw her head down on her shoulder. Madame repulsed her almost rudely, and rising, began to walk up and down the room, saying that she found it impossible to sit still when suffering from such an attack.

Clemence got up and followed her.

"Do let me persuade you to lie down," she said, "and make some passes over your forehead. I am said to possess considerable mesmerism, and, in cases like yours——"

Madame looked at her wildly.

"The patient *speaks*, doesn't he? Miladi, I should frighten you."

Clemence gave me a look across her shoulder.

"We always regard what is said at such times as the ravings of a delirious person. But the relief is unspeakably great. Let me try only a few passes."

"Not for the world," said madame, shrinking away from her.

"What is the matter now, Rose-Marie?" asked Germont, as he came in with a decanter and two or three glasses, set on a superb silver-gilt salver.

"Miladi wishes to mesmerize me. Don't let her do it, Philippe."

"Miladi is at liberty to mesmerize me instead," said her brother, giving Clemence a glance that sent even her well-ordered blood to her forehead.

"As you hoped that our presence would benefit your sister, I was resolved to do all I could to relieve her evident suffering in these Lady-Macbeth-like trances." Here Germont, practiced word-duelist as he is, showed a red streak across his marble forehead. "I am sorry that madame mistakes the kindness of my intention."

"If *she* mistakes it, miladi, *I* do not. Pray do not hurry away in this manner."

But Clemence, with a haughty adieu, took my arm and led me out into the corridor.

"Insolent!" she said, between her teeth. "That woman has a secret worth knowing, and I will never rest until I have made myself mistress of it."

"You had better apply your powers to the keeping of our own secret."

"Bah! he doesn't even suspect that we have one."

"You do not know him as well as I do."

"What! you do not think——"

"I will assure you of this; that man is so impenetrable that, well as I know him, I actually cannot tell at this moment if he suspects me or not."

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

I AM here in that accursed house, and wonder that I am alive to tell it. Philippe did not let me know where he had taken rooms, and all at once I found myself before these dreadful walls. How I got up the staircase I know not, nor how I found the rooms belonging to us. But when I went into them I was almost a maniac; and Philippe had brought these two Englishwomen there to meet me! Yes; he said that he thought I would control myself in the presence of strangers—as if a madwoman *could* control herself! As if a mother could be calm in the tomb of —— Oh! that I were there also!

I do not know how much Philippe knows, and he does not tell me. Had he known the whole dreadful truth, would he have had the heart to bring me here? He says nothing, but looks as impenetrable as ever, and watches me with those cold, relentless eyes, until I feel as if under the influence of a spell.

How well the dead keep secrets! "Silent as the tomb," they say, and the tomb could not be more silent than this dark old house as to the secret it contains. All these gay young people hear nothing, suspect nothing, while the very air is to me full of mysterious whispers, low cries, shuddering sobs and moans of despair. The English family call it nervousness, and miladi recommends mesmerism. Can one mesmerize an unfortunate wretch stretched on the torturing rack of memory?

From the Journal of Beatrix Ambersiide (pro tem.).

I went to bed with madame's face and figure, as they appeared when she entered that room in that distracted manner, so vividly impressed upon my imagination, that my sleep was haunted by them. I thought that I stood at an open window, looking down upon the Corso at Naples, around which the famous Turkish horse and its rider were flying at lightning speed. They passed beneath our window, and then I saw that it was madame who rode, and was looking back over her shoulder, as if in expectation of pursuit. In an instant Germont appeared upon the scene on his black horse, and wearing the dress of *Mephistopheles* in the opera of "Faust."

Madame put spurs to her horse, and Germont followed, looking like a scarlet streak on the emerald turf. Madame rode furiously, but he came up with her just as she reached the goal, and raised his whip to strike her from her horse. But it was not madame who was there, but the victor of the races, who said:

"Do not touch her! she is mine!"

Again, we were on Vesuvius, and madame stood on the brink of the crater, from which arose a red column of flame. From this her brother emerged, dressed in the scarlet robes of a judge, and approached her with a menacing expression. She trembled, and he seized her by the hand and drew her toward the gulf, which was rolling in flame at her feet. She screamed, and I awoke—I awoke; but the cry still rang in my ears, and I heard a door open, and a rush of feet through the corridor, then low wails and stifled sobs, which grew fainter and fainter as the sound of the footsteps was lost in the distance.

I sat upright in bed, shuddering in an agony of fear. Another door opened, and another, and two or three persons seemed to be in the corridor, speaking in suppressed tones. I put on my slippers, wrapped myself in a *peignoir*, and noiselessly opened my door. I saw Laurence, with a pistol in one hand and a lamp in the other; and I saw Germont, looking as composed as if it were noon instead of midnight, the lamp that he held in his hand shedding its light on his dressing-gown of crimson silk, in which he looked preternaturally white, his delicate profile seeming to be cut from ivory.

"I think she went in that direction," said Laurence, pointing down the corridor.

It was madame, then!

"No; she went past my door," said I, presenting myself.

Laurence opened his eyes wide. Germont bowed, without appearing to glance at me.

"Let me go with you, Laurence," I said. "I'm afraid to be alone."

"And I'm afraid you will take cold; but if you insist——"

"I do insist," I said. And Germont led the way, while I followed, clinging to Laurence's arm, and shivering with terror and the damp of the corridors.

We had not gone far before we found madame, with a shawl draped around her and her feet bare, standing by the wall, over which she was passing her hands with the action of one searching for a door-handle.

"Good heavens! Rose-Marie!" said her brother.

"Did not you hear a child cry, Philippe?" she asked, without seeming surprised at all to see us.

"I did not. And if there were fifty children crying, why should you be here, and in this costume?"

"I care for nothing but the child! I *cannot* hear it cry!"

"There is certainly no child here; for, as you perceive, there are no rooms in this part of the corridor—nothing but blank walls."

"But it is somewhere! I heard it cry—didn't you?" turning to Laurence.

"Come, Rose-Marie," said her brother. "People will think you are mad!"

"There is no child in the house, that I know of," said Laurence.

"There is one in the German family," said I.

"This child called 'Madre mia!' A German child would not call for its mother in Italian."

"Monsieur Shirley, will you please precede us with the light? Now, Rose-Marie, I shall carry you to your room, for you must not again cross this damp floor with your bare feet. And you had better lock your door upon yourself at night, if you are often visited by such a nightmare."

Madame said nothing more, but allowed her brother to raise her in his arms.

I think we must have been an odd-looking procession, and I wish we could have been sketched, with the Rembrandt lights and shadows of the corridors, and our own Doré-esque grouping.

I slipped into my room when I reached it, and went to bed, laughing at the grotesque aspect of my retreating companions.

CHAPTER VIII.

GUIDO

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

I WAS certainly mad last night when I thought I heard my child cry, and rushed out into the corridor, where I was found by Philippe, Monsieur Shirley and the beautiful "cousin," who is even prettier *en déshabille* than in costume.

Philippe said that I screamed, but I did not know it. When he had carried me back to my room he told me, with that satirical air of his, that I must be tired of behaving like a woman of sense, and he hoped I would continue to make a fool of myself; it would be so very agreeable to be asked if his sister had been taken from a lunatic asylum.

"I may have to go there before long, Philippe, if you do not take me from this dreadful place."

"Can you give me any good reason for leaving this place?"

"Do you not know of any?" I stammered.

"None but your caprice—and I am not one to be governed by a woman's whims."

"No; you are iron."

"And velvet—as you told some one once. Be reasonable, and you shall feel only the velvet; but persist in moping melancholy, and these frantic outbursts, and, by heaven! you shall feel the iron!"

He seized my wrist as he spoke, and grasped it with such violence that he hurt me. I did not shrink, however, but looked him in the face, although the pain made me feel faint. He released me, and I rolled back the sleeve from my bruised arm.

"I have felt the iron. One day it may enter into your own soul, Philippe."

"Pardon me, Rose-Marie," said he, with his mephistophelian politeness; "it was the force of my feelings that discolored that lovely wrist. I will get a bracelet to cover it."

As I was going down the grand staircase to-day I met the English blonde, she who always moves with a languid and deliberate grace, that strikes me as singular in so young a person, flying up the stairs like a boy. As she passed me she half paused, looking at me very much as a young man looks at a woman who attracts his attention. I called her name, holding out my hand, English fashion. She blushed up to her beautiful hair, and her eyes—they are large and brown, like a seal's—flashed haughtily at me, as she replied, "You mistake me for some one else."

How could I mistake her? Her beauty is of so singular a character. But these Englishwomen are as variable in their moods as the sea that girdles their little island.

Philippe has given me the promised bracelet. I would have liked to fling it in his face, but refrained, from prudential considerations. How many women sit down to eat their hearts in silence, in obedience to a constraining necessity! I will not wear it, however, though it is very beautiful, but will bestow it upon some friend. Not upon my Josephine—she shall never feel the weight of her mother's shackles. My dear little nun, in the quiet garden at Amiens, pure as the lilies you walk among, may your mother be allowed to suffer both for herself and you! Philippe wishes me to go with him to-night to a ball at the French Ambassador's. He has procured cards for the English family. He tells me that he hopes to see me with my usual color and in my usual spirits.

Oh, how I dread to dance to-night! and the glare and the odors and the weary rattle of empty heads and silly tongues! I am pale, and Philippe will be angry, and look at me with wolf's eyes. I wish I dared to tell him that I will not go.

He came to me a little while since, and said:

"Ah! you are dressed, my sister. The arrangement of your hair is charming, and your dress is ravishing; but you are pale—very pale. This is not usual, and will be remarked. Where do you keep your *rouge*?"

"I have none—I never use it."

"Then you have a bit of scarlet ribbon. There! I dip it in a little water, and rub it gently over your cheek; the touch would not fray a rose-leaf, and now, there you have a rose in the place of your sickly lilies. And in this flask is a subtle elixir that will make your step light and your glance brilliant."

He poured out a glass of cognac as he spoke, and made me swallow the odious draught. Then putting my cloak over my shoulders, he led me down to the carriage with the air of a good brother.

We met the English family in the ballroom, but Miss Beatrix was not with them. Miladi, who was superb in amber with garnet-velvet reliefs, and with *black* hair—I fancy she suits her coiffures to her toilets—said that she did not choose that her daughter should lose her freshness by indulgence in any kind of "dissipation."

Monsieur Shirley did not ask me to dance, although Philippe more than hinted that he should do so. Philippe was angry; he came to me, and said:

"Why are you so stiff—like an Englishwoman? Unbend, and attract; no one knows better than yourself how to do so."

His terrible eye was upon me, and I *did* exert myself to be gay, but oh, with so sore a heart! I know that I must have succeeded, for I saw a dazzling creature reflected in the mirrors that lined the wall, and was quite surprised when I gradually recognized myself. It seemed so strange to see myself so sparkling and gay with such an aching heart in my bosom. I looked at the radiant creature in the mirror as she danced, and saw that she showed no trace of care, but danced more lightly and wore a more joyous smile than any in the merry throng.

Philippe approached me in an interval of the dance, and said:

"You are more than beautiful to-night, my sister! You are like one of the sibyls."

As he finished, some one behind me spoke. I thought that I had heard the voice before. It was singularly sweet, and thrilled me like a strain of music remembered in my happier days. I looked around, and saw—oh, so beautiful a face! It was that of a young man, with rich chestnut hair, with golden lights in it, an oval face, wonderful eyes of a violet blackness, and a sweet and haughty mouth, the lips as crimson as his face was pale.

He was carelessly watching the dancers, with his profile to me; but, as I continued to look earnestly at him, he flushed a little, turned his head, and looked directly at me, as if moved by some secret sympathy. He was still looking at me, when a friend of mine passed him, and was stopped by his detaining hand. A few words were exchanged, and they both approached me, the baron introducing the stranger as one who desired the honor of my acquaintance. He bowed very gracefully, and, as the baron passed on, said:

"You wished to speak to me?"

I said something about not actually having formed the wish, but being very glad to gratify the desire that had been nascent in my mind.

"I am mistaken—it was *I* who wished to speak to *you*," he said.

"Ah, signor?"

"You do not remember me, do you? You have never seen me before this evening?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Neither have I any recollection of having ever seen you before to-night; but yet, as I looked at you, I felt sure that I had once known and loved you."

"You are very young, signor."

"No!"—he shook his head—"I am old, very old, for I have seen much sorrow."

"You have my warmest sympathy, signor."

"How kindly you say that! But you can never have known sorrow—you, who are so young and beautiful!"

"How old do you think me, signor?"

"Beauty has no age, madonna."

"That is true; I have seen beautiful old men, and lovely old women."

"They have kept the heart young. Will you honor me with your hand for this dance?"

"I had rather talk with you. There are so few with whom one can talk in a ballroom."

"But, madonna, I wish to dance with you. This galop is enchanting."

I saw miladi bearing down upon me, interrogation sparkling in those black eyes of hers, and assented. A few steps whirled us away from her into a maze of revolving couples. When we paused, we were at the other end of the hall, and I sank into a seat.

"Madonna," said my partner, bending over me, "will you keep a little place for me in your memory?"

"If you will tell me by what name to remember you. The baron mumbled your appellation."

"Call me Guido, madonna."

He bent his lips to my hand, and was gone.

Miladi now came up to me, with malice in her very black eyes.

"Madonna, do you know with whom you have been dancing?"

"Miladi, should I dance with any one of whom I know nothing?"

"But—a—such a person!—one whom I had supposed to be no better than the lazzaroni."

I saw the baron passing, and beckoned to him.

"My partner was introduced to me by Monsieur le Baron Thibault-Delassy. Baron, this lady is inclined to think that you introduced to me one of the lazzaroni, in the person of my late partner."

The baron twisted one side of his gray mustache.

"Madame is perhaps unfamiliar with the Italian language? She may imagine lazzaroni to mean his excellency, or most noble count."

"I believe lazzaroni means a low person," said miladi, with an indescribable air.

The baron twisted the other side of his mustache.

"Allow me to inform miladi that the term lazzaroni is applied to the fraternity of beggars, to which the possessor of an income of half a million can scarcely be said to belong."

"He was my daughter's guide in the ascent of Vesuvius."

"If miladi's daughter is a beautiful young lady, I would act as her guide myself, without injury to my reputation as a gentleman."

As miladi walked away, the baron said to me:

"I will confess to you, madame, that I know nothing whatever of the young man in question; but seeing him here, supposed him to be unexceptionable. You will pardon me if I have done wrongly?"

"I would not have pardoned you had you done otherwise, my dear baron."

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

CLEMENCE went to the French ambassador's ball last night. Fortunately, I was *too young* to go, not having made my *début*—for, if Germont should see me in a ball-dress——

Of course, such a sweet innocent as I could not be left alone! No; Fiamina, miladi's maid, was to stay with me. How I laughed—to myself, be it understood—when I saw Laurence slipping some scudi into her hand, as he informed her that she was not to lose sight of "the signorina" for a moment. Fiamina, who had already made her arrangements for meeting her Pedro that evening, promised, with many appeals to the saints to witness her truth, that she would never leave the signorina until she should see her fast asleep in "her little white bed, where she will look like a dove in the snow, your excellency," she added, with the usual Italian hyperbole, and looking as if she thought she saw something especial in his "excellency's" anxiety, and, perhaps, with an eye to more scudi. But no more scudi were forthcoming, and I thought that Laurence colored slightly as he glanced at the "dove," who was yawning a little, as if her thoughts already turned bedward.

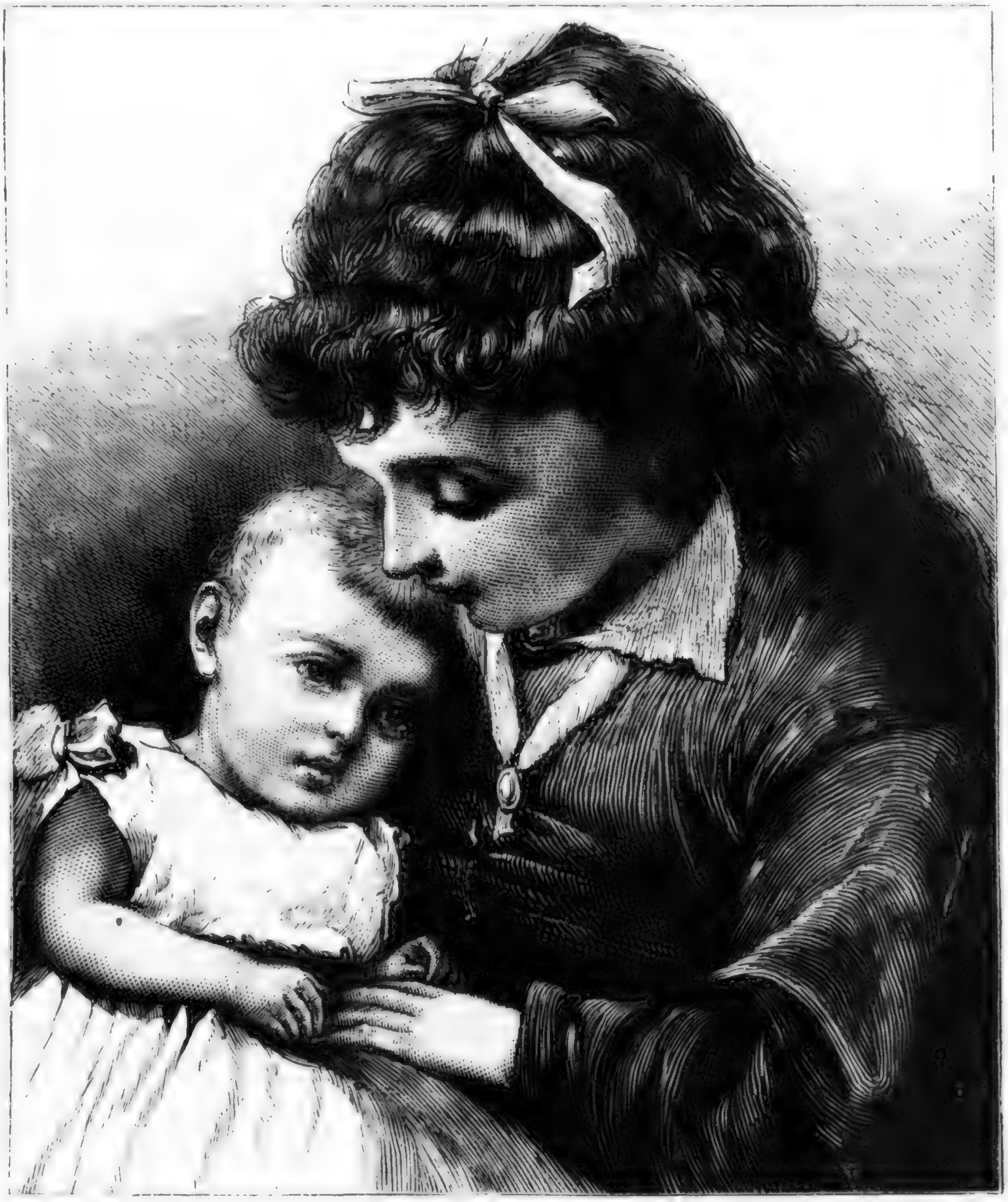
As soon as he and Clemence were out of the house, I told Fiamina that she might go, for I intended to spend the evening with Madame Van Zandt.

(She and her daughter arrived this morning, and have taken rooms in the palace, on the same floor with ourselves.)

Fiamina vanished, after putting on her largest and brightest earrings; and I then proceeded to put into execution a project that I had entertained from the moment I had learned that I was to have one evening to myself—that was to search the *palazzo* from attic to cellar, until I had found that phantom of myself that was threatening me. I had not even decided what I should do if I found her. My only thought was to find her. My pretext for this search was an imaginary lost poodle, with a pink ribbon around his neck, and answering to the name of "Bobo."

In vain I sought this interesting animal among a medley of French, Germans, Italians and English. He was not to be found. I ascended from story to story, until I found myself in the airier heights of the palace, where artists and other people with but little money to spend on rents "most do congregate." Here I paused before a door, on which was painted a palette hanging from a nail, and charged with colors. Above it, in simple black letters, was the name, "Fleta St. John."

My heart seemed to spring into my throat, and then stop beating for a moment. Had I found her at last?—the woman who looks like me! There were other artists on the floor, but none with a feminine appellation; and Fleta—of course Fleta is a woman's name! Any one can go into a studio without knocking—so I went in.



HER FIRST-BORN.

At first, I was startled. Here I was, five or six stories above the ground-floor—and if the lower rooms of an Italian palace are vast and gloomy and chill as a sepulchre, the upper rooms are bleak and barren beyond description. And yet, here was a quaint casement, half of which, swinging open, gave a view of a lovely garden, lying under the splendor of a full moon, at the foot of faint, far-off blue hills, and a vine, all burning with vivid scarlet bells, had crept in at the window, and climbing upward on the rough stone walls, had wreathed the gothic arch, with its leaded, diamond-shaped panes, with fresh green; shining leaves and fiery stars. But, when I looked again, I saw that window, vine and moonlit garden were but the product of the painter's brush; and yet, the illusion was so perfect, that I longed to push the other half of the casement open, and fancied that I could smell the flowers from where I stood.

The room was partitioned off by a great screen, covered with a brocade of such glowing golden browns, that it seemed to warm as well as illuminate; and the gray walls were hidden to the height of the painted window with draperies of those strange-hued silks one sees in old Venetian paintings—dusky crimsons, dim dark-greens, and others which gleam like clear-shining sea-water, or are strangely lustrous with interchanging gold and emerald; pallid, moonlight blues, angry scarlets, with coppery reflections and deep orange tones shading almost to black. A suit of polished armor gleamed against the crimson

XUM

drapery, and, backed by the green gloom of another part of the hangings, stood a gilded tripod, supporting a slab of stained pink marble, on which was a great antique porcelain dish piled with grapes and oranges, and a tall silver vase, in which a single spike of lilies shone white and smelled of Summer.

Several great brown portfolios stood against the wall, half disgorging their contents; some paintings hung upon the walls and others leaned against it, turning their canvas backs to the spectators, while on an easel stood an unfinished picture, from which looked out, if I could credit my astonished eyes, the very fac-simile of my guide, and the victor in the Neapolitan races. I looked again—yes, the face was certainly his, although the figure belonging to it wore the dress of an ancient Greek; and, what was stranger still, dimly outlined near it were my own features, crowned with the peculiar glory and luxuriance of my amber-colored hair. I looked around me, bewildered. The paintings on the walls were evidently the work of a finished artist, while this was as evidently the work of a beginner—crude, faulty, and yet the resemblance to the persons represented was almost startling.

If Fleta St. John were Beatrix Amberside, how had she managed to procure all these fittings of her studio—so elaborate, so costly, and resembling more the careful collection of years—in the few weeks that had elapsed since the wreck of the *City of Paris?* This was plainly impossible; a girl no more than eighteen years of age, shipwrecked, penniless, it would be as much as she could do to get bread in a strange land. But what was the meaning of this conjunction of my face and that mysterious Italian one on the easel of an artist of whom I knew nothing?

I heard a light step, and there came from behind the screen an apparition that made me catch my breath for an instant, for it seemed to be a vision of Raffaello. There was his oval face, his beautiful, rather melancholy mouth, and large brown eyes, all set in a frame of short, waving brown hair, and surmounted by the peculiarly shaped cap shown in his portraits of himself. Even the dress, with its square-cut neck, and full shirt with its narrow band, outlining the beautiful throat, was copied; but a short, dark-blue skirt completed the costume, and, as the apparition held a mahl-stick in its hand, I felt justified in addressing it as "Miss St. John." It bowed, and I repeated my formula. Had she seen anything of a white poodle, etc.? She had not; and all the time I was speaking she was regarding me with that peculiar expression I have seen in artists' faces when studying a new subject.

"I am so glad that chance has led me to your studio," I said. "I had no idea anything so bright could exist in this dingy old palace."

"It *is* pleasant," she said, looking around her, and it puzzled me that this was not done with an air of proprietorship, but with a childlike pleasure, as in something to which she had not grown accustomed.

"You look so very young to be such an artist!" I went on.

"Nothing *can* be more deceitful than appearances, you know."

"But, you look like a mere girl!"

"You are at liberty to consider me very precocious, then."

"I certainly do. Is this one of your latest pictures?" turning to the one on the easel.

"Should you think so, when you compare it with those others?"

"No; and that puzzles me. It looks like the work of a beginner."

She laughed—a ringing laugh, but with an undertone that was almost impish.

"You are right," she said. "It was one of my first attempts at painting in oils."

"Is it an ideal picture?"

"The subject is taken from Bulwer's 'Last Days of Pompeii.' It is Glaucus the Athenian and the blind girl Nydia."

"Are the heads fancy sketches?"

"They are both drawn from models. I found the original of my Glaucus on the steps of the Piazza di Trinita."

The Piazza di Trinita! That is where the Roman models habitually assemble that they may be engaged by the artists. How did such a person chance to ride in the races? He must have been hired, like the English jockeys.

"And the girl's face?" I asked, carelessly.

"I copied it from a picture. And do you know, I have been thinking that it is something like yours!"

"Do you think so? But what did you copy it from?"

"A sketch made by another artist."

"Had he taken it from the original?"

"He said so."

This was nothing strange—hundreds of pictures of me have been taken. It is not singular that one of them should have found its way to Italy.

"You are English—are you not, Miss St. John?" I asked.

"Yes; and you are French?"

"No—I am English, also. My name is Beatrix Amberside."

What a strange look she gave me when I named myself! Her soft brown eyes grew black and seemed to flash fire at me.

"Beatrix? 'Tis a pretty name," she said.

"Will you call me Beatrix?" I asked.

"If I do, I shall have to be friends with you!" she said, suddenly, and then colored and bit her lip.

"And why shouldn't we be friends?" I asked. And I put out my hand to take hers.

She drew back, and looked at me out of those great brown eyes like a startled deer.

"Isn't it rather too soon to swear friendship?" she asked. "You know nothing of me."

"As much as you know of me. You will call me Beatrix, won't you?"

"Perhaps."

"And you will come to see me?"

"Perhaps. But I can't promise to be friends with you yet."

"And, as I don't fancy your name of Fleta, I shall call you Raffaello—and, for a diminutive, what do you think of Rafe?"

"Do as you please—it makes no difference to me."

CHAPTER IX.

From the Journal of Rafe the Waif.

SHALL I ever get that roaring out of my ears? Shall I ever stop seeing, as soon as I shut my eyes, those great, green, solid walls of water, with their crests of foam, which topple down upon me, as the walls of Jericho fell at the blast of the trumpets?

> "Oh, Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
> What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
> What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!"

and the utter forlornness of coming back to life and finding myself orphaned!

XUM

Penniless, too! Had it not been for that blessed Miss St. John, whom mamma and I knew so well in Rome, I shudder to think what might have become of me, when I found that my cousin Laurence had left Paris. Naked I was, and she clothed me; hungry, and she gave me to eat; a stranger, and she took me in.

The blessed creature says that I more than repay her by furnishing her with a perpetual model; and as she fancies that I look like Raffaello, she has had me a wig made of short brown waving hair, a Raffaello-cap and tunic, and I am to sit for Raffaello with the Fornarina.

Fortunately, I can help her by sketching, and I have also disposed of some water-color drawings—thanks to her recommendation.

* * * * * * *

I am stunned! Let me sit down and recover a little. Here, in Florence, in the very palace in which Miss St. John has her studio, are my cousin, Laurence Shirley, and Lady and Miss Beatrix Amberside!

The B. C.—which stands for "blessed creature," and is easier to write and speak than Miss St. John—rushed up the stairs a little while since, to give me this astonishing piece of news, and then proceeded to burst into tears, and cried so that I thought she would actually weep herself away, leaving nothing but a pool of salt water on the floor of the studio.

As soon as I could get my breath, I asked her what ailed her. She stopped crying to stare at me.

"Why, of course you will leave me, now that I have just got to feeling that I cannot live without you! I was meaning to leave you everything when I shall die"—the B. C. has made a "pot of money"—"and to treat you as my daughter as long as I live——"

I jumped up here, and bestowed on her a squeeze that took away all her remaining breath.

"And whom do you mean to leave your money to now?" I asked.

"I suppose, to found a home for decayed artists," she answered, so dolorously that I burst out laughing.

"Don't leave it to any decayed artist—give it to a sound one. Do you suppose that I shall ever leave you, now that I know I am to have all your money? Never! I am determined to stay and share your last penny."

"But your cousin—his superior claims——"

"Bother his superior claims!" I returned. "Do you know, mamma meant me to marry him!—as I have no money of my own, and all hers was to go to her French relatives when she—when—she——" Here I broke down, and B. C. came and took me in her kind arms; I got my voice again in a minute, and went on. "Now, you b—b—b—B. C.! you are so awfully jolly, that I mean to be just like you, and never marry—never, with a big N, mind! And so, if you will promise never to get tired of me——" The remainder of my sentence was stifled by the B. C. squeezing the breath out of *my* body, in her turn.

"But I am so sorry for your cousin!" she said. She is always sorry for some one. Her compassion is as great as her heart, and her heart is as big and warm as Vesuvius. "Of course, this *creature* is an adventuress!"

"But, if she is agreeable and pretty—did you say she was pretty?"

"My dear, she is you, all over again."

"Oh, that accounts! I know that mamma sent him my picture."

"I wonder how this girl has managed to do it all?"

"She probably saw the account of the shipwreck in the papers—Laurence and she may have had a mutual friend——"

"Very likely. And she looks as young and innocent as you do! I don't believe that she arranged it, but that staring-eyed, bold-faced Lady——"

I put my hand over her mouth.

"Don't! I can't bear it! Any one may take *my* name, and welcome; but—but——"

The B. C. is as good a comforter as if she were made of several breadths of silk, with eiderdown quilted between.

* * * * * * *

How startled I was, when my cousin Laurence called after me to-day, "Beatrix!" I contrived to escape him, but, in my flight, I dropped my bracelet—the one mamma had made for me. I have almost cried my eyes out over its loss.

* * * * * * *

Brass is certainly at a premium! My *other self* has presented herself in the B. C.'s studio, with my bracelet on her arm! And she certainly has beautiful arms—much fuller and older-looking arms than mine, and she looks older all over, although her hair is in *tails*. Her eyes are yellow, not brown, like mine, but our hair is exactly the same—shade, texture, even the little rings around the forehead. I've half a mind to pull mine out!

She came to look for a poodle! She *didn't!* She has found Beatrix Amberside's name on the inside of that bracelet, and she came to look her up. Fortunately, I had time to *rush* myself into my Raffaello costume, and come out upon her with all imaginable self-possession.

She wants to be my friend, and tried to take my hand. I would as soon touch a snake! And she remarked the picture on my easel. I am sure, by the way she looked, that she has seen *him*, somewhere.

Does it do any one any good to rake up "the ashes of old fires," I wonder? And are these ashes altogether *cold*, even now? Can it be two years ago that I went to the Piazza di Trinita for a model? Constance Beltravers had written, and I was to illustrate, a wonderfully stupid poem, for a "charity," and I wanted "an indolent, dreamy-eyed odalisque," for which I knew a plump Italian girl would answer nicely, and I wasn't going to bother my brains, when I could get a good subject to copy for tenpence an hour.

As I was looking at the various groups of models, a young man rose to his feet, and stretching out his arms, indulged in a prolonged yawn. In this unconstrained attitude, his figure was admirable; but when he took off his hat, and pushed back his hair, his face caught my attention—it was so very beautiful, and presented the strange contrast of a clear dark skin and hair of a bright golden chestnut, or almost a copper color. I went directly to him, and told him I wished him to sit to me the next day, at such an hour. He hesitated, and, I thought, looked surprised—perhaps he had not been in the habit of sitting to lady artists. At last he agreed to come.

He came. Mamma had been recalled to France, and had left me in the charge of Miss St. John, who is artist to the backbone, and regarded my model simply as "a model"—a splendid collection of well-accented muscles, fine flesh-tones, proportions that no attitude could put "out of drawing," and no "foreshortening" could altogether deform. So I had my own willful way, and he sat to me, day after day, until I became altogether fascinated with this nameless vagrant.

The hours passed like minutes while studying the perfect outline of his head, the rich waves, the velvet glooms and golden lights of his hair; his faultless features, and the exquisite shape and coloring of his eyes. I bade him come the next day, and the next, and I transferred his graceful form to paper in every varied attitude that would best display its perfection. But one day Constance Beltravers said to me:

"People say that Lady Amberside should be sent for."

"Mamma! Why?"

"That's just what *I* said—she's only painting a picture—she isn't falling in love."

It takes a fool to say something that shall make you feel from head to foot like a pin-cushion stuck full of pins, and every pin red-hot.

My model came the next day at the usual hour. I told him that I should no longer require his services, and asked him what I owed him.

"A kiss of the signorina's white hand will repay me," was his reply.

Again I felt that intolerable burning, stinging sensation. Did he, too, think that I loved him—that he should dare -

I don't recollect what I said, but I know that his eyes turned on me with a look I shall never forget, as he went out at the door. They say a shot deer has such a look.

When he had gone, I burst into tears; and yet I was enraged with myself for my folly.

The next day was a wretched void. My sketches of my model were my only consolation. I grouped them around me, and studied them carefully. The regal head, and rounded throat; the low, broad brow—there, certainly, was thought; the finely-cut nostrils; the proud, sensitive mouth; the large, brilliant eyes, with that indescribable droop at the corners that gives such pathos to the glance—there I found soul!

I said to myself, what right had I to assume myself to be his superior? If the nobles of Venice beg on the steps of her palaces, why may not a descendant of one of the ancient princes of Rome be reduced to making his good looks marketable as a model? Beauty must eat, or die!

Mamma came back to Rome at this time, and I begged her to take me to England for a while. I wished to put the sea between me and my recollections.

CHAPTER X.

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

We have adopted the custom of many of the foreign residents of Florence, and engage the *trattori*, or perambulating cooks, to bring us our meals ready served—a most pleasant and economical custom, the cooking being incomparably better, and a cook and kitchen appointments being thus altogether dispensed with. I have made it my business to arrange the breakfast-table—that is, to put on the plates, knives and forks and napkins, and to fill the epergne with fresh flowers, which Laurence has ordered to be supplied to me every morning. And he has, somehow, gotten into the habit of being around when I do it, ostensibly for the purpose of bringing water from the fountain, as he says he dislikes to have me cross the court alone. But I go with him to the fountain, and we linger by its margin, while I play with the water, and he looks at me. I think he has forgotten all about the Amber Witch, or, perhaps, he is taking me as an opiate to his conscience, and deliberately drinks in my beauty to put to sleep the recollection of that other loveliness of which he supposes himself to have been the destruction.

When Clemence came in this morning, while I was setting the table, I saw that she had something to tell me. But when she saw Laurence she instantly assumed her maternal air, and coming to me, kissed my forehead—an arrangement we have made, for I hate lip-kissing from a woman.

"Did you enjoy the ball, miladi?" Laurence asked. He has adopted the foreign fashion of calling her "miladi," and I judge from that that he does not like to call her aunt.

"Immensely." (Clemence occasionally likes to air a word or phrase that shall be superlatively English.) "I met an old acquaintance there."

"Indeed! I was not aware of that fact," said Laurence.

I caught my breath. An old acquaintance! That might mean discovery. But, no! even that impending, Clemence would have kept her "old acquaintance" to herself.

"Didn't you see Beatrix's Vesuvian guide there? A friend of madame's. The Baron Thibault-Delassy"—(I wish Clemence wouldn't *mouth* titles so, she betrays her unfamiliarity with them)—"knows him, and asserts him to be the possessor of an income of half a million."

"These Italian fortunes are extremely problematical," said Laurence, and as he spoke the cook's apprentice came in with our breakfast, a neat paper cap on his head and a snowy apron guarding his jacket and breeches from soil.

"What is his name?" I asked. At this instant, remarking that three exquisitely arranged bouquets lay in tempting order among the carefully-covered dishes on the tray, I raised my eyes to make some acknowledgment of this attention—albeit expecting their ultimate appearance among the items of the bill—when, instead of the broad olive visage and thick lips of our usual purveyor, my glance rested on the pale, oval face and finely-cut features of the very person of whom we had been speaking. I uttered an exclamation, so did Clemence. Laurence said, "What is it?" but before we could either of us open our lips he had disappeared.

"A cook!" said Clemence. "Good heavens, *a cook!*"

"What! when?" said Laurence.

"It was he who just brought us our breakfast, and it was he who was at the ball last night, and was the guide up Vesuvius—the rider at the races!"

"And look at these!" I said, taking up the bouquets, which were tied with ribbons of different colors, fringed with silver. A name in the Italian language was embroidered on each ribbon, where it passed around the stems of the flowers. The one marked "Beatrice" was tied with a blue ribbon, and from this hung a ring that flashed white and blue, with the changing light of its sapphires and diamonds.

"Don't put them on, Beatrix," said Laurence, as I was about to slip it over my finger.

"Why not?" I asked; while Clemence, standing behind him, telegraphed across his shoulder, "Jealous!" "It is so pretty!"

"Although I think this fellow is only masquerading when he appears as a cook, still, I would not wish to wear a stranger's ring. Give it to me, and I will get you one exactly like it. But first let me see if it fits your finger?"

He took the ring and my hand in both his. Clemence grimaced at me across his shoulder, and then rustled out of the room. She had been gone but a moment when some one knocked on the door, that stood partly open. Laurence dropped my hand and called out "Come in!" and Germont entered. He must have seen us before he knocked.

Laurence looked—as he always looks when he sees Germont—inexpressibly haughty. I played with my ring, and, even with my eyes upon it, caught Germont's quick, interrogative glance at it and me.

"I beg a thousand pardons, but I have called to inquire if mademoiselle has found her poodle, the little Bobo, with the pink ribbon around its neck?"

XUM

Laurence turned to me inquiringly. I was so taken by surprise that I could say nothing.

"You have no poodle, Beatrix?" he asked.

"No."

"Then it could not have been mademoiselle who came to my friend Bianchi's door last evening to——"

Laurence's eyes flashed as he said, starting up:

"My cousin! Miss Amberside! Do you suppose that she——"

"You were absent last evening, Monsieur Shirley, and if the dog were lost, mademoiselle must seek it herself."

"But I have no poodle."

"Then it must have been the other young lady! Perhaps you do not know, Monsieur Shirley, that there is some one in the house who strongly resembles mademoiselle? My sister met her, and spoke to her as Mees Beatrix, which seemed to surprise her greatly."

I felt myself grow white. This ghost of myself, that I had thought to be "laid," was about to rise again.

"Ah!" said Laurence—he was undoubtedly thinking of the Beatrix whom he had pursued, and who had vanished so mysteriously. The tears came into my eyes. I felt so helpless with Germont for my opponent, and this vague fear taking shape again!

"It isn't my fault if some one else looks like me," I said, petulantly, and I moved so close to Laurence that my head almost touched his shoulder, as he stood beside me. He looked down at me, and saw the tears in my eyes.

"Why, Beatrix, of course it isn't your fault!" he said. "Only I had not supposed that there *could* be another as pretty as you are, my darling."

He threw his arm protectingly around me as he spoke, and I looked across his shielding breast at Germont, whose face was even whiter than usual, while his eyes looked almost black, so charged were they with the anger of defeat. His look was almost one of hatred, and it sent a bolt of ice into my trembling consciousness. Did he suspect—or did he *know?*

"I am sorry to have so greatly *alarmed* mademoiselle," he said, significantly, as he bowed and left the room.

I was trembling now from a complication of emotions.

"Beatrix, I do believe you are *afraid* of that man," said Laurence, looking down into my white face. "You need fear no one while under my protection, you little white lily!" And here he took me in both his arms, and, stooping, kissed me repeatedly on my hair, my forehead and my eyes.

Good heavens! how many such caresses I have felt! I had thought that my heart was dead—that it had burnt itself out; but I felt it throb again, something as it used to do in the old, old times; and when he released me, I know that my face was burning.

* * * * * * *

Clemence is mad! She wants me to take Germont into my confidence—offer to "share the spoils with him," in fact, if he will *permit* me to marry Monsieur Shirley! I wish she hadn't used such a coarse, brigandish expression. Am I doing any more than others—perfectly correct women, old and young—are doing every day? that is, providing a comfortable future for themselves by winning a husband. But she does not know that Germont has loved me himself, after his cold, mephistophelian fashion; and I am sure that he will never forgive me the deceit I practiced upon him when I left Paris. No—I must fight him, and with my own weapons. If I win Monsieur Shirley, I am safe; if not, there is this impressionable Italian, with the supposed income of half a million. The story of my past would have no terrors for him. Italians do not mind such peccadilloes.

Ah! my dearest little familiar, in whose discreet ear I am whispering all these confidences, if you were only really the little red demon I please myself by fancying you to be, I would send you to perch on Germont's pillow to-night, that you might leave a blue line around that white, snake-like throat of his in the morning.

CHAPTER XI.

METAMORPHOSES.

From the Journal of Rafe the Waif.

This morning I was sitting to the B. C. as Beatrice Cenci, with my head done up in the turban-like wrappings that distinguish the portrait of that unfortunate girl, when there came a tap on the door of the studio. I opened it, and there stood a stranger, old—old, I thought him at first, by reason of his snow-white hair; but a second glance decided me that the smooth, ivory skin, the vividly scarlet lips and piercingly brilliant blue eyes could only belong to a man on the right side of forty. Never have I seen such keen blue eyes! They actually seemed to pounce on the long lock of hair falling (to be true to the conventionalities of the picture) from under the many folds of my headdress. Then they as rapidly scanned my face, until I felt as if he had taken a mental photograph of every feature.

The process was excessively disagreeable to me, and I suppose I showed this in my face, for he instantly averted his eyes, and bowing deeply, said:

"I do not intrude, do I? Is not this a studio?"

Before I could reply, the B. C. came forward, looking decidedly aggressive. She is but a scrap of a woman, but, on occasion, she will bristle all over, something like an enraged hen; and she now looked as if she considered the new-comer an intruder, and had a desire to peck him.

"Do you paint portraits, madame?" asked Mephistopheles—for so I named him on the spot.

"I *have* painted portraits," said the B. C., in a certain rough little way she assumes when, as I express it, she smells thunder in the air.

"I have a sister who is a very beautiful woman. I fancy, mademoiselle"—here he turned to me—"that you have seen her?"

"Oh, yes," I said, eagerly—"the lady with the Titian hair?"

"The same, Beatrice la bella!" he replied, with a smile. His teeth are miracles of form and whiteness, but they look as if they could bite! And they looked it still more as his eyes rested on my face, over which I felt a wave of red to be rushing. I was startled because he had called me *Beatrice*—forgetting the character I represented. Of course, he thought I was blushing at the compliment!

"And you wish me to paint this sister of yours, Mr.—Mr.——?" said that artful B. C. She always wishes to know a person's name, and all about him, before she takes an order for a picture.

"The Chevalier Germont," he said, producing a card. "I am known to Monsieur Shirley, and miladi and Mees Beatrix Amberside"—looking at me again. (One would suppose the man suspected something!) "Do you know them?"

"I do not; I am only a workingwoman."

"Pardon me, but art raises one to the level of princes."

"I am an American, and *we* don't believe in princes," was the ungracious response.

"And this young lady—your daughter?" (interrogatively; a non-committal grunt from the B. C.). "She strongly resembles the best types of *English* beauty. Indeed, she strongly resembles Mees Beatrix Amberside."

XUM

"It isn't she who will paint your sister's picture, however."

"Very true. I beg your pardon; I fear that I am interrupting your working hours. When may I bring my sister to your studio?"

"When you please. I will make arrangements for the hours for sitting when I shall have seen her."

Mephistopheles bowed himself out now, evidently perceiving that he had received his dismissal; and the B. C. sniffed in the rear of his departing figure.

"Wouldn't you like to paint *him*, B. C.?" I asked. "Isn't he Mephistopheles in light colors?"

"If he looks at you in that way again, I'll paint his sister pea-green," was the B. C.'s reply.

"I thought you would refuse to paint his sister."

"I should have done so, had I not ached to get hold of that Titian hair of hers. If I find that it's burnt or dyed red, I will never touch canvas for her."

"My dear B. C., you are positively ferocious! Mephistopheles has rubbed all your fur the wrong way. You spit like an angry little cat!"

"I don't like him, squirming and palavering around, instead of standing straight up, and speaking out from his chest like a man. He isn't a bit like——"

"The general," I appended, innocently.

The B. C. grew as red as her very best vermilion.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

PHILIPPE has taken me completely by surprise. He has engaged an artist to paint my portrait. What *can* be his reason? for he must have one—he never does anything spontaneously.

He seems to be strangely in good humor, both with himself and with me, although the American did almost refuse to dance with me at the ambassador's ball. I had expected to have to expiate that sin; but no, my good brother is going to have my portrait painted, "as a souvenir when you shall be Madame Shirley," he says, with that smile of his; and again I slowly freeze from head to foot.

Philippe asked me to be ready to go to Miss St. John's studio with him at ten o'clock. I asked him how I should dress myself. He said I need make no change. "You will do very well as you are." So I went in my simple black silk robe, with a bunch of tea-roses in my corsage.

The door was opened to us by a little, *little* woman, old, and yet young, with such large, brilliant, far-looking eyes, that they seemed almost too much for her small face. Her manner was stiff, almost repellent, to Philippe, but to me she melted into such gracious courtesy, with a suddenness that was almost ludicrous. But Philippe did not seem to remark the change. He was looking into all the corners of the room, as if expecting to see something.

While the little artist was posing me I heard a quick, light step pat, patting behind a gorgeous glowing screen, and there came in such a lithe, slender, glowingly beautiful creature, that my first thought was that she had stepped down and out of one of the gilded frames that shone at intervals among the wonderful hues of the silken draperies that hid the cold stone walls. She was olive-skinned, and had masses of purple-black hair flowing from under a broad gold band, that confined a fantastic Egyptian headgear, from which gold coins and fringes swung to the glorious arch of her jet-black brows. Her beautiful brown neck and arms shone like amber under the necklace and bracelets of a strange, barbaric form, that lay upon her bosom and clasped her wrists, and her robe was of pale-blue muslin, spangled from throat to hem, where it was finished by a border of crimson and gold.

This dazzling creature showed her white teeth between her scarlet lips in a brilliant smile, and bowed, addressing Philippe by name. He then seemed to recover himself. He rose to his feet and bowed. "Oh! that I were Marc Antony!" he said.

She turned to me. "Her hair!—oh, her hair should be all loose upon her shoulders!" she said. She was at my side in an instant, pulling out hairpins and loosening plaits, until she had it all about me, rippling over my lap and falling in its waves almost to the floor. "Oh, how beautiful! what texture! what a color! I could worship it!" she cried, and she went down on one knee, all in a moment, as lissome as a young leopardess, and pressed her lips to the locks that lay upon my shoulders. I bent my face to hers and kissed her forehead before she could rise. She looked up at me and laughed, then she grew grave, and her eyes fixed themselves on my face inquiringly, almost with the look of one who sees the loved and lost return in the strange shadows of the twilight, and the changing spirit-forms of the clouds.

"You are a Frenchwoman, are you not?" she asked, at last.

"I am only half a Frenchwoman," I replied, eagerly.

"Then you are Italian on one side?"

Italian on one side! How can one side of me be Italian and the other side French? If I knew which half of me were French I would have that half cut off! My Italian blood almost refuses to mingle with my French blood. With my Italian half of me I *hate* the French half of me. I *thought this*, but I said:

"My mother was an Italian."

"And we are more our mothers' than our fathers'," said she. "Have you relatives in Italy?"

Relatives! How my heart bounded and my blood chilled at this innocent question!

"You have grown pale. Perhaps I should not have asked."

Philippe was smiling sardonically, and I braced myself, mentally.

"No, I have no Italian relations," I replied.

"You are so much like—a picture," she said, and then she sprang to her feet—all her movements are like those of some graceful wild creature—and moved an easel, on which stood a picture, in front of me. I looked, and saw—Guido!

"You recognize him?" she said, eagerly.

"He looks like some one I saw at the French ambassador's ball."

"The picture was painted from a model I found on the Piazza di Trinita at Rome. But I am sure that he looked like a prince in disguise."

"And the girl's face. Did you paint that from a model, also?" asked Philippe, who was looking over my shoulder.

The blood showed through her olive cheek, as she replied:

"That head was copied from a picture."

"From a picture!"—how eagerly Philippe spoke! "Where did you see the picture?"

"In a private collection."

"In France?"

"No—in England."

Philippe's eyebrows went into one line. When they do this, he is puzzled.

"Have you ever seen any one who at all resembles it?" he asked.

"Yes; Miss Amberside."

Philippe looked at her with his hawk-look.

"You have met, then?"

"Yes; she has come up here to see me."

I knew by the sudden dilation of Philippe's pupils that he had made a discovery.

"Were you Cleopatra when she saw you?"

"Oh, no!" she said, shaking her head.

"And what did she think of you?" he asked, abruptly.

"She wanted to swear eternal friendship with me."

"And did you?"

"You must ask her."

Philippe was very silent after this, and, although he appeared not to be looking, I could see that he was watching every movement of this fascinating Cleopatra. Can *she* be the reason that he wishes me to have my portrait painted? Poor child! I pity her, should Philippe chance to win her heart. He would freeze her to death!

From the Journal of Rafe the Waif.

I FANCY that I have puzzled Phisty—(N. B. That is short for Mephistopheles; and I do enjoy giving "his stuck-upativeness," as the B. C. calls him, such a mean, contemptible kind of a diminutive).

When he brought his sister—whom, by-the-way, the English language has not superlatives enough to describe, and who is so like *him* that I love her for *his* sake, as well as for her own—to sit for her portrait, he found out that my "double" has been to see me, and was very anxious to learn how I had affected her. What fancy can he have behind that handsome, wicked, blonde mask of his? I have questioned madame, but she had never seen or heard of "Mees Beatrice" until she met her at Naples, where she is quite sure her brother, also, was introduced to her for the first time.

I appeared as Cleopatra at the first sitting, and at the next I was Raffaelo; and I think that my different personations have somewhat puzzled Phisty as to my true personality. How the B. C. hates him! She says she is sure that he ill-treats madame. Think of any one being unkind to that glorious creature!

Who should present herself at madame's second sitting, but "Miss Amberside"! She brought her mock mamma along with her. How my blood boiled when I saw the creature who dared to personate my dead mother!

"This is my friend Rafe, mamma," said she, presenting me—and, at this, I could not help glancing at the chevalier. His face was a study; his mask had fallen for a moment (I don't believe that happens very often), and I saw then that he has a peculiar interest, of what kind I cannot make out, in my double.

Miladi just dropped her eyelids—I suppose that is enough of a bow for an artist!—and then raised them, to fairly stare me out of countenance.

"I wonder if she takes her for a picture?" said the B. C., in so loud an "aside," that miladi turned to look at *her*.

"Who is she?" Miss Beatrix asked of me, in a low voice.

"Oh, she's the B. C.," I said, carelessly.

"The B. C.?" she repeated.

An idea popped into my head, and I gave her the benefit of it.

"*Bone-Creator*—that is, the anatomist, you know. I never studied anatomy, so I keep her to put all the joints into my figures."

"And she is putting in madame's joints now?"

This question almost convulsed me, but I managed to keep my countenance. How the B. C. did scream with laughter when I told her, afterward, the position she was supposed to occupy in our studio!

A very strange thing happened last night. The B. C. and I do not sleep on the same floor on which she has her studio. Our bedroom, which is big enough for a young ladies' boarding-school, and in whose vastness our two modest little beds are almost swallowed up, and where we also take our meals, protected by a screen from the sight of the toilet enormities, is only on the third floor of the *palazzo.*

The mosaic flooring of our "residence," as the B. C. and I call this immense apartment, which is full of echoes all day, and awful with shadows at night, is disfigured with cracks, unevennesses, and even hollows, and sometimes when a small object is dropped it is a work of time to find it again.

I was in here alone, at nightfall, having left the B. C. to perform a mysterious and solemn ceremony, which she entitles "picking up" the studio, and, in the act of removing some of my adornments for the plain comfort of a wrapper, a beautiful pearl cross she had lately given me slipped from its chain and fell upon the floor. I was in an agony, lest it should be stepped upon, and unhooked the swinging lamp to look for it. I was poking my finger into an unusually wide split in the mosaics, when, all at once, I screamed, for I thought that I was growing mad when a slab of marble slid away from under my hand, leaving a dark open space that seemed of an awful depth and blackness, seen in the light of my solitary lamp.

As soon as I had stopped trembling and feeling sick, a thousand stories of the mysterious trapdoors and secret staircases that honeycomb these Italian palaces came to my mind, and curiosity grew stronger than fear. As I carefully lowered my lamp through the opening, holding firmly to the chain from which it swung, I half expected to see a pile of skeletons; but I could catch a glimpse of nothing more frightful than a toilet-table, with hangings of lace that looked like cobwebs, so thick were they with dust, which also grimed the crystal flaçons that sent out a few dim sparkles, as if hinting of cut-glass and gilding in bygone days.

The small circle of light cast by my lamp embraced no more than this; all beyond was murky shadow, and when a feeble gleam came from the shadowy mirror over the table, I started with a feeling of terror, lest some white face should slowly gather form in its depths, and rise to the level of my curious glance.

I dragged one of the various rugs that lay around the room across the opening, and sat waiting for the B. C. to come, that I might share my discovery with her.

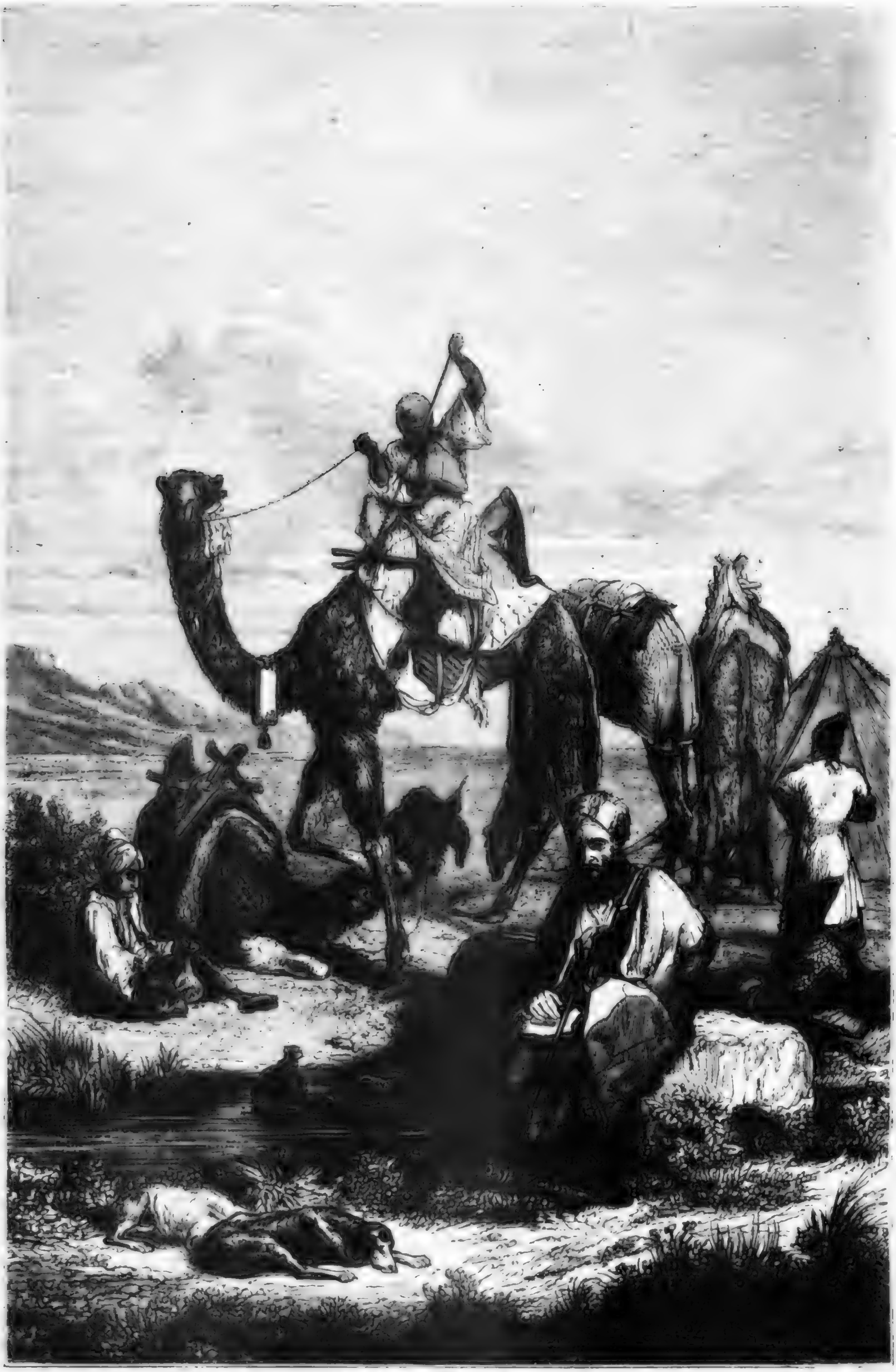
(*To be continued.*)

THE VALLEY OF ROSES.

THE name of Kezanlik first became thoroughly familiar to American readers during the Russo-Turkish war. It is a small town in a valley, but a short distance from the bottom of the Shipka Pass, on the Roumelian side of the Balkans. In this valley the culture of roses has for centuries been followed by hundreds of farmers, and the distillation of the famous attar is the chief, and, perhaps, the only, industry. The essence, which is used so profusely in the harems of Constantinople, and in nearly all the sensuous refinements of the East, requires the consumption of millions upon millions of roses annually.

This year the crop is said to surpass in abundance and beauty any known heretofore for a very long period of years; up to the very summit of the hills, nothing is to be seen but roses of all colors. The air is said to loaded with the heavy perfume of this immense mass of blooms for more than twenty miles around.

XUM

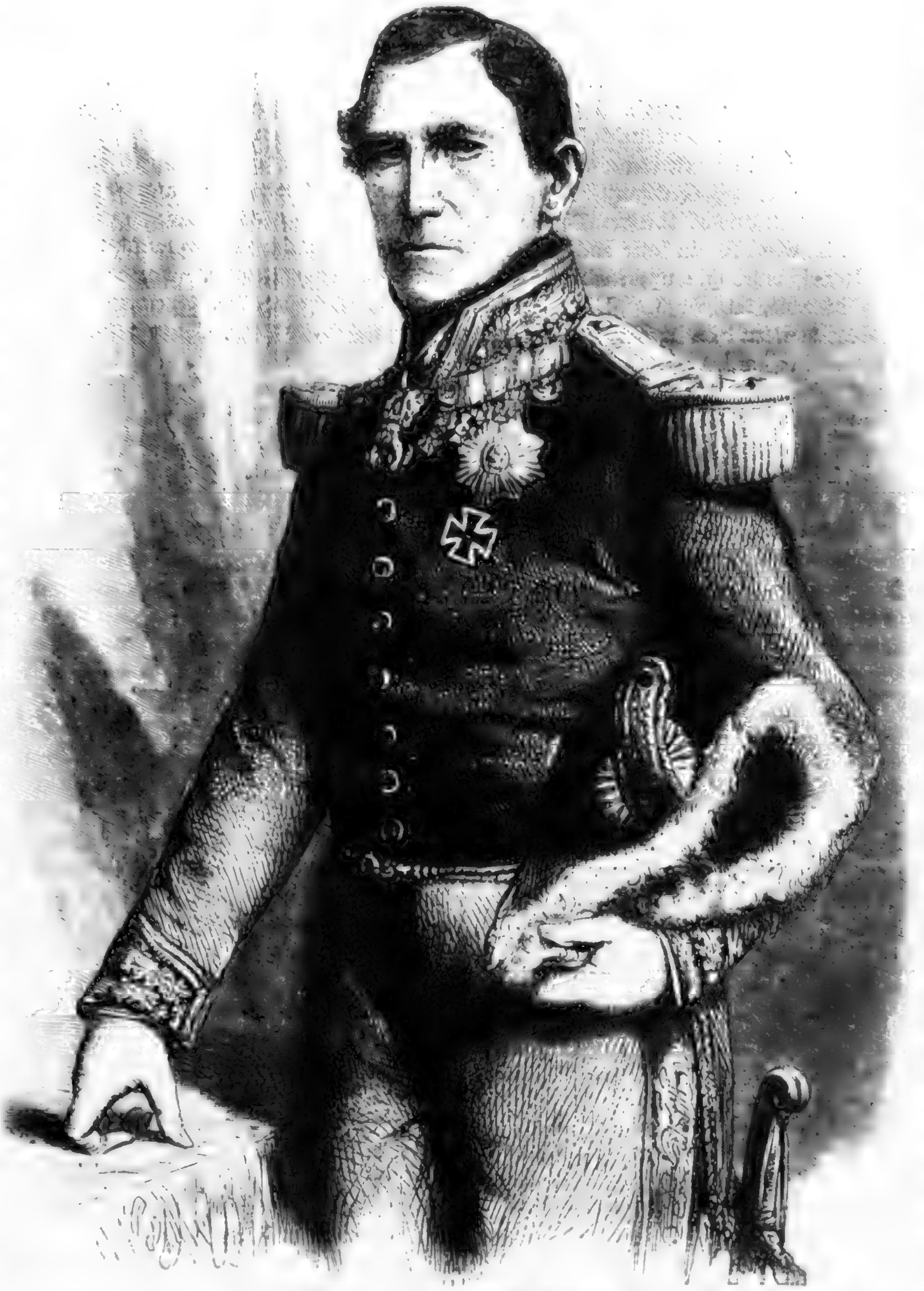


THE HALT BY THE DESERT POOL.

BELGIUM: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

By Godfrey A. Hudson.

The general tendency of civilization in Europe has long been toward the aggregation of nationalities. Peoples similar in race, and not greatly dissimilar in faith and language, have come to the conclusion that it is better for them to combine into one strong government than to endeavor to maintain several weak ones. Among nations, to be weak is to be miserable. This tendency began to manifest itself centuries ago. The various Gallic peoples united themselves into France, a State which, whether we call it kingdom, republic or empire, has long been one consolidated nation. The peoples of the island of Great Britain first consolidated themselves into the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, who waged perpetual wars with each other. A series of fortunate accidents placed the two crowns upon a single head, while for a time the two kingdoms remained distinct nations; but in the end they united themselves and formed the British nation.



LEOPOLD I., KING OF THE BELGIANS.

Just off the island of Great Britain is the smaller one of Ireland, peopled by a race akin to some of those who made up the population of Britain. Ireland was first overrun and conquered, then it was firmly united to the other kingdom. Beyond all doubt, there were manifold wrongs connected with and following this enforced union; yet there can be no doubt that it has been of advantage to Ireland, which, as a separate kingdom, must always have been exposed to the aggressions of its more powerful neighbor. We think that no wise man would wish to see the two islands politically dissevered, but rather that there should be a more perfect and equitable union between them.

The progress of national aggregation has been rapid in our day. The great body of German-speaking nations have united themselves, or have been forced to unite, into one mighty empire, which bids fair to endure for ages. Under our own eyes the Italian peoples—long frittered away into numerous petty States, too feeble to stand alone, and all of them a constant prey to Germans, French and Spaniards—have flung aside their petty sovereigns, and formed themselves into the Kingdom of United Italy, which forthwith took its place among the great Powers. The once disjointed Austrian Empire has consolidated, or is trying to consolidate itself, in the United Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, with uniform laws and institutions. Spain and Portugal belong together, geographically and ethnologically; and we trust that the time is not far distant when they will be politically one. When this shall come to pass, this united kingdom will be able to make good her claim to rank as a seventh among the great Powers.

Of the minor States of Europe, there are two which have no good reason for existing as such. These are the little kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, artificially formed, and only existing by the sufferance of their powerful neighbors. If, some day, France and Germany should come to be ruled by wise statesmen, they will see that it is folly to maintain

XUM

their mighty armies in the hope that one of them will be able in time to wrest a bit of territory from the other. If they could come to an agreement, each of them, without striking a blow—without, indeed, doing any wrong—could gain an increase of dominion worth more than either could ever hope to win from the other. Holland would become a part of Germany, to which she naturally belongs, while Belgium would fall to the share of France. All four parties would be gainers by this partial reconstruction of the map of Europe, which physical geography and history pronounce to be a right one.

What Germany would gain by the acquisition of Holland, is apparent from a glance at the map. The empire would have a continuous shore-line, with free access to the broad ocean, and ample ports. On the outer Zuyder-Zee, the entrance of which is made impregnable by the great Helder fortifications, are abundant sites for dockyards and naval establishments, superior to anything possessed by England or France. With these, Germany could, in a single generation, make herself one of the great maritime Powers of the world. She would gain four millions and more of the most industrious people upon earth, almost identical with her own in race, language and faith. The actual territorial acquisition would be immense; for, with the 13,000 square miles of Holland, would go the possession of colonies in comparison with which Holland itself is but a mere speck. In the East Indies, there are the great islands of Java, Madura, Bali, Lombok and Banca; the Spice Islands of Ternate, Tidore and Amboyna; with claims as extensive as she may wish to put forth in Borneo, Sumatra and Celebes. With such ample colonial possessions, Germany could enter upon a career of commercial development greater than Holland ever dreamed of.

That Germany has her eye steadily fixed upon the acquisition of Holland is perfectly well understood by all who look below the surface of European politics; and the indications are that the Hollanders are by no means averse to a change which would make their country, next after Prussia, the most important member of the most powerful European State. In any case, we may be sure that the Power which so ruthlessly laid its hand upon the Kingdom of Hanover, and upon the ancient free cities of Frankfort, Hamburg and Bremen, upon Alsace and Lorraine, will not hesitate to acquire the Kingdom of Holland, so much the more desirable for her.

But under no probable circumstances could this acquisition be made, forcibly or otherwise, without the concurrence of France; for, should France oppose it, she would be sure of the co-operation of Great Britain, and, most likely, of all the rest of Europe. And France will never consent unless she can somehow gain as much. She would gain as much by the acquisition of Belgium.

The gain by such an acquisition is obvious. France is straining every nerve to develop her manufacturing capabilities; but she labors under the lack of coal and iron. Now, next after England, Belgium is richer in these than any other country in Europe. Thus Belgium has in abundance just what France most wants, unless, indeed, it be good natural harbors.

We have already said that France and Germany are not natural enemies. They have been made such, not by Nature, but by the stupidity or wickedness of their rulers. Notwithstanding the disastrous issue of the late war, France has recovered herself so that an unprejudiced onlooker would say that, should a war break out between her and Germany, the issue would be nearly an even chance, and nowise decisive. We do not think that a French army would expect to march straight upon Berlin, or that a German army would hope to encamp again within sight of Paris. These two nations are so circumstanced with respect to each other and to the rest of Europe, that it is for the interest of each that the other should be as strong as possible, provided always that their relative strength shall remain essentially equal. Each State would gain greatly by the acquisitions which we have indicated, and neither of them so much more than the other that the balance of power between them would be sensibly disturbed. They are natural allies, for so nearly are they equal that neither could hope to gain much by their being enemies. Let them come fairly to an accord by which Germany should have Holland and France should have Belgium, and all Europe in arms could do nothing to prevent the execution of their decision. They might go further than this, and secure the non-intervention of Russia and Austria by leaving these empires at perfect liberty to settle the Ottoman question between them. Neither France nor Germany needs or desires any part of Turkey in Europe; Russia and Austria do want and need portions of it. For the possession of Belgium, France might well consent that Germany should have Holland, and Austria should have the shores of the Adriatic. For the possession of Amsterdam and the Zuyder-Zee, Germany might well consent that Russia should have Constantinople and the Bosphorus, giving her free access into and free egress from that Black Sea which has come to be mainly a Russian lake, wherein she can develop her growing naval power.

In all these speculations we leave Great Britain wholly out of the account. As a European power she has come to be inconsiderable, except in cases where other influences are nearly balanced, and she can be a make-weight in the scales. In such an event her influence would be great; in no other case is it worth much consideration; and she has enough other matters on her hands, without troubling herself greatly about questions of Continental policy. Her wisest statesmen, in whatever phrases they embody their views, agree in the general sentiment, that the more Great Britain leaves the Continental States to fight out their own quarrels, and arrange their own balances of power, so much the better will it be for her.

We have endeavored, in a general way, to cast the horoscope of the kingdoms of Holland and Belgium. The history of these two little kingdoms is full of interest. The lines run together for ages, then they become dissevered. Then, again, for a brief period they coalesce under outward pressure, soon to separate by reason of inherent repulsion. We propose, in what follows, to speak mainly of the Kingdom of Belgium, touching upon Holland only as she is related to Belgium.

Of the fifteen generally recognized independent European States, Belgium is the smallest in territory. She has an area of a little more than 11,000 square miles, about equal to that of our State of Maryland. Much smaller, indeed, are the so-called Republics of Andorra and San Marino, and the principalities of Liechtenstein and Monaco, whose united territory is less than 250 square miles, with a population not exceeding 20,000. These preserve their political independence simply because nobody thinks it worth while to deprive them of it. In point of population, Belgium ranks much higher upon the European scale. She falls just a little below Sweden and Norway, with nearly thirty times her area; exceeds Holland, Portugal, Switzerland, Denmark and Greece. Leaving out of view the few scores of square miles which constitute the immediate environs and suburbs of great cities, such as London and Paris, there is no spot in Europe—probably none in the world—so densely peopled as is Belgium. In 1873 the population numbered 5,253,000, averaging 461 to the square mile; in some provinces it is much greater.

The rate of increase is very slow. At the present day the population is about five and a half millions.

The people may be divided into two families, distinguished by the language which they speak, for here language is the best indication of race. A little less than five-tenths of the Belgians are Flemings, an offshoot of the Teutonic race, their language being closely allied to the Saxon and the English. A little more than four-tenths are Walloons, clearly of Celtic origin, whose language is the French. The remaining tenth may be set down as of mixed descent, speaking both Flemish and French, and sometimes German.

In general, Belgium is a low, flat country, although in the southeast the land sometimes rises to an elevation of two thousand feet. As in Holland, the soil consists mainly of alluvium washed down by the rivers. A considerable portion of it lies below the level of the ocean tides, which are kept out by means of dykes and embankments, less massive, however, than those of Holland. By nature the soil is rather unfertile, but the patient industry of generations has made it highly productive. In no other country has the science of agriculture practically attained a higher point than in Belgium; so that she is able to feed her dense population in ordinary years. Not even in France is the land so minutely subdivided, a very considerable portion of it being owned by the actual cultivators. Farms, in anything like our sense of the word, are rare; most of the estates are what we should consider mere garden-patches.

The mineral wealth of Belgium is very considerable—coal, iron, zinc and marble being among the principal articles. Formerly, the country was the foremost one in Europe for its textile manufactures; but of late years it has been in this respect outstripped by other countries, which have easier access to the raw material. Flax is, however, produced abundantly; and in the manufacture of linens, Belgium still holds a prominent place.

The Belgians are pre-eminently an industrious people. Nowhere else are there fewer idle hands; yet the statistics of social condition show that industry is upon the whole but poorly rewarded. The most complete of these reports which have come under our eye, are as old as 1857. The figures are startling enough. In that year there were, in round numbers, 900,000 families. Of these, only 89,000 are set down as "wealthy"—evidently including all families living in tolerable comfort; 373,000 families were living in "straitened circumstances"; the remainder, nearly one-half of the whole, are stated to be "living in a wretched condition." Of this last class, 266,000 families—nearly a third of the entire population—were at least partial paupers, "receiving aid from the State." This year 1857 was a very hard one all over Christendom; and most likely the proportion of those living in wretched circumstances was abnormally great. But all later data go to show that want and privation is the rule rather than the exception among the Belgian peasantry.

If one were to judge from official figures, there is ample provision for the education of all the people; yet we find that, in 1871, about one-third of the adult population were unable to read or write. In one respect, at least, Belgium is a model State. All forms of faith are not merely tolerated, but the adherents of each are absolutely equal in the eye of the law. More than this, the clergy of every faith are paid directly by the State. Catholic priests, Protestant pastors and Jewish rabbis all have their annual stipends from the public treasury. Notwithstanding this perfect religious freedom, there is no other country in Christendom where there is so little diversity in faith. Of the five and a half millions of people, not more than 20,000 are Protestants; and there are about 3,000 Jews—all the rest are Catholics. Monastic institutions are numerous. In 1866 there were 178 monasteries, with nearly 3,000 monks; and 1,144 convents, with more than 15,000 nuns.

A notably small proportion of the people are gathered into large cities. Brussels, exclusive of populous suburbs, has about 180,000 inhabitants; Antwerp has 140,000; Ghent, 130,000; Liege, 113,000. Next, but at a wide interval, comes quaint old Bruges, with not quite 50,000; and some half dozen other towns with more than 25,000 each.

The standing army, on a peace footing, consists of about 40,000 men. Every year 10,000 men are enrolled by conscription, with the privilege of furnishing substitutes; the term of service lasting eight years, about one-half of which is spent on furlough. On a war footing, as established in 1868, the minimum force is raised to nearly 100,000. Besides the standing army, is the national guard, or militia, comprising all able-bodied men between the ages of twenty-one and forty; but this is in actual service only in towns having more than 10,000 inhabitants. The public debt is very considerable, the nucleus consisting of the assumption of 220,000,000 francs of the debt owing by the Kingdom of the Netherlands, at the time of the disruption in 1831. Large additions have been subsequently made, mainly for military purposes and for railway construction. In 1870, the total amount was a little more than 700,000,000 francs. We suppose that it has not been subsequently increased, since the annual budgets usually make the estimated receipts a little in excess of the expenditures for all purposes.

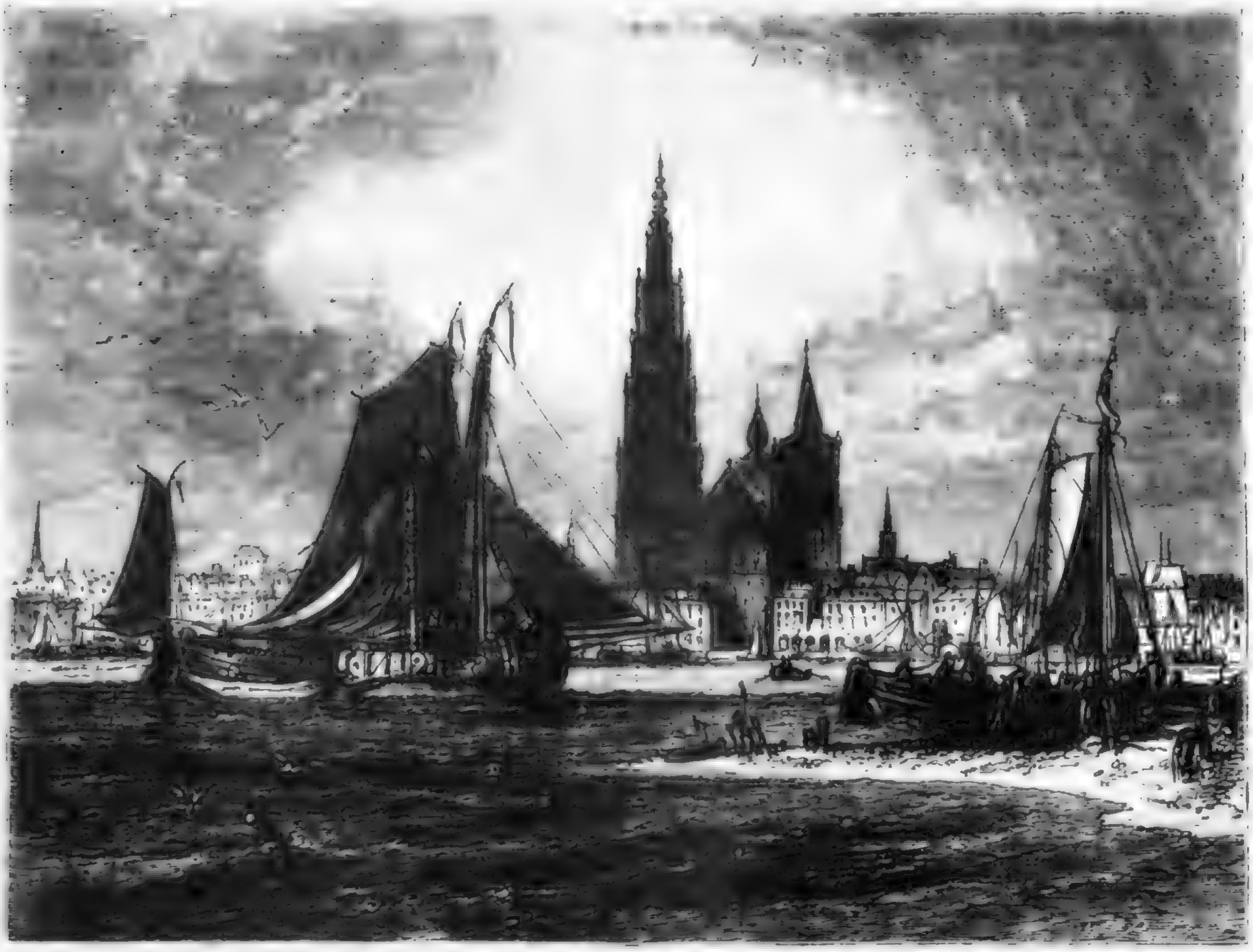
The existing Government of Belgium is a limited monarchy, the succession to the crown being in the male line. In default of direct male issue, the King may, with the consent of the Chambers, nominate his successor. The right of voting is vested in all citizens paying not less than 42 francs a year in direct taxes. Any citizen is eligible as a representative in the lower house; but only those who pay direct taxes to the amount of at least 2,000 francs are eligible as senators. This restriction confines the number of those eligible as senators within very narrow limits. Senators receive no pay; representatives have a salary of about $1,000 a year Upon the whole, the Constitution of the kingdom is a very excellent one—at least, upon paper.

The long history of what we now know as Belgium presents many points of interest, linking itself with that of all neighboring States. Of this history, down to the beginning of the present century, we shall give only the barest outline.

The name comes from the *Belgæ*, one of the three tribes whom Julius Cæsar describes as occupying that vast region known to the Romans as *Gallia*, or Gaul. Their region appears to have included all of the modern Belgium, with considerable portions of Holland, France and Germany. Ethnologists are not fully agreed as to the race to which the *Belgæ* should be assigned. The best supported opinion is that they belonged to the Celtic family, with perhaps some mixture of Teutonic blood. In character and habits they were clearly Celtic rather than Teutonic.

During the great migration of races which preceded, accompanied, and partly occasioned, the downfall of the Roman Empire, hordes of Northerners poured into this lowland region, which they found greatly to their liking. One part of it they called the "Good Meadow" (*Bet-Ave*, whence the Latin *Batavi*). The more northern and partially submerged portion came to be known as the *Hollow Land*, or, as we say, "Holland." Later, the whole immense alluvial plain was styled the *Nether-Lands*, or "Low Countries." When the Romans came to be too enervated to fight their own battles, or rich enough to hire others to fight in their stead, the flower of their armies was drawn

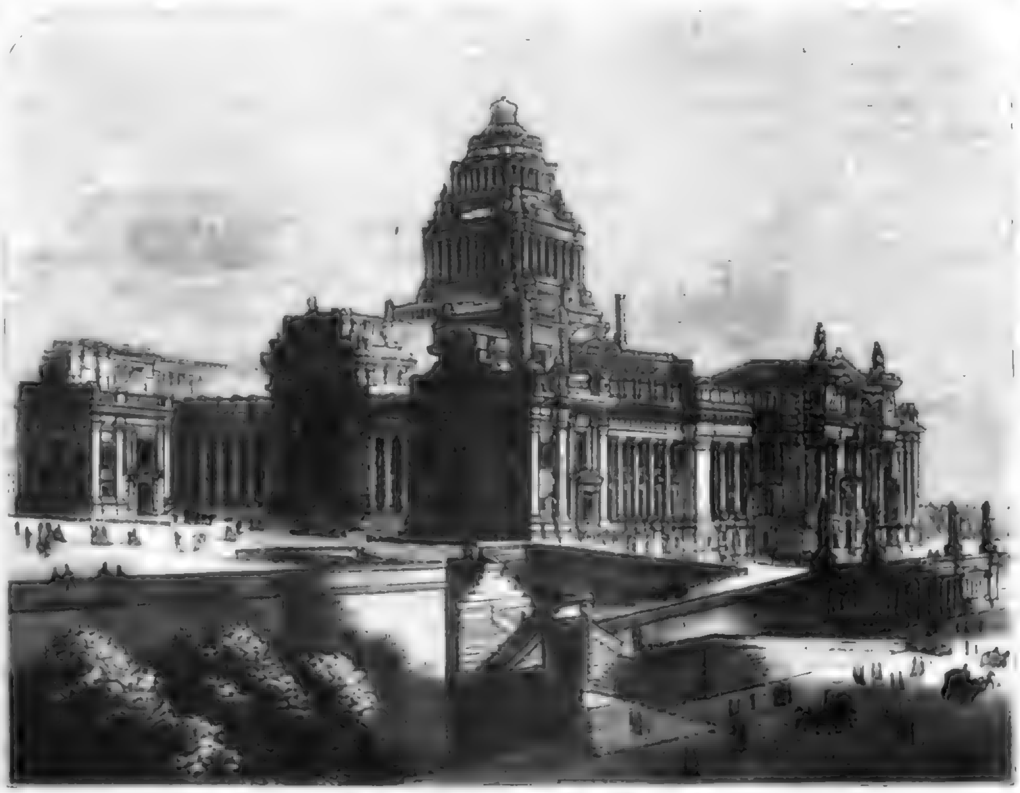
XUM



VIEW OF THE CITY OF ANTWERP.

from this part of Gallia, the Batavi being specially noted as fearless fighters.

When the empire finally went down, this region passed for a while out of the domain of written history. When at length it again comes to light, we find it divided up into numerous duchies and countships, with many a free town or commune dotting its low green surface. For during these long silent years men had here found out that there was other work in the world than that of cutting each other's throats. Industry had come to be a power in a sense hitherto unknown. The workers gained wealth, and with wealth came power, or, at least, the possibility of it; and they made the most of this possibility by purchasing rights and privileges from their feudal lords. They had by no means an easy time of it. Sometimes a strong lord refused to be bound by the agreement of his weaker predecessor. If the burghers felt themselves too weak to maintain their rights, they yielded for the time, but held themselves ready when opportunity came to re-assert their ancient privileges. Upon the whole, the power of the burghers, or, as we may call them, "the middle classes," grew from generation to generation in the Netherlands, and it came to be acknowledged that they had some rights which dukes and counts were bound to respect. These free towns and communes form the real root from which our modern systems of social polity have sprung.



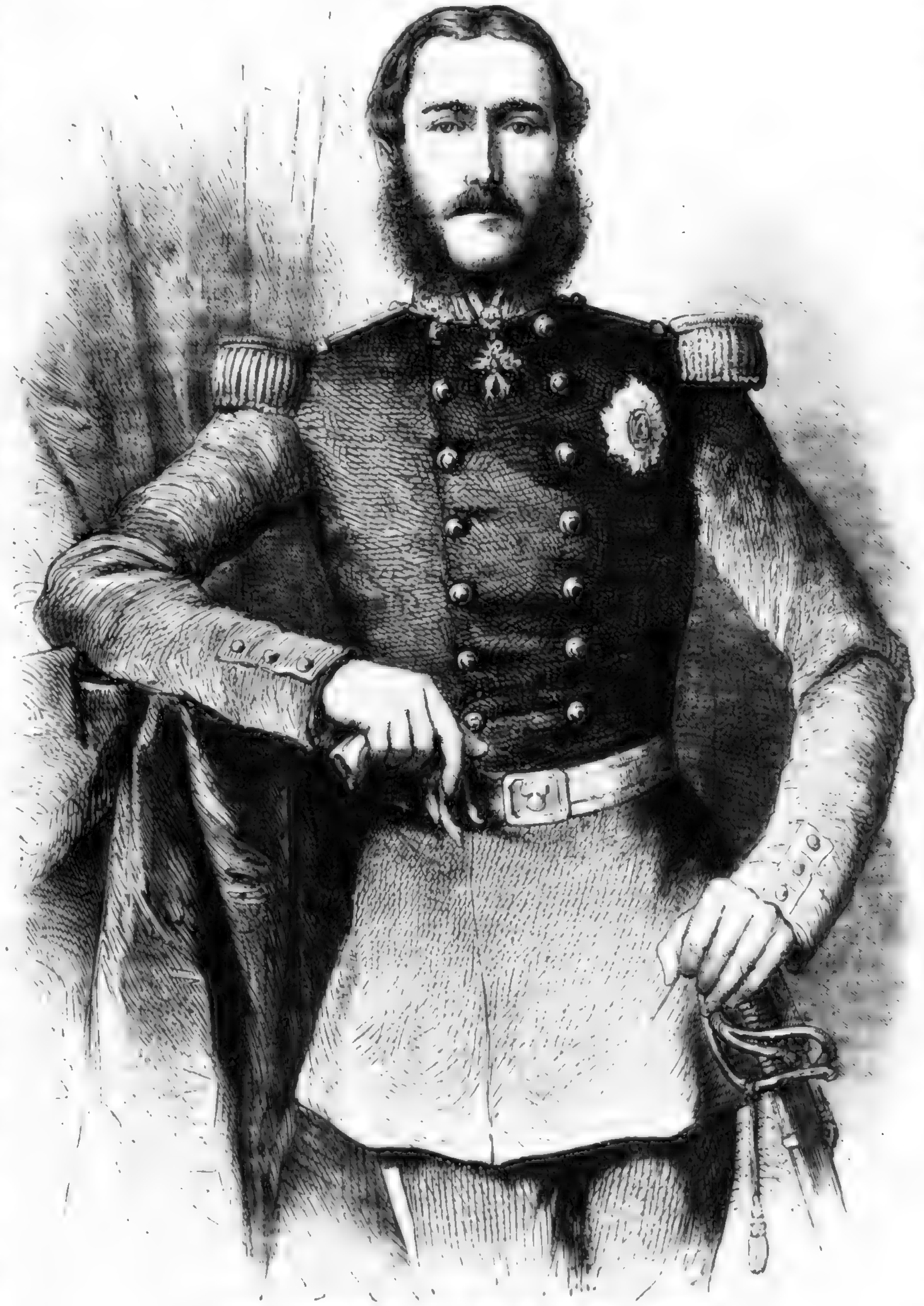
THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES AT BRUSSELS.

The great empire of Charlemagne had risen into existence, and he had it in mind to extend his sway over these regions, of

XUM

which he knew little; but more important affairs drew his attention elsewhere. Under his degenerate successors, his empire fell to pieces. The Saracens swarmed into Europe, made themselves masters of Spain, crossed the Pyrenees into France, whence they were beaten back by Charles the Hammer; yet the bruit of these great events scarcely reached the Netherlands, any more than did the intrigues and quarrels between Popes and Emperors. The Netherlands were isolated from the rest of Europe until the fourteenth century was approaching its close. At the middle of this century, Flanders was the richest and most important province of the Netherlands.

The year 1385 was a marked epoch in the history of this region. The Count of Flanders died without male issue; and with him the line of the countship was extinct. The succession somehow fell to the Duke of Burgundy, one of the most powerful of the French suzerains, and, in all but name, an independent sovereign. It was not long before he made himself master of the Netherlands, which formed the most productive part of his broad domains.



LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS, ON HIS ACCESSION.

Toward the middle of the next century, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, ranked among the most powerful potentates of Europe. He was, in all but craft, an overmatch for his liege-lord, Louis XI. of France, whom he made prisoner; and it rested upon the caprice of the moment, or a turn of the hand, whether Louis should ever come out alive. If he had so chosen, Charles might have replaced his ducal coronet by a kingly crown. Perhaps he would have done so, had a longer life been accorded to him. But in an evil hour he quarreled with the Swiss, and marched to invade them in their mountain homes. They met him half-way, and in 1477 the forces encountered near Nancy. Here, for perhaps the first time during the so-called age of chivalry, was fairly demonstrated the power of footmen against horsemen. It had been assumed that a squadron of fully-armed knights and squires and cavaliers could ride through and over any force of footmen. At Nancy the proud Burgundian chivalry flung themselves against the solid wall of the Swiss pikemen, were dashed in pieces, and hurled back in utter rout. Charles the Bold was slain in the mêlée, no one knows exactly how; three days after, his body, disfigured and scarcely recognizable, was found among a heap of slain. He left no son, and his daughter, Mary, became mistress of the Netherlands, where the Salic law did not prevail, and was the richest heiress in Europe.

Mary of Burgundy wished to marry the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, son of the Emperor Frederick IV. Somehow, the States of Holland had a voice in the matter, and before they would consent to the marriage, they insisted upon the granting of the "Great Privilege," a charter which greatly enlarged the legal rights of the States. The marriage took place; and so the dominion of the Netherlands passed over to the House of Austria. Maximilian, when fairly in place, ignored this great charter, which for a time became as so much blank parchment; but it still existed, and the grandsons of the men who won it appealed to it, as full warrant and justification when they rose in arms against the grandsons of those who granted it.

After the death of his father, Maximilian was made Emperor. For some reason he made over the Netherlands to his young son, Philip. This Philip married Joanna, the half-mad daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile. Their son, Charles I. of Spain, better known in history as the Emperor Charles V. of Germany, was thus, by inheritance, heir not only to the sovereignty of Spain, but also to that of the entire Netherlands, which thus became an appanage of the Spanish crown. Fortune never seemed tired of showering her favors upon Charles. At sixteen he acceded to his ancestral heritages. A few years later he was elected Emperor of Germany. Then the swords of Cortez, Pizarro and other conquistadors made him master of the Indies, as the southern portion of the New World was then designated.

How Charles ruled the Netherlands need not here be told at length. It is sufficient to say that he put forth all his power to crush out the Reformation, which had gained the preponderance in the northern provinces, and had taken firm root in the southern ones. In this he failed. He had pitted himself against the spirit of the age, and it was too strong for him. Worn out, not so much by age as by toil, care, disappointment and gluttony, he abdicated all his crowns, making what he judged the best disposition of his vast hereditary and acquired dominions. To his son, Philip II., he gave the Netherlands, Spain and the Indies, with a strict injunction to extirpate heresy.

Philip was in nowise backward in undertaking the task thus devolved upon him, especially in so far as the Netherlands were concerned. The result was that great revolt of the seventeen provinces, the issue of which was that the six northern provinces, constituting what we know as Holland, won their independence, and established the Dutch Republic, while the eleven southern provinces, essentially the modern Belgium, remained under the dominion of Philip. Thus the Netherlands came to be divided into two States, henceforth to be separate and distinct, except for the period between 1814 and 1830, when they were in a manner joined together by a force external to themselves. We shall follow the history of the southern provinces, then called "the Spanish Netherlands," touching upon the history of Holland only so far as it links itself with that of Belgium.

In 1598 Philip II. saw that his end was at hand, and it behooved him to make a disposition of those vast domains which had fallen to him by one tenure or another. The thing which he had nearest to his heart was to provide a sovereignty for his favorite child, the Infanta Clara Isabella. So much was she his favorite, that there was a report, not altogether discredited at the time, that after the death of his fourth wife he had it in mind to apply for a Papal dispensation permitting him to marry this daughter. This report was doubtless without foundation, for the worst of Popes, in the darkest of times, would never have dreamed of outraging the universal sentiment of Christendom by granting such a dispensation, even at the intercession of the most powerful of monarchs. The Papal power of dispensation in marriage cases is a broad one, and sometimes, in cases of great public import, it has been stretched to its widest extent; but never to such an extent as this. Yet grave and credible historians have not thought this scandal unworthy of mention.

Still, due provision must be made for the Infanta. The sovereignty of the Netherlands was in the hands of Philip, to bestow upon whomsoever he would. Not long before this he had made the Cardinal Albert, Archbishop of Toledo, Governor of the Low Countries. It was now decided that he should marry the Infanta, and that the independent sovereignty of the Netherlands should be vested in them and their descendants. A Papal dispensation for so worthy a purpose was easily obtained, freeing the Cardinal-Archbishop from his clerical vows, and the wedded pair came to rule the Netherlands under the title of "the Archdukes."

For a score of years the Archdukes governed mildly and not unwisely. Had an heir been born to them, not improbably the fate of the Netherlands would have been a happier one, for they would have been ruled by sovereigns native to the soil, and not by foreigners. But Albert and Isabella died childless within a short period from each other, and in 1621 the dominion of the Netherlands again reverted to the King of Spain.

The fortunes of the Spanish monarchy were now rapidly declining, and the Netherlands shared in her misfortunes. War after war broke out between Spain and France and other Powers. The Low Countries were always the first point of attack, and so their meadows came to be the battlefield of Europe. Spain was uniformly worsted, and had to purchase peace by successive cessions of portions of the Netherlands. This was especially the case in 1659, 1668 and 1679. In 1713 came the War of the Spanish Succession, when the other European Powers undertook to portion out the dominions of the half-dead monarchy. One result of this was that the Low Countries were assigned to Austria, and were called "the Austrian Netherlands." Afterward came the Austrian War of Succession, during which a great part of this country was seized by France; but it was, in 1748, restored to Austria by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

During the Seven Years' War (1756–1763), waged originally between Frederick the Great of Prussia and Maria Theresa of Austria, in which finally France, Russia and England became involved, the Netherlands remained wholly undisturbed; for the great battlefields were far away. After its close they enjoyed no little prosperity under the mild rule of Charles of Lorraine, the Viceroy of the Empress Maria Theresa. Her son and successor, Joseph I., incurred the dislike of the Netherlanders, who rose in revolt, and gained some advantages over the Austrians. In 1790, these provinces formed themselves into a republic, under the name of "United Belgium." This existed only a few months, and then they were once more brought under peaceful subjection to Austrian rule.

The interval of peace was brief. France had overthrown her monarchy, and transformed herself into a Revolutionary Republic. War was made upon her by Austria and Prussia. The French invaded the Netherlands. The battle of Jemappes, in 1792, put them in possession of a great part of the country; the action at Fleurus, in 1794, completed the conquest. This was acknowledged by the treaty of Campo-Formio, in 1797, and confirmed by that of Luneville in 1801.

The Netherlands—or, as we may now say, Belgium—were then made an integral portion of France, and were governed upon the same footing; received the Code Napoleon, sharing henceforth in the glories and the disasters of the Republic and the Empire.

After the downfall of Napoleon in 1814, Belgium was for a short time under the military rule of an Austrian commandant. Then the great Powers took it upon themselves to reconstruct the map of Europe. No Power would consent that any other one should have Belgium or Holland. As a makeshift, it was finally agreed that these States should be consolidated into a monarchy, under the name of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, the crown being conferred upon Prince Frederick William of Nassau. It was thought that this kingdom, having a population of about 6,000,000, would be strong enough to stand alone. It was especially designed as a countercheck to France, of whom the other Powers were naturally jealous.

Looking back upon this measure from the standpoint of the times, it was to all seeming a wise and not an unjust one. The two nations had, to a great extent, a common origin. For a long time they had a common history. Since their separation, they had, indeed, developed in different directions. The Hollanders were as thoroughly Dutch as their ancestors had been in the days of William the Silent; while the Belgians, during their brief union with France, had come to be quite as French as were the inhabitants of the other provinces of that empire. Yet it might not be unreasonably expected that the two peoples might live together in amity under a common government, with a settled Constitution.

But unfortunately the Constitution was in many respects obnoxious to the Belgians. They outnumbered the Hollanders almost two to one; but in the Legislative Chambers each had the same number of deputies. The national debt of Holland was very great, that of Belgium very small; and the whole was imposed upon the united kingdom, the Belgians having to bear the greater share of the burden. That the King was a Hollander, was of itself of little consequence; but it was charged that the interests of Belgium were made entirely subservient to those of Holland. Public offices were bestowed almost exclusively upon the Dutch. Thus, in 1830, we find that of the Cabinet, only one was a Belgian; of the 219 officials connected with the Ministries of the Interior and of War, only 14 were Belgians; of the 1,967 officers in the army, only 288 were Belgians. Differences of religion had not a little to do in promoting disaffection. The Belgians were almost to a man devoted Catholics; the Hollanders were almost to a man thorough Protestants.

A thousand causes had combined to bring about a revolutionary feeling all over the Continent. Brussels came to be a city of refuge for the discontented spirits of every nation, whose only idea of reformation was revolution. Orally and through the press they inveighed against all governments, including that of the Netherlands—so far, at least, as the administration in Belgium was concerned. Government at last undertook to deal with these violent propagandists; their presses were put down, and several of the prominent revolutionists were banished from the kingdom.

From 1824 onward, Continental Europe was drifting toward a new revolutionary period. It mattered little into what waters the stone should first be flung. Wherever the centre might be, the waves would swell on every side. Paris, as often before and since, took the lead. In July, 1830, the Parisians broke out into open insurrection. Charles X. was hurled from the throne, and he, with all his family, were doomed to perpetual exile. Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, with feigned reluctance, but with real eagerness, accepted the proffered crown, with the significant title of "King of the French"—not, as of old, "King of France."

The tidings of what had been done in Paris threw Brussels into excitement. It needed little to transform this excitement into an outbreak. On the 25th of August, just a month after the rising in Paris, a play entitled "La Muette" was performed at the theatre in Brussels. It was a poor piece enough, but it was full of passages of a political turn. When the curtain fell, some one raised the cry, "*Imitons les Parisiens!*" ("Let us do as the Parisians have done!") The cry was taken up by hundreds of voices. The audience shouted it as they poured into the street, where it was caught up and re-echoed far and wide. Before one could fairly know what it meant, a great mob had massed together. They did as such mobs are wont to do. They first attacked the public buildings, and then began plundering the establishments and dwellings of those who had in any way made themselves obnoxious. The ordinary city guards were powerless against the surging mob, who seemed to be everywhere. The small military force was called out; but after some feeble attempts to stem the tide, they were ordered back to their barracks, and Brussels was for a time in the hands of the mob. The fury spread from town to town, and similar scenes were enacted in almost every province.

The Government was taken wholly by surprise, and for a fortnight could not resolve upon any definite course of action. By this time the popular fury had subsided; the better classes organized themselves into burgher guards, who were able to maintain something like order. But even they were in favor of a separate administration for Belgium, although they were then willing that the crown should still be vested in the House of Nassau-Orange.

On September 13th the King convened a special session of the States-General at the Hague. Unwisdom governed all their proceedings. The Dutch members were exasperating in their treatment of their Belgian associates. Insult cuts more deeply than injury. Those of the Belgians who had come as moderates, went away as revolutionists, declaring that they would no longer be misruled and browbeaten by those whom they contemptuously styled their "French cousins." Belgium should be wholly separated from Holland; the King of the Netherlands, and none of his House, should be their King.

Meanwhile a royal army of 14,000 men, under the command of Prince Frederick of Nassau, was moving upon Brussels, which was partially occupied on September 23d. Three days of desultory street fighting ensued, when the troops were expelled. This success emboldened the Belgians. A Provisional Government was organized at Brussels, which declared that Belgium ought to be, and was, a free and independent State, and summoned a National Congress of 200 deputies from all the provinces to convene at Brussels.

When the Dutch troops left Brussels, they fell back upon Antwerp, which they occupied. In October, a large tumultuary Belgian force appeared before the city. The gates were thrown open by the people, and the Dutch, under General Chassé, withdrew into the strong citadel, which completely commanded the city. The Belgians—more a mob than an army—attempted to take the works with such weapons as they could find or make. Chassé opened fire upon the city. The bombardment lasted two days, doing no little damage, when a truce was agreed upon.

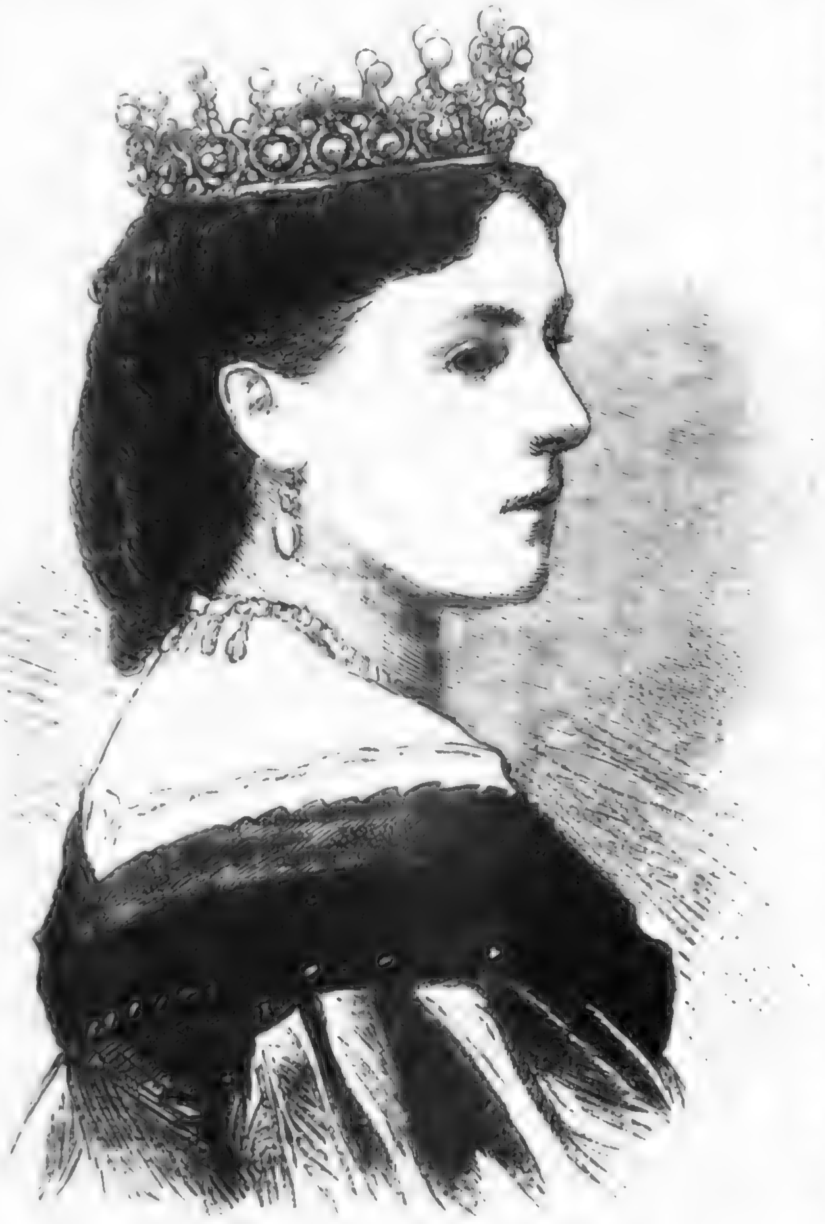
The Belgian National Congress assembled on the 20th of November. Without a single dissentient voice they voted for the perfect independence of Belgium. The form of government was now to be considered. There were 13 votes for a republic, and 174 for a limited monarchy. It was then moved that the Orange-Nassau family should be for ever excluded from the crown; this passed by a vote of 161 to 28—the minority being merely in favor of a little delay. The Congress then began to cast about for a King, foolishly imagining that they would be left to choose for themselves.

The list of candidates suggested is an amusing one. Some members proposed Louis Philippe of France, or his son, the Duke of Nemours; some named General Sebastiani, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs; others

XUM

suggested Chateaubriand, the French poet and novelist; some even hinted at the Pope. Prince Otho of Bavaria was talked of; so was some prince or other of the House of Sweden or of Savoy. But opinion tended most strongly in favor of the young Duke of Leuchtenberg, son of Eugene Beauharnais, and so, by adoption, a grandson of Napoleon.

Louis Philippe hastened to interpose a veto upon the choice of the Duke of Leuchtenberg. Neither France nor Great Britain would ever consent that a member of the Bonaparte family should sit upon the throne of Belgium. For himself, he favored Otho of Bavaria. If that prince were chosen, he would give him his daughter in marriage as soon as he became of proper age, and had completed his education.



MARY HENRIETTA ANNE, QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

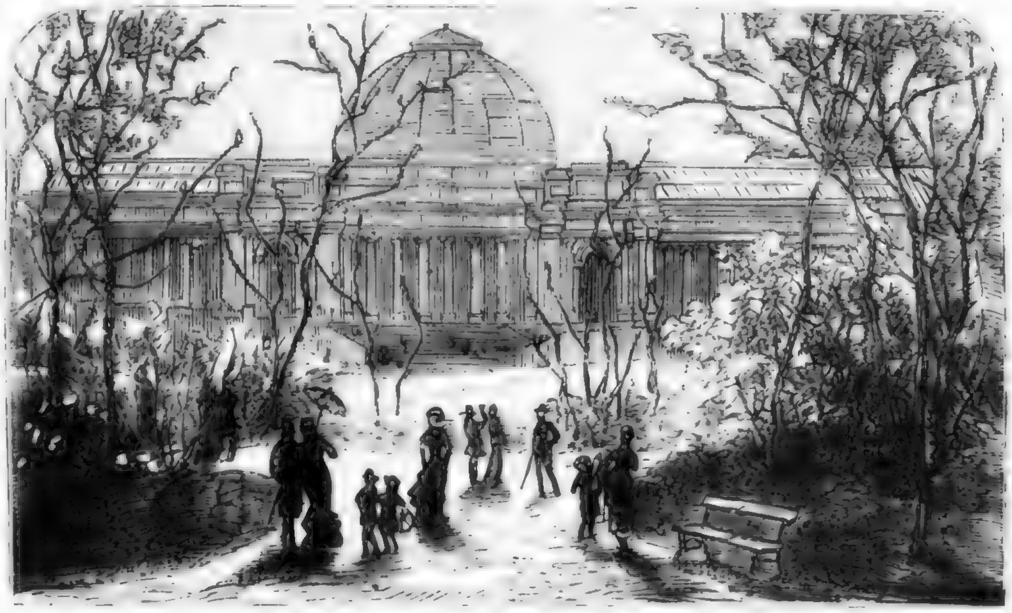
The more sensible of the deputies perceived that the good-will of the King of the French was of paramount importance, and were in favor of the Duke of Nemours. The more foolish of them took the declaration of Louis Philippe as an insult, and most of these determined to adhere to the Duke of Leuchtenberg. Upon the first formal ballot, there were three candidates, no one receiving a majority of the votes. Upon the second ballot, there were 74 votes for Leuchtenberg, 21 for the Archduke Charles of Austria, and 97 for the Duke of Nemours. The French prince thus received just a majority of the votes cast, without one to spare. The President of the Congress thereupon announced that the Duke of Nemours had been duly chosen as King of Belgium, and would be received and acknowledged as such as soon as he should have taken the oath to maintain the Constitution. A deputation was sent to Paris to announce to the duke that the election had fallen upon him.

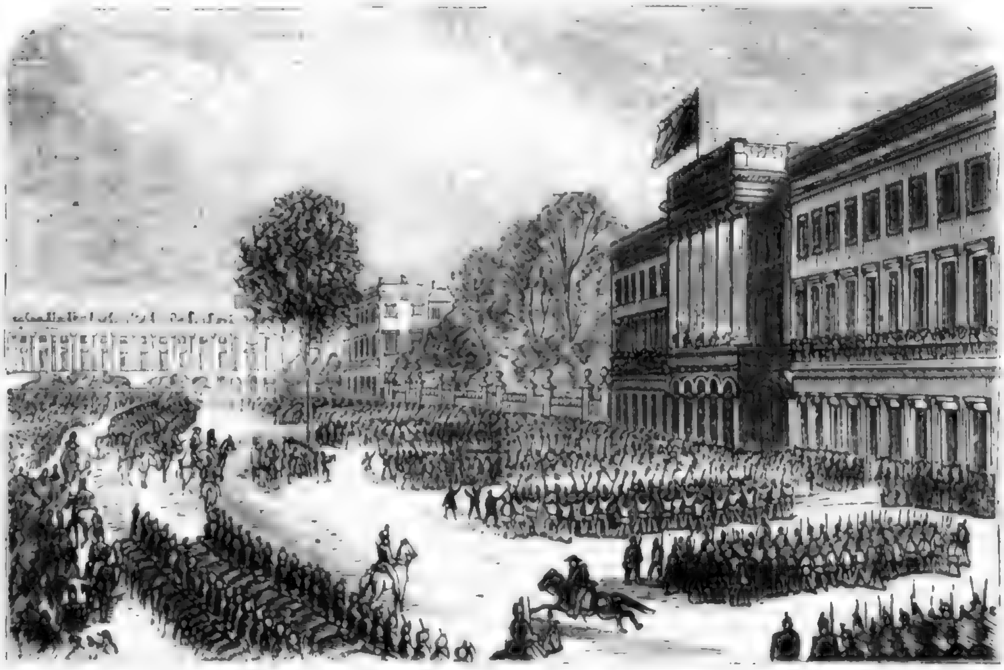
When this deputation reached the French Court, they met with an unexpected rebuff. Louis Philippe declared that no son of his should become King of Belgium, for such a measure could scarcely fail to bring about a general war. "The examples of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon," he said, "would suffice to prevent me from the fatal temptation of erecting thrones for my sons." Well would it have been for him had he been as wise fifteen years later.

In the meanwhile the representatives of the great Powers were convened in London, in order to deliberate upon and settle the affairs of Belgium. The Belgian Congress had now come to understand that till the decision of this European Conference should be rendered, there was nothing which they could do. Until then they named a Regent, in the person of one M. Chokici, who was duly installed on the 25th of February, 1831. His regentship lasted barely four months, for by the end of that time the London Conference had decided for the separation of Belgium and Holland, and had fixed upon the terms of the separation, which were to be enforced by arms, if need were. They had also selected a King for the Belgians.

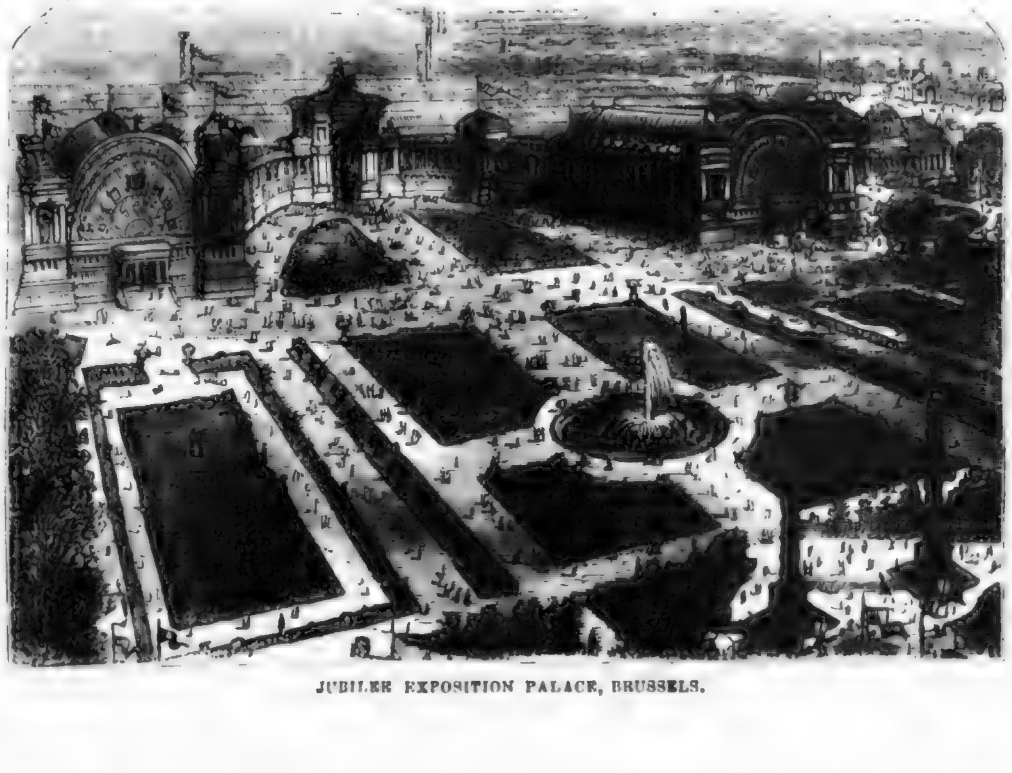
The choice of the Conference was Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg — perhaps the wisest, certainly the luckiest, prince of his generation. Born to a slender inheritance, he had, at the age of twenty-six, married the Princess Charlotte, heir presumptive to the British crown, and had received from Parliament an annual pension for life of a quarter of a million of dollars. Eighteen months after this marriage the princess died in giving birth to a stillborn child. But the pension still survived, and Leopold lived to enjoy it for half a century. He had since lived in England, where he won the good-will and respect of all men, although some hinted that he was quite too careful of his money. He was now a man of forty, who took life easily. It was by no means certain that he would exchange his easy life for the Belgian crown; and he had, upon second thought, just refused that of Greece, which had been offered to him, and partially accepted. Upon being privately sounded, he said that he would not refuse the crown of Belgium if it should be offered to him by the people, although he did not greatly desire it; but in no case must he be pressed as a candidate. His willingness was, perhaps, in a measure caused by the assurance that should he accede to the dignity, he should marry the lovely Princess Marie, a daughter of Louis Philippe.

Even yet a portion of the Belgian deputies seemed averse to having a King chosen for them, although he was probably the very man they would have selected, had the choice been left to themselves. They could scarcely have expected to do better than to obtain for their King a prince rich in his own right, of good abilities, excellent character, and in the very prime of manhood. When he was proposed to the Congress a series of stormy debates ensued. In the end the wiser counsels prevailed. When the votes were taken there were 152 for Leopold and 44 against him. In a fortnight he was on his way to his new kingdom, where he was met by general favor. For a brief space there was no apparent cloud upon the horizon; but in a few weeks he was astounded by the tidings that a Dutch army, 50,000 strong, had crossed the frontiers of Belgium, and were heading straight toward Brussels.


THE HORTICULTURAL PAVILION, BRUSSELS.


REVIEW IN THE GREAT SQUARE, BRUSSELS.

The King of the Netherlands was by no means minded to acquiesce in the division of his kingdom, much less to certain hard terms which the Conference had imposed upon Holland. He was, most likely, aware that a division had come to pass between the Powers represented in this Conference. Austria and Prussia had come to look with distrust upon the close alliance which was growing up between France and Great Britain. The King whom they had named for Belgium was, or would soon be, closely allied by marriage with both of these Courts. They could, indeed, scarcely recede from the decision in favor of the independence of Belgium, provided that it could be carried out without the exercise of actual force by the great Powers, but they had virtually withdrawn from the final adjustment of the matter, and left it to France and Great Britain, who imposed onerous conditions upon the King of the Netherlands, and gave him to understand that they would enforce his compliance with them with their armies and fleets. Prussia and Austria protested against this, and soon declared that in case war was made upon Holland, they would take part with her. The Dutch King, emboldened by this, undertook


JUBILEE EXPOSITION PALACE, BRUSSELS.

the re-conquest of Belgium, and sent his army across the frontiers.

To oppose the 50,000 Dutch troops which had entered Belgium, Leopold could muster barely half as many undisciplined men. With these he endeavored to hold the invaders in check, but on the 9th of August he was defeated near Louvain, and narrowly escaped being made prisoner. A great French army was now put in motion toward Belgium, and the Dutch retreated across the frontiers, to await further developments. General Chassé, with 5,000 men, still held possession of the citadel of Antwerp, from which France and Great Britain undertook to expel him, and on the 18th of November a French force 60,000 strong, under Marshal Gérard, crossed the Belgian frontier. A general European War seemed imminent, and the armies of the Continent were placed upon a war footing.

The French army, with its immense train of field equipage, moved rapidly. They had come to the belief that their expedition was the prelude to events which would wipe out the stain of the great disaster of Waterloo. Their line of march led them directly through the centre of that battlefield. As they passed the huge mound reared by the King of the Netherlands to commemorate the victory of the allied Powers, they were half inclined to demolish it; but time was precious, and they contented themselves with discharging a few volleys of musketry upon the colossal bronze lion which surmounted the mound. Near the close of the month they arrived before Antwerp, and began preparations to besiege the citadel.

The citadel of Antwerp, built by the Duke of Alva to overawe the town, had been greatly enlarged and strengthened by Napoleon, and was esteemed one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, completely commanding the city and harbor. On the west it was protected by the broad, deep Scheldt, and on every side there were advanced works of great strength. The ramparts, strengthened by huge bastions, were mounted with 180 cannon of the largest calibre then known. There were ample casemates for the protection of the defenders, who were, however, too few to fully man the immense circuit of the works. This siege of Antwerp is in some respects one of the most notable in history. It has been aptly styled a "besieging tournament."

The citadel could be most advantageously attacked upon the side toward the town, which the besiegers wished to be spared, and Gérard opened negotiations for that purpose. Chassé perceived his advantage, and declared that if any attempt should be made to assail him from certain points, he would at once bombard the city, which was wholly at his mercy. If the besiegers would limit their attack to that side of the citadel opposite the town, he would spare it—but not otherwise. For a time it seemed that no such convention could be agreed upon. The wildest alarm prevailed in Antwerp, and all who were able to do so fled from the city. Finally it was agreed that the city and all its outworks should be neutral ground; that the approaches of the besiegers should be made through the open country on the southeast, away from the town; and that the fire of the besieged should be turned only in that direction. Antwerp itself thus became a safe place from which men could view the great military spectacle which was to be presented, and multitudes flocked thither to behold it.

Ground was broken for the siege on the last day of November, 1831, the operations being conducted under a heavy fire from the citadel. The weather was cold and stormy, but the besiegers pushed on their approaches with great vigor. They first opened fire on the 4th of December, from eighty cannon and twenty mortars. It was a spectacle such as the world has rarely seen. Two hundred cannon and mortars were incessantly at play; yet only upon one narrow front spot was there a sign of the horrors of war—everywhere else all was as quiet as in the time of profoundest peace. The inhabitants of Antwerp pursued their daily avocations just as though the siege was a sham fight got up for their amusement. They ascended the towers and steeples, or rode out, to look upon the unwonted spectacle. But upon that southeastern front of the citadel, grim, earnest work was going on.

The attack of the besiegers was at first mainly upon the Fort of St. Laurent, a strong detached work garrisoned by less than 300 men. The heavy fire poured upon it seemed scarcely to make an impression upon its massive walls. For ten days the furious cannonade went on, while a mine was laboriously run right under the walls. This was exploded on the night of December 14th, making a wide breach, through which four or five companies of the besiegers poured themselves. They found little to do in the way of fighting; for the garrison quietly withdrew to the citadel itself, all but about sixty men who were too late, and were made prisoners.

The capture of St. Laurent was an immense gain to the besiegers. It gave them a foothold close under the walls of the citadel, the interior of which could now be reached by their bombshells. The mortars were kept busily at work. Sometimes as many as fourteen shells could be seen traversing the air at once. They threw bombs heavier than had ever before been known. The range had been accurately taken, and scarcely one failed to fall within the works. Casemates deemed bomb-proof were one by one crushed by the enormous force of their descent. Especial pains had been taken in the construction of the hospital. The roof was formed of enormous timbers, and covered over with six feet of solid earth. A heavy shell fell upon this roof, burst through it, and exploded among the sick and wounded inmates of the hospital.

Meanwhile the walls were slowly crumbling before the fire of the cannonade, which was kept up day and night. The defenders fought with all the courage of their Dutch ancestors; but they were fighting against immense odds. Their numbers were too few to permit much interval of relief. They were obliged to stand by their guns almost continuously night and day, and were worn out by incessant toil and exposure in that cold midwinter season. The number capable of doing duty rapidly diminished almost from hour to hour. The fire from the citadel began to slacken sensibly, for embrasure after embrasure was broken in, and gun after gun was dismounted.

At length the fire of forty guns was concentrated upon the great Toledo bastion, one of the strongest parts of the citadel. This became a shapeless heap of ruins, so indefensible that a general assault was ordered for the 23d of December. Chassé knew that he was in no condition to repel an assault made by the overwhelming force which would be brought against him. He had done enough to vindicate his own military honor, and that of his command. For fourteen days he had with 5,000 men kept 60,000 at bay. So, while the French, under cover of a heavy fire, were mustering for the assault, he raised the white flag of truce. The firing ceased at once, and honorable terms of capitulation were soon agreed upon. The gallant defenders of the citadel were to march out, taking their arms and colors, and to retire to Holland, with all the honors of war. The fourteen days' siege had after all been less destructive of human life than might have been expected from the mighty cannonading kept up on both

XUM

sides. Of the besieged, 90 were killed, and 349 were wounded. The besiegers had 608 killed and 1,800 wounded.

The capitulation was not, after all, carried out to the letter. Included with the surrender of the citadel was that of some forts further down the River Scheldt, and commanding its navigation. The King of the Netherlands refused to accede to the surrender of these forts. They were not, he said, in any way under the command of Chassé, and he had no right to surrender them. The French commander thereupon proposed to modify the terms so that the Dutch might hold these forts so long as they could, and that the garrison of the citadel of Antwerp might still return to Holland, under parole of honor not to serve against Belgium or France during the continuance of the war. Chassé was nettled at what he regarded as bad faith on the part of his sovereign. Rather than have any change made in the articles of capitulation, he and his men should go to France as prisoners of war. In France he was received with the highest honor; had he fought with instead of against the French, his reception could not have been more cheering. His detention as a prisoner of war was brief, for the great European war was averted.

The siege and capture of the citadel of Antwerp was a great event in its day, and did much to shape the history of Europe for half of a momentous generation. In France it was hailed as a great triumph of French valor. It reconciled even the sternest Republicans to the government of Louis Philippe. It evinced, as they thought, the beginning of a new era. The Belgians were practical revolutionists, for they had thrown off the yoke of a monarch, or, rather, a system of monarchy, which had been imposed upon them by the misnamed Holy Alliance. France had taken part with these revolutionists, and was therefore pledged to recognize as her natural allies all other peoples who were disposed to throw off the yoke of sovereigns whose right of rule rested either upon hereditary descent or arbitrary prescription. As they aptly phrased it, "The cannon-balls of Marshal Gérard were directed more against the Holy Alliance than against the citadel of Antwerp; they made a wider breach in the defenses of the conservative system than in the bastion of Toledo."

The British nation seemed to take little thought of a transaction in which they had borne no prominent part. No British gun had been discharged against the fort of St. Laurent or the bastion of Toledo; no British man-of-war had appeared at the mouth of the Scheldt. Moreover, they had been fighting a battle at home, upon the question of Parliamentary Reform. The people had won the day, in spite of the Crown and the peers; and so, in the language of Alison, the most undemocratic of all historians, "Intoxicated with their Reform triumph, and dreaming only of the unbounded social and individual advantages which they expected to realize from its acquisition, the people of Great Britain could not be prevailed upon to bestow even a passing thought on the events of the Continent. They turned a deaf ear to the thoughtful few, who in vain represented that they had lent their aid to undo the work of Marlborough and Wellington, and had restored to the son-in-law of France, and the sway of the tri-colored flag, the great outwork which Napoleon had created at so vast a cost for our subjugation, and which he deemed so vital to that object, that he lost his crown rather than abandon it."

The people of England, in their generation, were wiser than the historian. To them it mattered little, as it matters little now, whether or no Belgium should become actually or nominally a part of France.

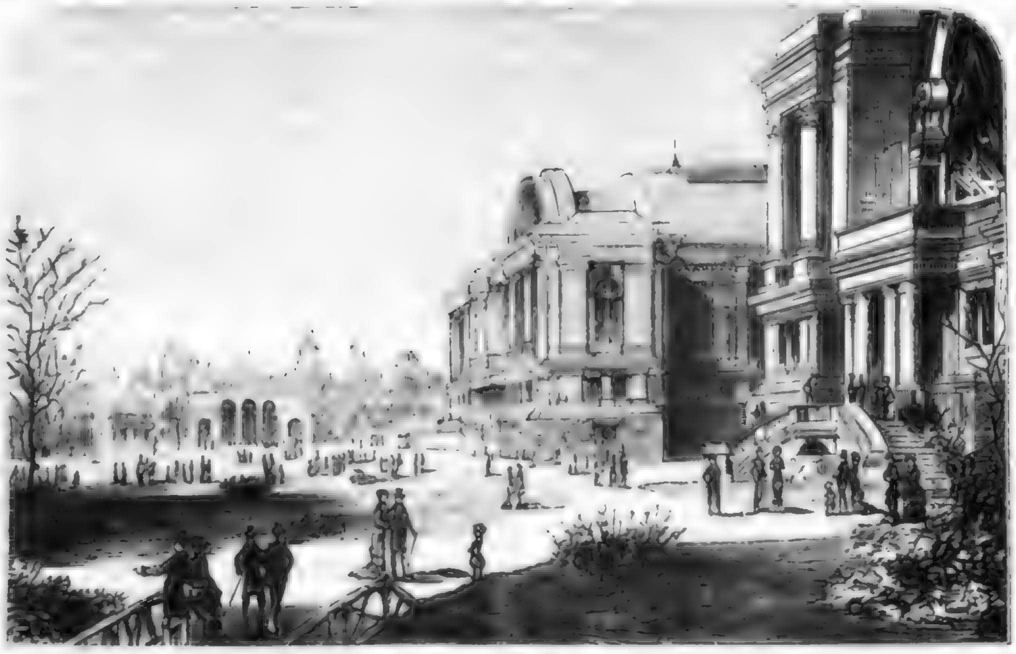
The capture of the citadel of Antwerp practically solved several problems for the Continental Powers. Bluster beforehand as much as they might, the thing was done. The Dutch were driven out of Belgium, and could be restored only by the sword, and against the combined power of France and Great Britain. France had recovered from the shock of Waterloo, as she has since recovered from the shock of Sedan. Great Britain, though still unarmed, in the Continental sense, was undisputed mistress of the ocean, and could, with her navy, shut up every port in Europe. Upon this Belgian question, Great Britain and France were in perfect accord. "England and France," says Chateaubriand, in his grandiose way, "like two enormous battering-rams, shook all the adjoining States, and the monarchs of Europe were afraid to come within reach of their strokes."

It was one thing to prevent the doing of a thing, and quite another to undo it after it had been done. For one reason or another, all the Powers came to the conclusion that the time for action had passed. Austria had her hands full of work to keep down the rising discontents in Italy and Hungary. Prussia hesitated to embroil herself in a quarrel with two States, one of which could destroy her commerce, and the other assail her cherished provinces upon the Rhine. Russia, exhausted by the Polish insurrection, was in no condition to wage a war outside of her frontiers, no matter how much inclined she may have been to aid in trampling down the revolutionary spirit in Western Europe. So these Powers thought it best to endure their mortification and remain passive.

The two little States most concerned in the matter came simultaneously to the conclusion that there must be peace between them. Holland, now assured that nothing was to be looked for from Prussia and Austria, could not hope to re-conquer Belgium in spite of the combined forces of France and Great Britain. Belgium desired peace, for Holland held the keys of the lower parts of the Scheldt and the Meuse, the principal arteries of the State, and so long as hostilities existed the commerce of Belgium was well-nigh extinct. When war is for the interest of no party, and peace is for the interest of all, some form of accommodation will be speedily attained. The capture of the citadel of Antwerp had settled the most important question, for after it the Dutch had not a foot of ground in Belgium. What remained was to arrange smaller matters, relating mainly to the navigation of the Scheldt and the Meuse. France and Great Britain did this, much to their own satisfaction and that of the Belgians, but to the great dissatisfaction of Holland. Remonstrances, however, were of no avail. Holland was obliged to agree to the terms, and on the 19th of May, 1833, all parties gave their formal consent to a convention whereby the whole dispute was brought to a close, and Leopold was in quiet possession of his crown.

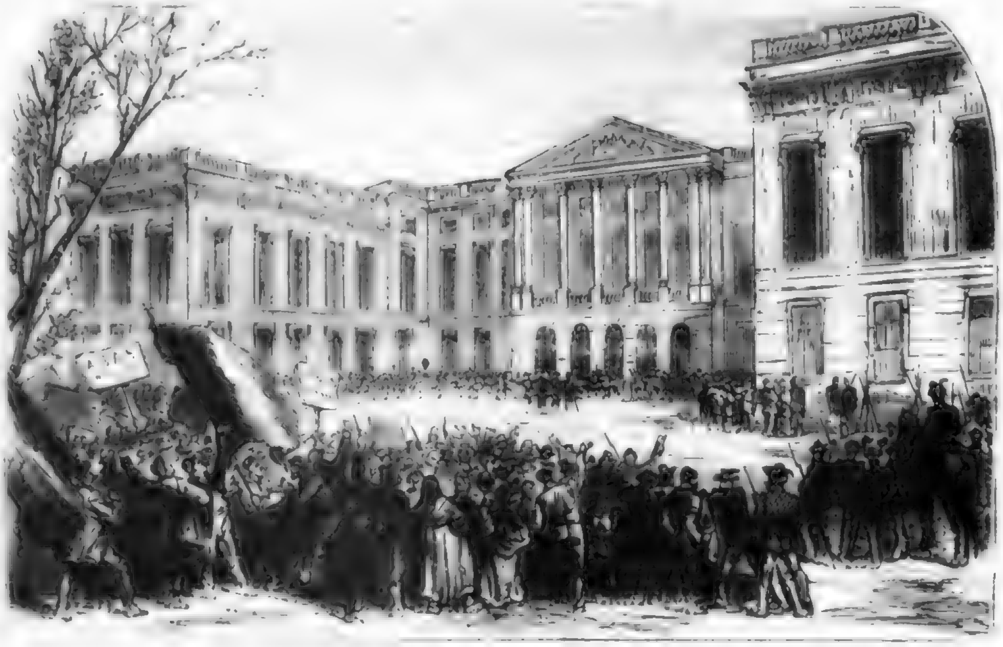
King Leopold ruled wisely and well, although not without many petty annoyances arising from the disputes of parties which sprang into being upon the most trivial occasions. Although the Belgians are Catholics almost to a man, these political parties turned upon points of religion more than upon anything else; for the people were divided into two parties, calling themselves Conservatives and Liberals. Sometimes one party had a majority in the Chambers, sometimes the other. Leopold wisely trimmed his sails to every breeze. When the Conservatives were in power he had a Conservative Ministry, when the Liberals got the majority the Ministry was changed to suit them, but all the while the course of policy which suited the King found favor with his successive Cabinets—wherein they showed much wisdom.

When, in 1848, the Revolution broke out in France



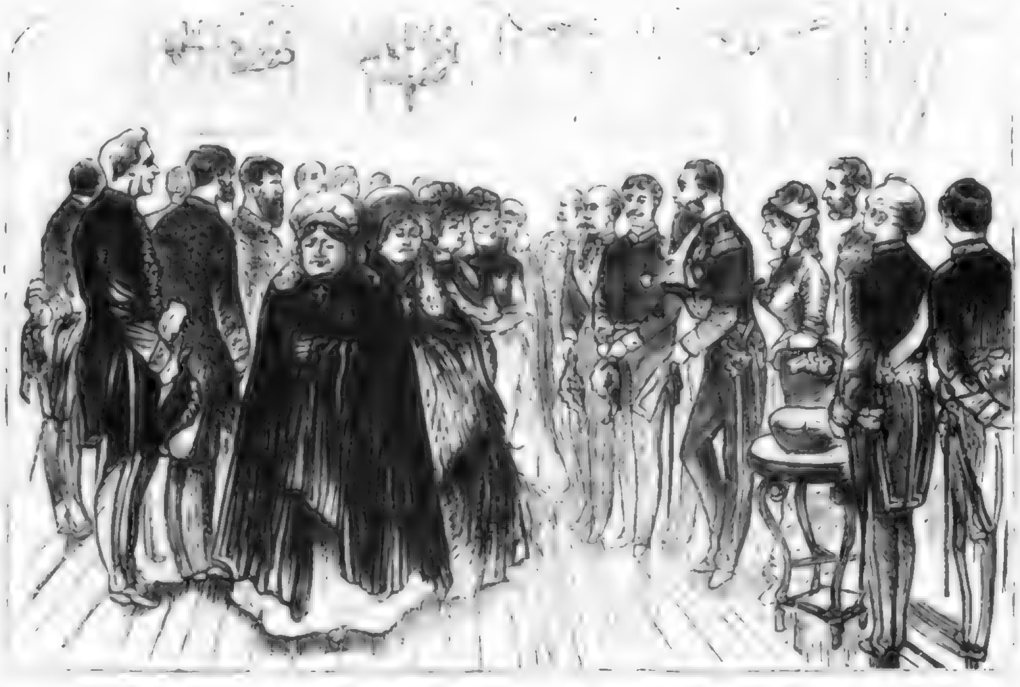
THE ART PAVILION, BRUSSELS.

which hurled Louis Philippe from his throne, replacing the monarchy by a short-lived republic, there was good reason to apprehend that the revolutionary *furore* would spread into Belgium. Leopold was equal to the emergency. His Ministry at the time happened to be a Liberal one, and so not unlikely to be in favor of a republic. He convened a council of his Ministers, and told them that there was no need of any revolution effected by force. If the people wanted a republic, he was quite ready to resign the crown. They responded that a constitutional monarchy was best suited for the Belgians, and that a republic was not adapted to their character, or in accordance with their wishes; so his most gracious Majesty had better keep his throne, and his faithful people would see that he was not molested. Still there is no doubt that there was a considerable democratic element, especially in Brussels. Government prudently undertook to conciliate this by introducing several popular reforms, among which was the lowering of the property qualification for voters to such an extent that the number entitled to the franchise was doubled. The democrats were by this means suddenly transformed into the most loyal of subjects.

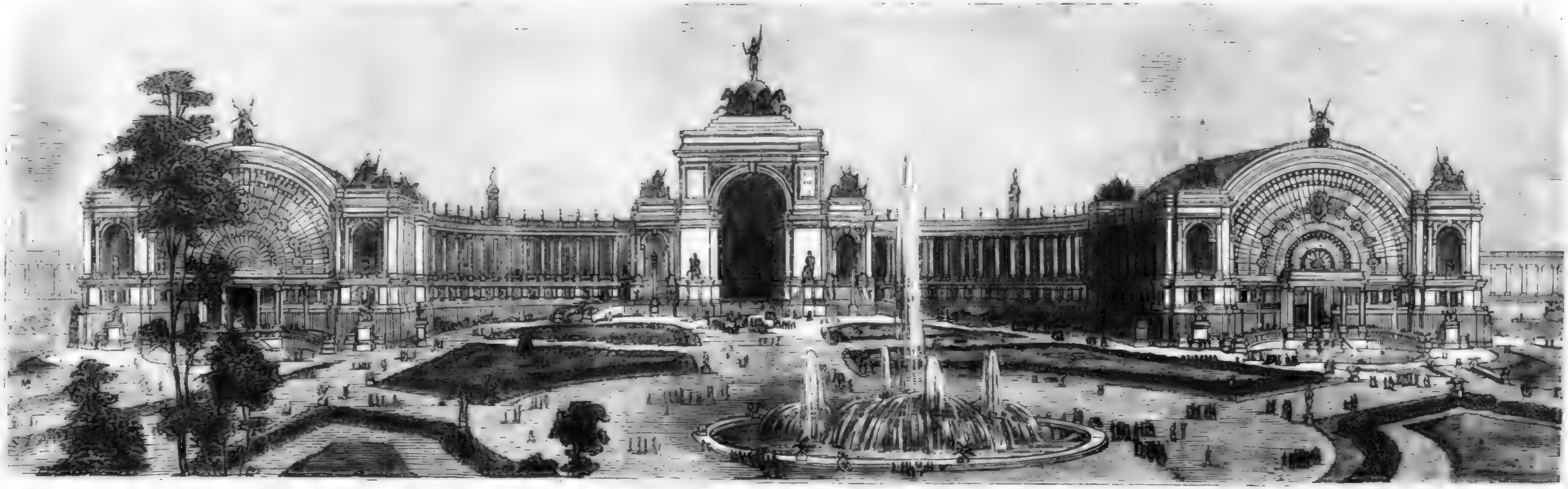


THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, BRUSSELS.

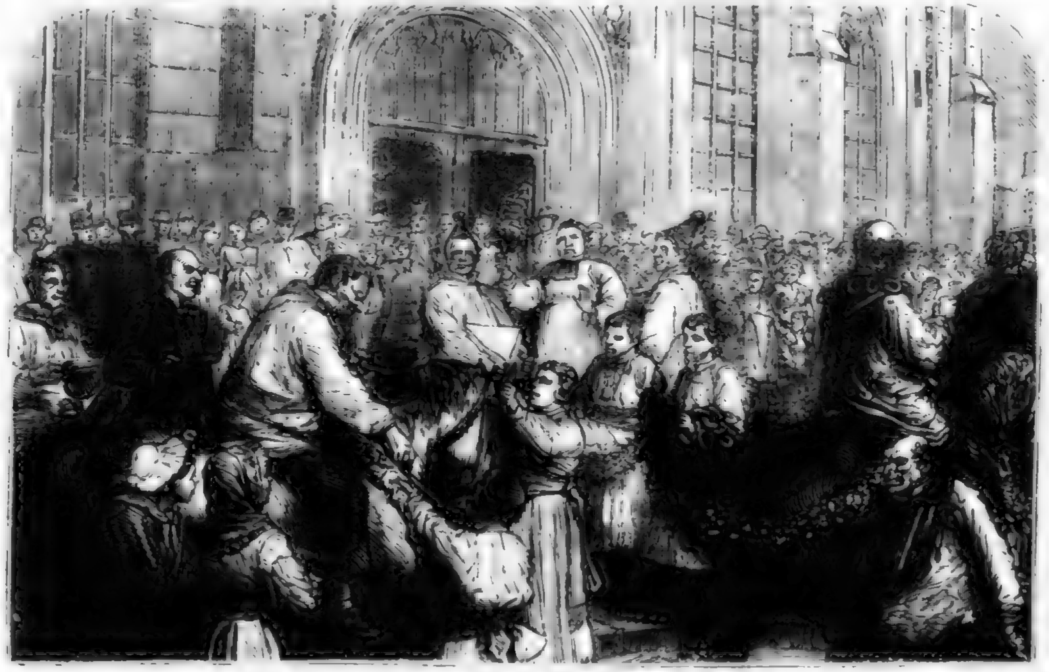
Still it was believed in Paris that all which was needed to revolutionize Belgium was to send a few men across the frontier to summon their brethren to arms. So thought Ledru-Rollin, the blatant French Minister of the Interior, in the French Provisional Government. By his aid a body of 800 expatriated Belgians and 100 Frenchmen were furnished with arms from the public arsenals and money from the public treasury, and sent toward Belgium by railway at the public cost. But they had scarcely crossed the frontier when they found themselves surrounded by a mixed force of soldiers and peasants, who made them prisoners to a man. The French Minister



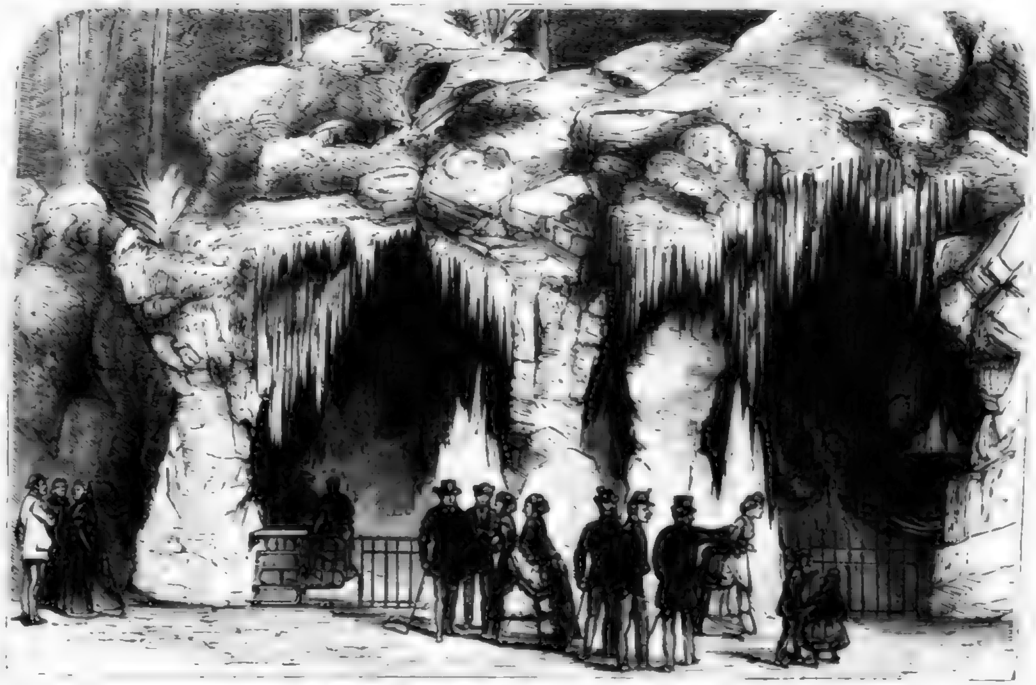
PROCESSION OF WOMEN BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN AT A ROYAL WEDDING.



NATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING, BRUSSELS.



BLESSING HORSES AT ANDERLECHTON, ST. GEORGE'S DAY.



SCENE IN THE ROYAL GARDEN, BRUSSELS.

XUM

had also organized a still larger expedition to set out from Lille. It consisted of 1,500 men, partly Belgian refugees and partly workmen from the national workshops, all armed with muskets sent on from Paris. They crossed the frontier on the night of the 28th of March, four days after the capture of the preceding expedition, of which they had not heard, for they advanced shouting "*Vive la République!*" in evident expectation of being received with open arms by the people and the civil authorities. The Belgian Government had been forewarned of this attempt, and had a strong body of troops prepared to receive the revolutionists. They were met by a discharge of grape-shot, followed by a charge of cuirassiers. Twelve of them were killed outright, and forty wounded; the remainder fled back in disorder. These two slight transactions are all that Belgium had to do with the troubles of the revolutionary year 1848, which shook to its base nearly every throne in Europe.

King Leopold died in 1865, after a prosperous reign of thirty-four years, and was succeeded by his son, Leopold II. Five years after his accession, his throne was seriously imperiled. The great Franco-German war broke out; and it became known that among the plans of Napoleon III., in case he was successful, was the seizure of some portions of Belgian territory, which he deemed essential for the strengthening of his frontier. With two such contestants, powerful and unscrupulous, at her very doors, it seemed scarcely possible that the little kingdom would be able to avoid being dragged into the strife. The British Government now came forward, and gave formal notice that it was determined to maintain the integrity of Belgium; and it was able to induce the belligerents to enter into a convention to that effect. In the event that either belligerent should violate the neutrality of Belgium, Great Britain pledged herself to take up arms against it; and if the necessities of war should compel any troops of either army to take refuge upon Belgian soil, they should lay down their arms and be sent into the interior. After the signal rout at Sedan, a considerable portion of the routed French army did take refuge in Belgium, and were "interned," according to treaty.

Since that time the history of Belgium comprises little worthy of record. Ministries have risen and fallen. Sometimes the Ultramontanes, or extreme Catholics, are at the fore; sometimes the Radicals take the lead; sometimes the Conservatives get the advantage. These little "tempests in a teapot" are scarcely worth chronicling.

RAW OYSTERS SELF-DIGESTIVE.

THE oyster is almost the only animal substance which we eat habitually, and by preference, in the raw or uncooked state; and it is interesting to know that there is a sound physiological reason at the bottom of this preference. The fawn-colored mass which constitutes the dainty of the oyster is its liver, and this is little less than a heap of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the *hepatic diastase*. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested without other help by its own diastase. The oyster in the uncooked state, or merely warmed, is, in fact, self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking; for the heat employed immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers.

A CALM DAY.

BY WILFRED WOOLLAM.

Oh, heart! this day was made for thee;
And every longing thou hast known
May rise from out thy depth, and see
The picture dear to fancy grown.

The slumbering fields, the dreamy skies,
Seem steeped in some mysterious calm;
While silent Peace, with tranquil eyes,
Scatters her sweet invisible balm.

How blest this calm through life to feel,
Not dull and stagnant in my breast,
But as those deep, cool waters steal
Through wells that always seem at rest!

And, oh! like wells, too, how I long
My heart could all its springs outpour:
A deep, clear fount of pleasing song,
To flow, yet leave it brimming o'er.

SOME GOSSIPING PAPERS.

BY AUNT FANNY (MRS. BARROW).

AMERICANS on a first visit to London must "do" what are called at the West End all the "Cockney expeditions," and visiting the Tower is one of them. I very much doubt if any of the nobility or gentry of England have ever been in the Tower since they were in pinafores, and were taken there—perhaps for a lesson in English history—by their governesses. In the same way, we who live in New York never trouble ourselves to go through the rooms of the City Hall in the park, on whose walls rest the effigies of all our governors and mis-governors, though it is the correct thing for strangers to go there, and into the top of Trinity Church steeple, and down in the dungeons of the "Tombs."

So, being strangers in London, and desiring to see that ancient pile, so full of the glories and the shames of England, we started for the Tower one lovely Saturday afternoon. We entered the cab, with the fiddle-headed horse, which always stands near the door of the Langham Hotel, and calling the lazy policeman loitering near, we struck a bargain with "cabby"—which would have been more than doubled, without the assistance of "that blarsted interfering bobby."

Turning our backs upon smiling May Fair, we drove through what was Temple Bar, Fleet Street, and Ludgate Hill; past St. Paul's Cathedral, and after a long drive approached the filthy, squalid, most heartrending part of the East End of London. We went past markets, where Billingsgate fishwomen, dock laborers, tramps and beggars were congregated—the men with their hands in their pockets and pipes in their mouths; the women, with wild, straggling hair, and old shawls tied around them, who seemed to be alternately chaffing the men and cuffing the pinched, starved-looking little goblins of children, with legs like fishing-rods, who were playing or fighting in the pestilential gutters! What dwindled old faces those children had! What a promising little gang of prospective pickpockets and tramps they were! and what an "ancient and fish-like smell" filled the air!

One of the brawny fishwomen took quick offense because I looked curiously, though pityingly, into her battered face. Putting her strapping, sinewy arms akimbo, she called out in a coarse, rasping voice: "Wud you take a ha'penny, now, for your fine turned-up nose?" At which all her companions gave an approving and uproarious guffaw. As I was safe in the retreating cab, I hurled

XUM

back at her Dr. Johnson's famous retort to *his* swearing fishwoman—"You are a parallelopipedon!" But, to my regret, she did not faint away with terror, as *his* antagonist did, at an abusive epithet transcending in deadly insult, as she supposed, anything she had ever heard, though used to all manner of bad words from her youth up. My fishwoman must have had more nerve; but she was dancing with rage, apparently, as we drove out of sight.

Soon there looms up before us the mass of ramparts, walls and towers which we came to see. They looked seamed, wrinkled and world-weary. In that warm, sunny, vibrating air, they almost appeared to be shrinking back ashamed, and throbbing with remorseful memories of the cruel past. Passing through the ponderous gates, we bought tickets, and then waited with some other visitors until her Majesty's "beef-eaters"—the wardens appointed to show the Tower—condescended to move. These were gorgeously arrayed in the costume of yeomen of the guard in Henry VIII.'s time, with gay ribbons streaming from their flat caps. They seemed greatly oppressed with the dignity of the dress and situation; for one, a fat and heavy yeoman, remarked, in a gruff voice:

"Sharn't budge till there's sixteen on 'em!"

Luckily, our twelve were soon augmented to the required number by four new arrivals—a bright-looking boy, with his father, and two tall, breezy-looking, slouchy-walking Americans from the West, as I soon discovered, when one observed to the other, with a broad grin:

"I say, kurnel, how'd that be for high in Indian Territory? They've got all their war-paint on, and no mistake!"

The order of march was now given, and we meekly followed our appointed exhibitor, who, with a broad, hard-visaged and solemn face, waved us here and there, hustling us away without ceremony when he thought we had looked enough. Crossing the moat bridge, and passing under the middle tower, we came to a cavernous arch, with great black doors.

"This is the Traitor's Gate," growled the beef-eater, as if it were a personal injury to mention it. All the company glared, in a silent, stupid sort of way, at the black portal, through which, with hearts rent with anguish, so many had passed. But our boy tourist announced, with a skip in the air, that it was "a jolly old gate," and I, turning with a high-tragedy sigh to my daughter, asked:

"Did you ever think that you would look at the very place through which your ancestor passed?" Whereupon one of the tall hoosiers who was standing directly behind me, with his hands in his pockets, stooped over my shoulder and said, with an astonished look into my face:

"Well, mum, I should think that that was a fact which you would prefer to keep to yourself."

"On the contrary," I sweetly observed, "I am rather proud of it."

"Kurnel," said the hoosier, in a loud whisper to his companion, "I'm consarned if she ain't a lunatic!" and after that he kept a wary eye upon me from a safe distance.

Every woman is startled, doubtless, as I was, by suddenly entering the armor-room, where a long line of seeming ghosts in armor, are sitting grim and still on horseback. Every woman felt like crying, doubtless, as I did, when I looked around the room where the poor little princes were smothered to death, and at the block upon which sweet Anne Boleyn and poor Lady Jane Grey were beheaded; and it becomes quite a choking sensation as you are shown "the saddest spot on earth"—the chapel, underneath which are the shrouded dead, whom fallen greatness, blighted fame or cruel machinations of enemies brought to the ax in this terrible prison. The walls of many of the rooms show such pitiful inscriptions, that tears blinded me as I read them. In one room is a verse said to have been written by the mother of Lord Darnley, imprisoned here because she instigated the marriage of her son to the hapless Queen of Scots:

> "As God preservèd Christ, His Son,
> In trouble and in thrall;
> So when we call upon the Lord,
> He will preserve us all."

A pleasant-looking woman, dressed in black silk, who held the keys of the jewel-room, showed us the regalia. Queen Victoria's magnificent crown, incrusted and inlaid with jewels, nearly all of them historic, set me dreaming of the fair young girl upon whose head this crown was placed in Westminster Abbey so many years ago; whose life had been so pure, and yet God had seen fit to visit her with such bitter sorrow. I remembered how Mr. Daniel Webster had said to me that the most charming recollection he had of his ambassadorial life in England was a dinner at Windsor Castle, to which he and Mrs. Webster had been invited by her Majesty before her marriage; when the young girl Queen, walking with him and Mrs. Webster in the beautiful grounds, showed him her favorite flowers, caressing them, talking about them, delighting in them, as any young girl would have done. The gems in the jewel-room were all alight with glitter and sparkle and flame; yet this crown, the type and symbol of a glorious realm upon which the sun never sets, belongs to a woman whose brows, since that happy time, have been down-drooped with grief; whose wifely heart once came near to breaking. Oh, the awful mystery of this life! in which no human being, albeit clothed in purple and fine linen, can escape from its tear-steeped dole and weariness.

Presently we were ushered into Sir Walter Raleigh's dungeon, a horrible stone-paved, stone-lined place. How fresh his memory remains! It belongs to us, as well as to England, for the beautiful capital of North Carolina is named in memory of this prince of chivalrous courtesy and unstained honor. I sat down on a rough stone seat, and began to dream again. Raleigh's tall form takes shape and grows out of the gloom; he is bending over a low table, writing; his beautiful head, upon which the dark hair lies in short, rippling curls, resting upon one shapely hand. Then the silken rustle of a woman's dress invades the dungeon, and Elizabeth, his wife—having gained reluctant permission to visit him from the jealous Queen—enters, her face pale as a lily, save for the dark lines under the lovely, grief-stricken eyes.

Raleigh looks up, his lips part with a bright, glad smile, and the voice which had sounded like a brazen trumpet, when commanding his men in his ships on the wide seas, is now infinitely sweet and low, as he bids her welcome in a few tender, wooing words; then, fondly kissing her, he says:

"Why, Bess! sweet, dear Bess, never look so woful."

"Ah! dear Walter," murmurs the beautiful woman, fixing upon him a look of impassioned tenderness, "how can I look otherwise, when I have undone thee quite? The Queen wills thy destruction because I am thy wife."

"Fear not, sweetheart," he answers, with a most endearing smile. "I have staunch friends, who, mayhap, will move the Queen to my pardon."

At this moment a loud laugh outside the dungeon awoke me out of my reverie, and I found that I was alone. Looking through the low door, I saw the impatient beef-eater striding away in the distance with my party. The little boy, in bringing up the rear, had varied the order of march by making a somersault, which sent his cap flying

XUM

in the air. Turning to recover it, he saw me, and ran back to me.

"I say, you're an American, ain't you?" he asked.

"Yes; and so are you," I returned.

"Oh, yes; my father is Judge ——, of Cincinnati, and my name is Harry ——."

"Oh, well, *I* live in New York, and *my* name is 'Aunt Fanny.'"

"What! Aunt Fanny who wrote Nightcaps?"

I nodded, but barely in time, for Harry, with a wild rush, flew upon me, clasped me in his arms, gave me a hearty kiss, and the next instant we were both upset, and were rolling over the floor of Sir Walter Raleigh's dungeon!

Crimson with confusion, the droll little fellow struggled up to his feet, trying to drag me with him, and begging my pardon over and over; but I was so utterly helpless and breathless with laughter at this inconceivably funny climax to my sentimental dreamings, that for a moment or two I could do nothing but lie there and laugh.

"I have had many adorers," I gasped, as soon as I could speak, "but never one before who knocked me down the first moment he was introduced."

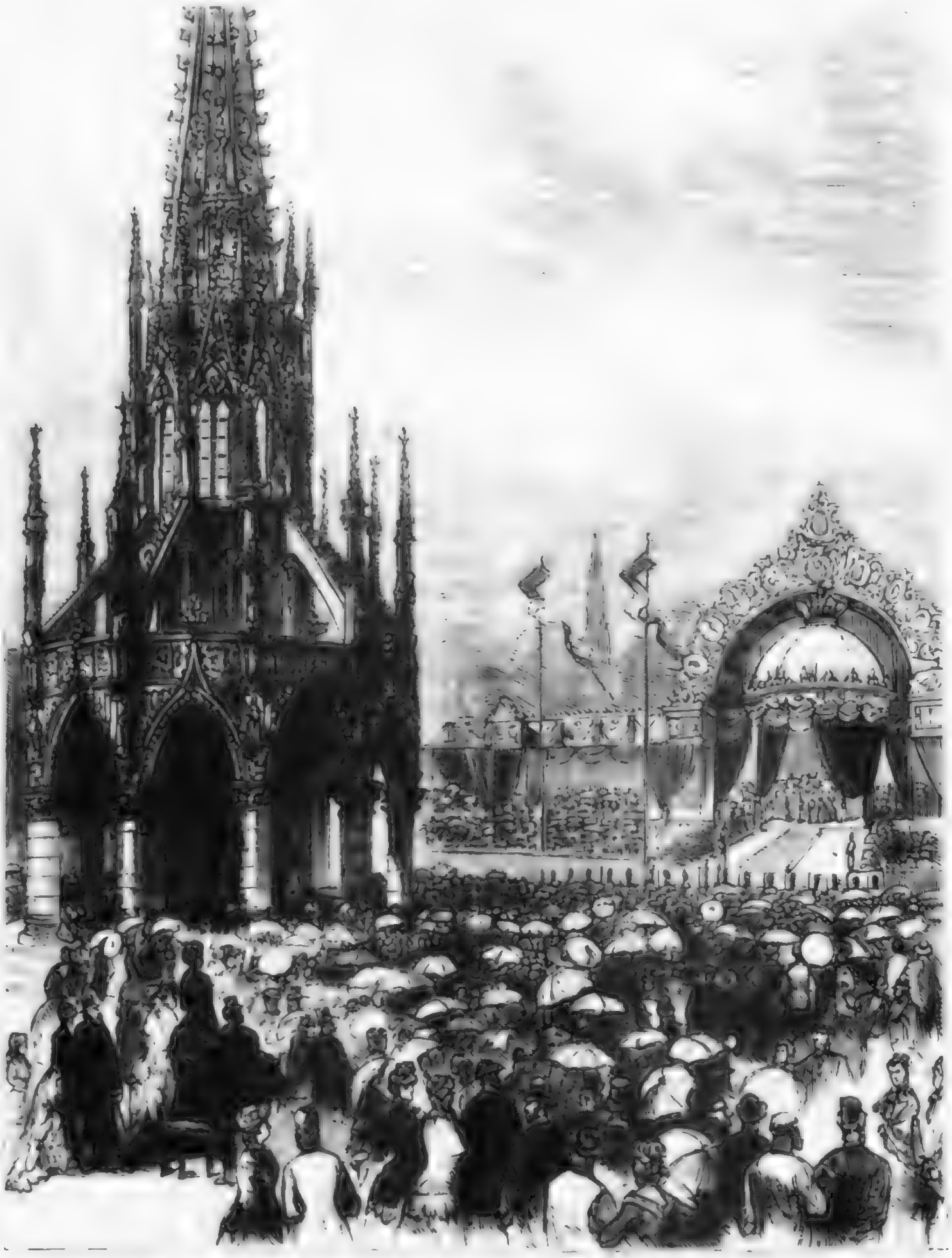
"Oh, *do* forgive me, Aunt Fanny. Papa says I am *such* a head-over-heels boy. But I must write to Bessie—she's my sister—that I have met you; she'll be delighted; only she will wish that she was here, too."

"Don't forget to mention what happened in Sir Walter Raleigh's dungeon," I said. "I think it must be the very first time since he took his last mournful leave of his wife, that any lady has been kissed, and—what shall I call it?—hugged in this dreadful place. It was rather a bear's hug, Harry, wasn't it?"

"Oh, now, don't you tell papa; he'll never be done laughing at me. Come, let's find them; I want to introduce papa to you."

So we went out of the dungeon hand in hand, like two lovers, and soon after Harry, with sparkling eyes, introduced his father, and we "did" the rest of the Tower with great enthusiasm, and many capers on Harry's part, and added pleasure and interest on mine.

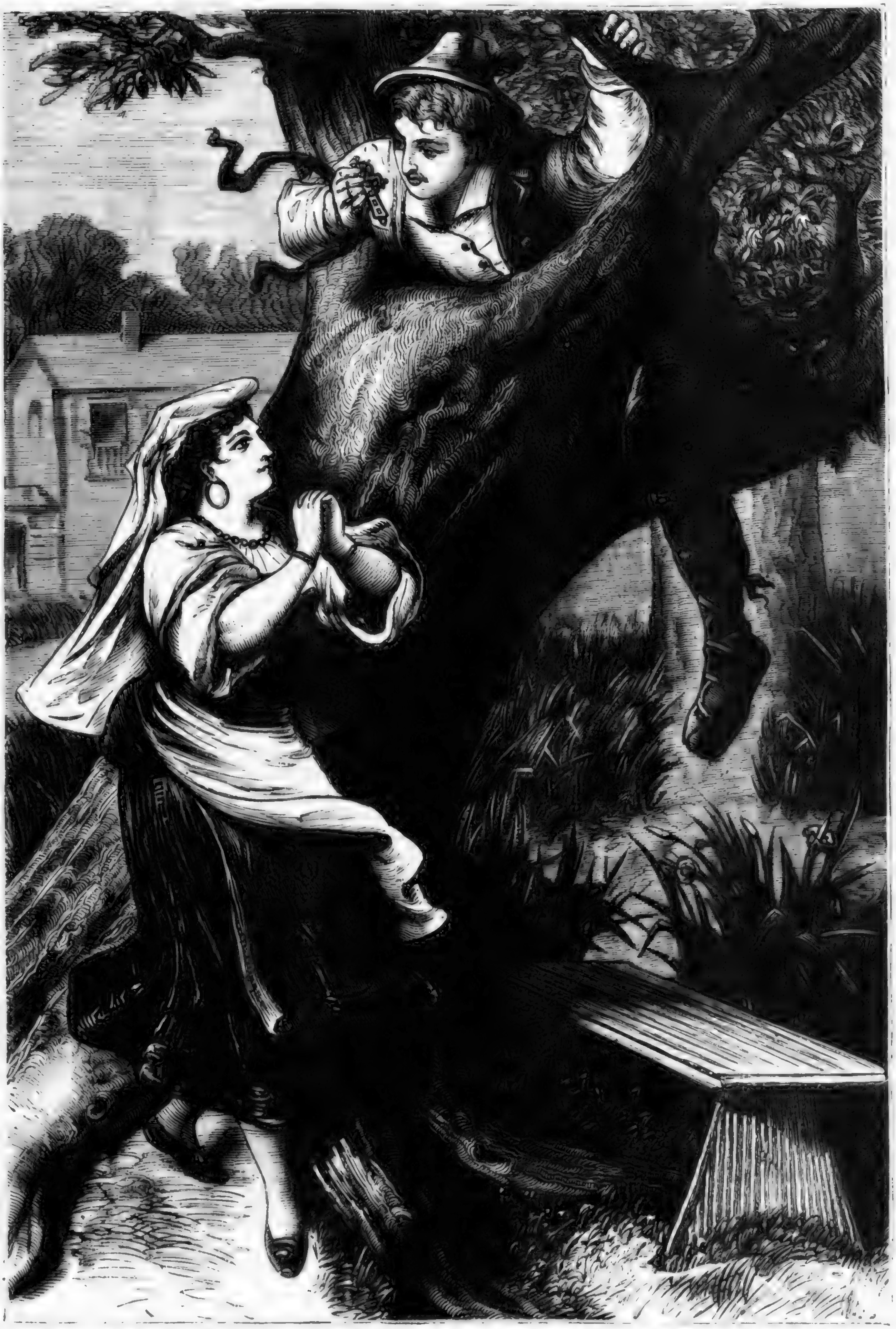
Coming out, my daughter, with graceful wiles, deluded the fat and grumpy beef-eater into climbing the grassy bank at the side of the White Tower, which he did with audible grunts, and getting for her a long spray of the luxuriant ivy which "clung to the moldering wall."



BELGIUM: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.—MONUMENT TO LEOPOLD I. AT LAEKEN.—SEE PAGE 593.

The attire of the Montenegrin women is picturesque and graceful when worn with a bit of coquetry, which many girls, however simple and timid, display. Their short linen gowns, in the higher circles, are ornamented with velvet and trimmed with gold embroideries and coins. The most important part of their costume is the *kapa*, or national headgear. It has a patriotic meaning. It seems to tell the history of their past trials and the hopes of their future. It is a cap of red cloth, the sides of which are covered with a wide strip of black silk or crape. A gold disk with slanting rays is embroidered on a red ground at the junction of the strips. The *kapa* illy protects the head, yet the women would not change it for anything in the world. The red top means the lake of blood in which, since the battle of Kossovo, the country has been plunged. The black band symbolizes the mournful vail that hangs over the mountain from the day of the Turkish conquest. The disk emerging from the crape is the sun of Montenegro, rising on a bloody horizon, and spreading its rays over a regenerated Slav fatherland.

For the sake of getting a living men often forget to live.



THE TREASURE OF THE ILEX.—" 'THE SAINTS BLESS YOU! I HAVE FOUND THE CROSS!' ANSWERED HE, BETWEEN A SOB AND A LAUGH. 'FLORIBEL, FLORIBEL! OUR HAPPINESS IS SECURE! MY FORTUNE IS MADE!' "—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

THE ANT.

An Ant, the glory of the frugal race,
Grown discontented with the narrow space
And theatre of his virtue and renown,
Resolved to show these forth unto the town;
And, greatly daring, scaled a load of hay,
And with it to the city took his way.

Safe in the market, see our Ant advance,
Grasping a spike of straw, his trusty lance,
And, challenging all contemplating eyes,
Perform the military exercise,
With other most extraordinary feats.
But when he, nothing doubting that the streets
Were full of gazers, for applause looked round,
With indescribable disgust he found
That not one soul of him took thought or care,
Or even seemed to know that he was there.

"Is it even so?" he cried. "Pernicious pack!
But, softly, Ant—paint not their case too black,
Or lightly lay grave matter to their charge.
I have it now: I am a thought too large.
The Pyramids, I've heard a poet chant
(Which are, as I surmise, a kind of ant),
Seem not at first in greatness to excel,
Since there is naught to them comparable.
Mortals, forgive my warmth. 'Tis not your crime,
But Nature's law. I'll send my son next time."

KRILOF.

THE TREASURE OF THE ILEX.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

A FAIRY tale! Ah, Floribel, I wish the dear little folk were realities now!"

The speaker was a dark-eyed, handsome youth, and made a fitting complement to the pretty picture of the romantic Italian garden and the graceful girl reclining on the flower-decked bank, with her forgotten work and her fascinating volume, upon which he had laid a light touch, as he bent down to examine its title.

The dreamy languor fled from the pretty face.

"Oh, Bernardo, is it you? And you have caught me idling in the sunshine like a lazy butterfly. But I have been at work; I had my basket filled this morning before the dew was fairly off the vines. Even grumbling old Tessa praised my quickness and industry," answered Floribel, eagerly.

"Dear heart! if I had my way, those pretty fingers should know no harder work than turning the leaves of books and stringing flowers for the altar garlands," returned Bernardo, tenderly. "Oh, Floribel, *carissima*, life nowadays is very stern and hard! Your mother has been talking to me again this morning."

A deep flush rose to Floribel's very forehead.

"And scolding again, I have no doubt. Bernardo, dear, thou shalt not mind her. It is this rich old Pietro, with his bags of gold, that makes the mischief. And yet, truly, thou hast not the best reason to complain. Which wouldst thou rather have—Pietro's gold and my mother's favor, or Floribel's love and devotion with my Bernardo's poverty? I think it should be Pietro who looks glum on this beautiful day, for I would not speak a word to him, nor give him a single look this morning, when he stopped at the gate to leave a nosegay and a basket of fruit."

And pretty Floribel tossed her head with a coquettish grace, and looked archly into her lover's downcast face.

He could not forbear a smile, and bent down to touch his lips tenderly to the graceful little hand that nervously fluttered the leaves of the book.

"My own little Floribel!" he murmured. "And yet it makes me only the more ashamed. To be worthy of your goodness, I ought to have done some great thing; and see, I cannot even win the paltry sum your mother insists upon before she will give you to me. And I have tried—oh, how fiercely I have tried! But it is the times and the world that are hard now. Would we had but the fairies again! They were always helping true and worthy lovers, were they not?"

Pretty Floribel glanced down at her book and laughed, the rippling notes as clear and sweet as the jingle of silver bells.

"Indeed they were. And the lovers in this story had cruel need of help. Why, do you know, the good fairy opened a door for them in the trunk of a great tree, and hid them there from the enemy's fierce pursuit!"

Bernardo's gloomy face brightened beneath the witchery of her eager, childish smile, as he said, playfully:

"I wish you could call a fairy out of this tree, *mia cara*. You are sweet and good enough to deserve it, and the grand old ilex is worthy of the honor. Alack! it is only the hard, prosaic age that refuses its fairies!"

"But the saints remain, and they are better than fairies," said Floribel, crossing herself piously. "Keep heart a little longer, Bernardo."

"It is the last disappointment that has broken down my courage," said the youth, sorrowfully. "A month ago yesterday morning, I was full of proud hopes. It seemed as if a special fortune singled me out. I overheard a strange story, and I made bold to follow it up. Ay, Floribel, I even made my way to the cardinal's palace, and obtained an audience. More than that, I was promised what would be our fortune—enough gold to buy the cottage your mother covets, and the vineyard beside it. Oh, Floribel, how wild I was! how sure I felt of coming proudly here to claim you! It seemed such a little thing to do, and everything looked propitious. But I have failed—I have miserably failed!"

"Poor Bernardo!" spoke Floribel's soothing, pitying voice. "But I do not understand."

"No—how should you? It is a great secret, but I may trust you fearlessly. Listen carefully, for I must speak low, lest prying ears overhear. There is a valuable ornament missing from a certain tiara. Ah! so priceless is it, that its very smallest jewel would make us rich. And behold! the value is the least of its importance. Some one—mind you, it is not for the like of me to insinuate who—but some one in great stress removed the ornament, and loaned it for a brief time as security for the payment of a large sum of money, which was sure to be raised again—as it was; but lo! in passing back to its proper place, a daring robber seized the shining ornament. It was the notorious brigand, Red Hand, and, though he was promptly followed and never left unwatched, he managed to hide the treasure, and he died by a sudden accident, without being able to reveal a hint of its place of secrecy. And now, at the approaching Night Festival, the tiara will be called for, and the missing centre ornament will be the ruin of a certain powerful personage. Do you see, Floribel, what a grand opportunity, such as might only come once in a lifetime, is opened to me? And I can do nothing with it—I can do nothing!" He ground the last words through his teeth, and clinched his hand fiercely.

"But why hadst thou hopes?" asked Floribel, wonderingly.

"Because the brigand was in my mother's house the whole night after the theft, and that was the only time he was unwatched. They declare that he went in with it, but when he was searched and searched, as only the detectives of the Secret Order know how to do it, nothing could be found the next morning. They bought the house, you know—ah! if my mother had only owned it!—and they sifted it through, as I have done since; all in vain. Oh, how cruel it seems! The priceless thing is there somewhere, and it would make our happiness secure; but—I cannot find it."

"Oh! and now indeed I see why we need the fairy," said Floribel, softly, looking around her with such shining eyes, one would have declared they held a spell strong enough to conjure up some helpful power. "Are you sure, my Bernardo, you have left no spot unsearched? What may not a woman's wit accomplish? Take me thither, I beg of you; and tell me, what is the treasure like?"

"It is a Greek cross, and it holds a peerless sapphire centre, with emeralds set about it, and nine magnificent diamonds make the arms of the cross. But speak no word concerning it. Now thou knowest why thou hast seen me hovering about this garden at midnight so frequently. It is easier to pass from the street through the little gate here, and, keeping behind the hedge, enter the other garden unobserved, than to go on the road and enter by the proper way."

"Perhaps the brigand did the same," said Floribel, shudderingly. "Ah! could I have been asleep peacefully and known nothing of it? When did it happen, Bernardo?"

"A year ago, my pet; and they have worked unceasingly ever since. Do you not mind about the strange horseman thrown and killed instantly against the stone pillar of the old archway? That was the terrible Red Hand, though none of us knew more than that some stranger perished thus. Every board in the house has been lifted, every stone turned. Ah, well-a-day! and what a chance it has been!"

"You do not give up yet, Bernardo?" cried Floribel, wistfully.

"I have lost hope; I have worked diligently a month over it. Yesterday I had a new thought, and I was jubilant over its promise. But, though I tried where no one else had searched, I found naught. And yet it is certain the man had the cross in his possession when he turned up this lane. He never left the house that night—they all can swear to it; and in the morning no trace of it could be found, nor ever since."

"Oh, for a fairy!" sighed Floribel.

But the next moment she lifted her amber beads and dropped them one by one from her pretty fingers, while her lips moved noiselessly and her eyelids drooped in devotion.

Bernardo watched her silently, and, when she turned again toward him, said, quietly:

"You may take this key and go over the house, if you will—it is quite empty; but it will be a bootless quest. Only a fairy, or—a saint—is able to penetrate the mystery. And for me, I must go and report my daily story of fruitless effort at headquarters. *Addio, mia cara.*"

"Kiss me before you go," said Floribel; "and come back to the house as soon as you can. I will wait there for you."

Bernardo was not loath to avail himself of the gracious permission—vouchsafed, as he understood, to his sorrowful mood rather than to his lover's claim; he kissed her fondly, and went his way.

Floribel, leaning against the trunk of the old ilex-tree, lifted her bright eyes pleadingly up to the blue of the wonderful sky.

"If I might find it—oh, if I might find it!" she sighed, and folded her book of fairy tales very closely against her throbbing heart.

The next moment Mona Brigida's shrill voice was heard—she was coming down the garden-path.

Floribel thrust the book beneath her linen neckerchief, and stooped hastily for the bright knitting lying still unheeded on the bank.

"My mother is very angry; she has seen poor Bernardo!" murmured she.

By this time Mona Brigida's angry, scornful face appeared in view.

"Oh, here you are! I might have known what it meant when you were so eager for the coolness of the garden. That helpless idler has been here. I haven't looked out of our window for a month that I haven't seen Bernardo hanging about the place. I'm ashamed of you, Floribel!"

"Now, *madre mia*, why do you say that? Have I not done more than the work you set? Was I not up in the morning long before the others, and did I fail in my task?" asked Floribel, coaxingly.

"But you vex me," declared Mona Brigida, in a mollified tone.

"Ah! about one thing—only one thing, *madre mia.* You must own that."

"But that is the most important of all. You are a silly child, Floribel; this good-for-nothing Bernardo will always be a useless driveler. Come, my darling, my pet; yield to your mother's good sense. She can best see what is wisest for you."

But Floribel shook her pretty head resolutely.

"It is you who are blinded, *madre;* and it is old Pietro's money-bags that tempt you."

And here the pretty maiden crossed herself, as against something harmful.

"Bernardo will never hurt us in that way," laughed Mona Brigida, scornfully. "He cannot even buy you a cottage to live in. And Pietro—worthy Pietro—will dress you like a lady, and keep us both in comfort all our days."

"I will not have Pietro, and I love Bernardo. *Madre,* why must we argue it over every day, as fresh as if it had never been said before?"

"You can never marry Bernardo without my consent, ungrateful child," declared Mona Brigida, spitefully.

"No, *madre mia*—I know I cannot," returned Floribel, sorrowfully; "but you can never marry me to Pietro against my will, either."

"If Bernardo were only out of the way!" muttered the mother, fiercely.

"If Bernardo could only find the cross!" secretly wailed the pretty daughter.

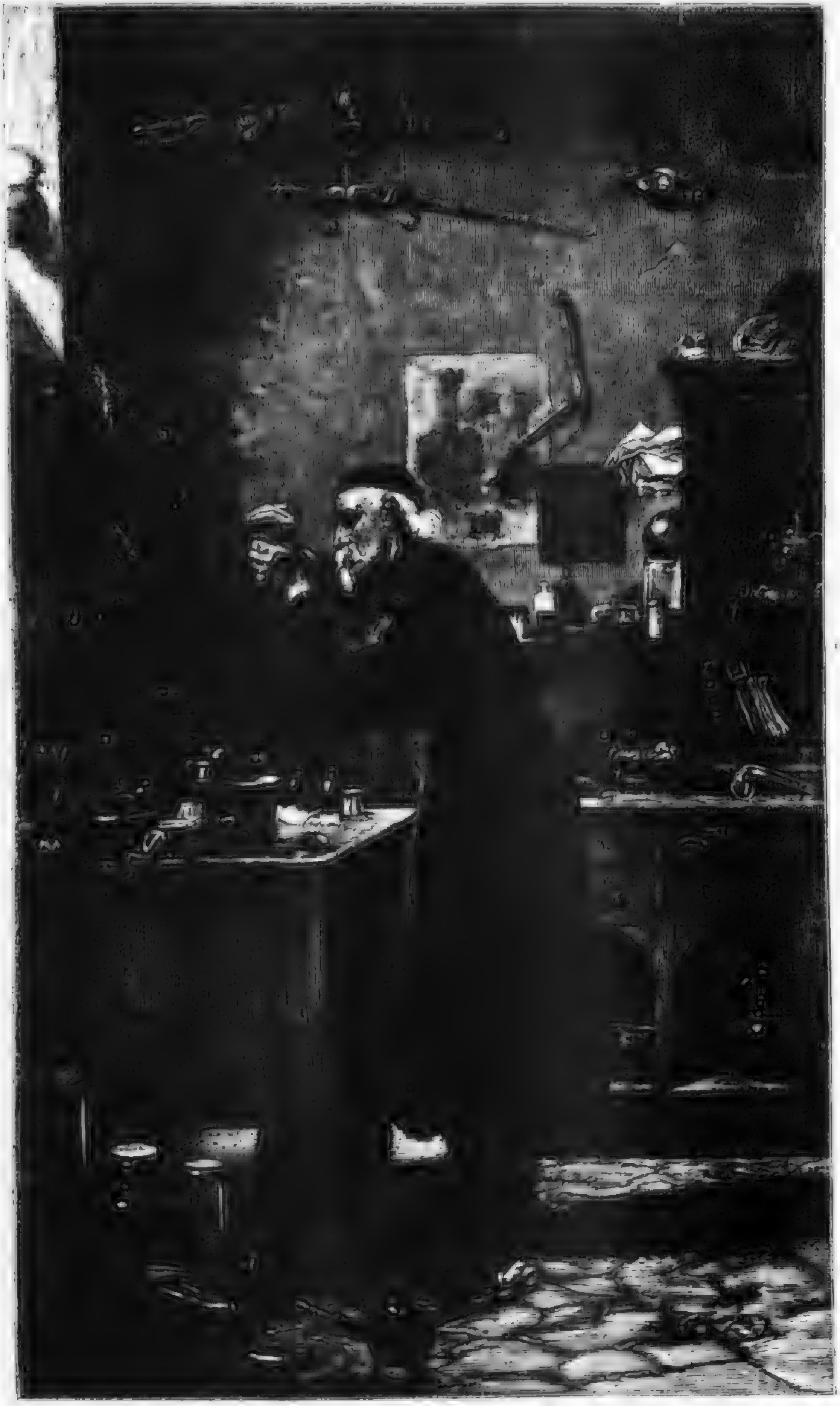
And they stood looking at each other defiantly.

And here a sudden gust of wind came rushing through the garden and flapped Mona Brigida's gay apron over her head, and whisked away a knot of ribbon from Floribel's braids and whirled it up into the boughs of the ilex-tree.

"The saints defend us! there is a rain coming on, and all the trays are out with the leaves drying!" cried out Mona Brigida, forgetting everything else.

And she flew back toward the house-porch, shouting vigorously for Tessa the serving-woman's help.

XUM



THE APOTHECARY.—SEE PAGE 614.

"Dear, dear—the new ribbon, too!" murmured Floribel, wistfully looking up into the tree at the fluttering pink ends amid the dark-green leaves of the ilex. "I must get it again, surely, for I must make my ribbons last a long time, if I am to be of good help to Bernardo. I wonder if I can reach it with the bench?"

And she ran hastily down the walk, seized upon a wooden bench and brought it quickly, planting it firmly at the foot of the tree, and then mounted upon it bravely.

All in vain; the tips of her rosy outstretched fingers did not reach the bough.

Just at that instant came a cracked voice from the other side.

"Sweetest Floribel, promise me a kiss for my reward, and I'll come for the ribbon at once."

The girl tossed her head angrily.

"Don't trouble yourself, Pietro; you are long past the suppleness of youth, such as is required for a climb into the tree. You could never get it. But Bernardo will be back presently; he can spring from limb to limb like a squirrel. He shall bring me my ribbon."

"Bernardo's climbing don't bring him a single scudo—he, he, he! Climbing won't keep a house a-going, pretty Floribel," retorted Pietro, sarcastically. "I trow, it is little enough else Bernardo is good for."

Floribel's eyes flashed, and her impetuous young blood mounted hotly to her forehead, and in the vehemence of her passion, the fingers of the little shapely hand resting high up on the tough trunk of the old ilex-tree beat an impatient tattoo against the bark. There was a gnarled knot here, and the fierce little fingers fastened themselves upon the protuberance, while she flung back, very hotly:

"Bernardo is good enough for me to love, Pietro Ginetti; and that is more than all your money-bags will ever win for you!"

"Take care, my pretty birdling! When you are safely in my gilded cage I may remember all these silly peckings at a friendly hand," retorted Pietro, the rising anger betraying itself in his own voice. "Take care how you anger me too much. Mona Brigida is on my side, and that is more than half the battle. Father Anselmo likewise blesses the union. Take care, my pretty dear!"

"You would make a suitable bridegroom for Mona Brigida herself. That is the only chance for you here!" shouted back Floribel; but she interrupted the speech with a sudden, sharp exclamation. The knot had come out in her fingers, revealing a smooth, dark cavity beneath. It was not this, however, which so much surprised her, odd as the circumstance was. It was the sudden, blinding flash, as of some imprisoned rainbow, scintillating out of the darkness, in answer to the entrance of the sunbeam which started through the leaves above.

One little sharp cry, and that was all.

Floribel thrust back the knot, and hastily descended from the bench, and even carried the latter away back to its former place. Then she took up her neglected knitting, and sat down with her back against the tree, and fell to work as if the fate of the whole land depended upon the completion of her task.

Pietro could not obtain another word or look. He stood for a few moments longer, peering over the hedge, and then went off grumblingly toward the street.

Floribel's face was a study. One moment it was wild and frightened, the next triumphant and gay with gladsome hope. Alternately her cheek flushed and paled; but she never moved from her position, nor once faltered in the clicking movement of the glancing needles.

But it seemed an interminable two hours before Bernardo's springing step was heard on the other side of the hedge. With the first sound of it, the girl sprang to her feet, and drawing one long breath of relief, called out, loudly:

"Bernardo, Bernardo! Come here to the ilex-tree!"

Mona Brigida heard, and thrust her discontented face from the window of the cottage.

"I have lost my ribbon," declared Floribel, as the youth came hurrying down the path. "Will you get it for me, in the tree there, Bernardo *mio?*"

Bernardo could not help noticing the sharpness of her voice, nor did he lose the odd, excited look in her eyes.

"What is it, *carissima?* Who has troubled thee?" he asked.

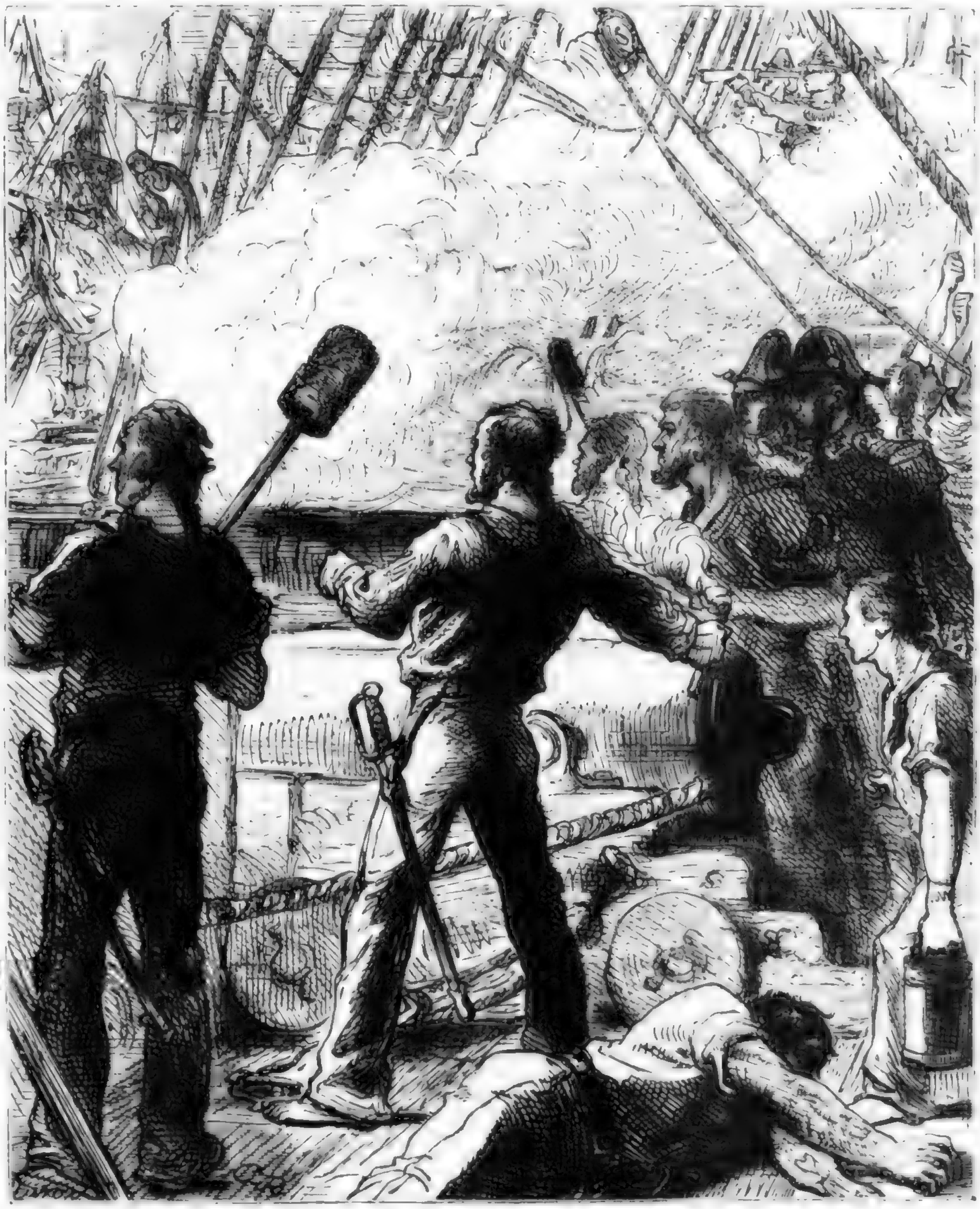
"Hush!—speak not a word. Get me the ribbon, but be not long about it; there are watching eyes—my mother's and Tessa's, surely—and old Pietro's too, it may be. Get the ribbon; but while you are climbing, look at the knot in the wood there. See, just above the lower branch. A tall man could reach it, but I cannot touch it without the bench."

"My little Floribel," began the wondering Bernardo, frightened by the restless glancing of her soft dark eyes, and the nervous tremor of the hands stretched out to him in imperious gesture.

"Waste no time in talk, but listen," returned she, with a curtness that must have astonished him. "The knot comes out. There is something inside that flashes wondrously. I did not touch it; only thou must take it, and without my mother's knowledge. Who knows but she might claim the reward?"

"Floribel," said the youth again, in utter bewilderment.

"Do you not hear? I said a tall man may reach it. Get



HORATIO NELSON.—THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.—SEE PAGE 614.

XUM

the ribbon, but hasten to explore the little cavity beneath the knot," commanded she.

And her cheeks were more scarlet than the poppy-heads in Tessa's garden-bed beyond.

Bernardo spoke not another word, but swung himself lightly up the tree.

If Mona Brigida watched with jealous eyes, all she saw was the supple, athletic figure mounted in the branches, and stooping down to disengage the knot of ribbon.

But Floribel, beneath the tree, watched the dextrous fingers fasten upon the singular knot of wood, heard the low, wild exclamation that followed, and gasped, hoarsely:

"Speak, Bernardo, only a single word, before my heart breaks beneath the suspense! Are my hopes fulfilled?"

"The saints bless you! I have found the cross!" answered he, between a sob and a laugh. "Floribel, Floribel! our happiness is secure! my fortune is made!"

The girl threw her white apron over her head and began to weep tumultuously.

Bernardo was beside her in another moment, with one arm around her, while the other extended his right hand, on the open palm of which gleamed and flashed and coruscated a blending rainbow of sapphire and emerald and diamond!

"Look, *carissima*, beloved, adored one! See what magnificence has been hidden here in safety through all this great searching, to make our happiness secure! How camest thou to find it? It is a miracle, a fairy gift!"

Floribel had withdrawn her apron, and, with eyes lighted up with joy through their streaming tears, devoured the costly trinket with flaming glances of delight and admiration.

"Ah, was it the fairy wish, indeed?" she cried, clapping her hands gleefully. "The wind carried my ribbon yonder, and I mounted the bench to reach it. But no," she added, the next moment, lifting her amber beads to her lips, "it was the saints that answered my prayer. If Pietro had not come and angered me it might have remained undiscovered for ever—who can tell? Thou knowest my silly way of working the fingers when I am vexed? Ah, it did good service this time, Bernardo. The knot came out without my meaning it. Oh, all saints be praised! a providential sunbeam revealed the imprisoned glory, and I guessed at once the momentous secret. But it is thine; no other hands touched it. Hasten away with it before other danger menaces."

"You are right. Not a moment should be lost. Ah, how the cardinal will rejoice! Floribel, dearest, I shall return with your mother's sanction. Doubt it not, for I will ask the great man to come and bless the betrothal. And I am sure he will be pleased to do it. That will overshadow poor old Pietro, and Father Anselmo's blessing, will it not? Oh, my Floribel, how beautiful the world is, after all!"

This last declaration was even more fervently repeated when he reappeared late that evening, to Mona Brigida's profound astonishment and pride, in the richly trapped coach of the eminent cardinal, while that illustrious personage warmly seconded the young man's suit, and showed the goodly sum of gold he had earned by some unrevealed but most important service bestowed upon the Holy Church itself.

Mona Brigida forgot all her ancient dislike and reproach, and warmly gave her blessing with the great cardinal's.

"Ah, it is indeed such a beautiful world!" repeated Bernardo; "how could I have railed at it so wickedly, my Floribel?"

"Yes," responded the latter, eagerly, betwixt happy tears and happier smiles, "everything is beautiful, and the saints are far better than the fairies; we must never forget that, even though we may never again find such a hidden treasure. And we will always cherish the old ilex that yielded us its fairy treasure."

THE APOTHECARY.

SHAKESPEARE says, "I do remember an apothecary"; but the apothecary of his remembrance and that of our day are vastly different persons. In the olden time, chemistry and alchemy, astronomy and astrology were all mixed together, and not infrequently—nay, generally, practiced by the same person. A distinctive dress, such as that in our illustration, characterized the professor of the occult science, as chemistry was then supposed to be. The apothecary was a man to be respected and feared. He had charge of means which produced death, preserved life, predicted fate or caused it.

An apothecary's shop was then a curious place. Crucibles and forges; skeletons of human beings and animals; stuffed beasts, birds and fishes, and many other quaint and horrible things were to be found there; and the urchin who was sent for some scruples for his sick master, crossed its threshold with fear and trembling.

HORATIO NELSON.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

We suppose that historians and biographers will never agree as to whether there has ever been any great leader of armies for whom it may be rightly claimed that he fairly outranks all others. Such pre-eminence has been demanded for some half-score of men: for Alexander of Macedon, for Hannibal of Carthage, for Julius Cæsar, for Marlborough, for Frederick of Prussia, for Napoleon Bonaparte, and for the Duke of Wellington. Others would add to this list such names as Wallenstein, Gustavus Adolphus, and even one or two which belong to our own generation. But in naval warfare the case is quite different. Among great admirals, whoever may stand as second or third, fifth or tenth, no one questions that the first place belongs to Nelson. Next to him, and little below, we are inclined to place Francis Drake.

Horatio Nelson was born September 29th, 1758, at Burham Thorpe, a village in the county of Norfolk, England, and died at the great battle off Cape Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805, having just entered upon his forty-eighth year. His father, Edmund Nelson, was the village rector; his mother, Catharine Suckling, was of the Walpole family, which played so prominent a part in English politics. She died in 1767, leaving eight surviving children out of the eleven to whom she had given birth. The rector of Burnham Thorpe was an invalid, with an income too small for the comfortable support of his large family. Captain Maurice Suckling, the brother of his deceased wife, was a rising naval officer. He promised to take care of one of the boys, who were, in the meantime, sent to school.

Three years afterward, when Horatio was twelve years old, Captain Suckling was placed in command of a 64-gun ship. The lad wrote from school, begging of his father that he might be allowed "to go to sea with Uncle Maurice." The rector, who was at Bath for the sake of his health, gave his consent.

Uncle Maurice was not altogether pleased at the choice made of the lad who was to be his protégé. Horatio had never been a stout child, and he was now suffering from the ague, then prevalent among the fen-districts. He had, however, at this early age, given proof of that inborn pluck which was his notable characteristic through life. Once, when a mere child, he had strayed off birdsnesting in company with an older companion. Dinner-time came, and the boys were not to be found. Search was made in all quarters. At length, as evening approached, he was discovered sitting alone upon the bank of a brook too deep for him to wade. Somehow he had got separated from his companion. When he was brought home his grandmother said to him: "I wonder that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear!" replied the boy, "I do not know anything about this fear; who is he?" The same story, with more or less variation, is told of several other persons—of Andrew Jackson, among others; but we are willing to accept Mr. Southey's testimony that it belongs to Horatio Nelson. Schoolboys have from time immemorial considered fruit, especially if the trees are the property of the master, as lawful booty. Under the windows of the North Walsham schoolroom was a fine pear-tree, upon whose ripening fruit the boys had looked with longing eyes, but none of the elder ones would run the risk of plundering it. At length the eleven-year-old Nelson volunteered to undertake the enterprise. Sheets were tied together, by which he was lowered down from the high window; and when he had gathered a sufficiency of the pears he was hauled up. It is said that when the pears were distributed he kept none for himself. One cannot help suspecting that he had already eaten his fill. He merely said: "I did not care for the pears; I went for them because all the other boys were afraid to do so."

When Uncle Maurice was told that little Horatio was to be sent to him, he wrote back in reply: "What has the poor fellow done—he who is so weak—that he, of all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea? But," he added, not very consolingly, "let him come; and the first time we go into action, a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and so provide for him at once."

So the die was cast. The boy was sent for from school, and his father took him up to London. Captain Suckling's ship was lying at Chatham, on the Medway, whither the boy was sent down by stage-coach, to make the best of his way on board. It was a cold, bleak Spring day, and the poor ague-stricken lad wandered about the streets, not knowing how to find the vessel. At length, an officer, seeing his forlorn aspect, questioned him, gave him a dinner, and told him how to reach the ship. But his troubles were not over. Captain Suckling was not on board; nobody knew that his nephew was expected, and all the remainder of that day he paced the deck, without being noticed by any one. It was not, indeed, until the second day that, as he afterward said, "somebody took compassion on me." Such was the first introduction of Horatio Nelson into the naval service of his Britannic Majesty.

There was prospect of trouble between Great Britain and Spain, growing out of disputes as to the possession of the Falkland Islands, near the extremity of South America; and Captain Suckling's ship, the *Raisonnable*, was to be sent to that far-off part of the globe. But the quarrel was settled, and the captain was placed in command of a guard-ship in the Thames. Here was no chance that the boy would be provided for by getting his head knocked off, and so he was sent to the West Indies in a merchant-ship, that he might at least learn something of navigation. He came back in a few months, utterly disgusted with his Majesty's service. Uncle Maurice took him on board his own vessel, had him taught navigation, and made much of him in many ways.

Not long after this, the Government began to fit out a couple of vessels for a voyage of discovery in the Arctic regions. Nelson, then fifteen years old, begged to be appointed upon this expedition. It had been determined that no boys should be taken; but his uncle had sufficient influence to procure an exception in the case of Nelson, who was permitted to go out as coxswain, under Captain Lutwidge, the second in command. This Polar expedition was in some respects a notable one. It sailed early in June, 1773, and at the close of the following month had reached almost the latitude of 81° in the Greenland seas. Here and there we catch glimpses of the young coxswain, who was frequently put in command of a boat, sent out to find a passage through the besetting ice.

One incident is characteristic. One night, during the mid-watch, he and another started off in pursuit of a bear which had been descried prowling about. A fog soon sprung up, and the adventurers were lost to view. At length the fog cleared away, and the pair were seen close upon a huge bear. The signal for return was made. Before obeying, Nelson tried a last shot at the creature, who had apparently been wounded. The musket missed fire; but the lad rushed forward, shouting: "Let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him!" Just at this moment a gun was fired from the ship, which frightened the bear, who made off, and Nelson half sulkily went back to the ship. The captain was in no good humor at this escapade, and sternly inquired what reason he had for what he had done. "I wished," he said, "to kill the bear, so that I might carry the skin to my father."

When the Arctic expedition returned, Nelson was placed on board of a 20-gun frigate sent to the East Indies. His good conduct gained the attention of the captain, and he was soon rated as a midshipman. Nelson at sixteen is described as short, but rather stout and athletic, with a florid countenance. He remained in the Indian waters a year and a half. Then his health broke down in that fatal climate; he wasted away to a skeleton, and for a time entirely lost the use of his limbs. There was nothing to do but to send him home, although no one dreamed that he would live to see his native shores. His health, however, improved during the voyage; but he fell a prey to deep despondency. Long after, when he had come to be famous, he called those dark days to mind:

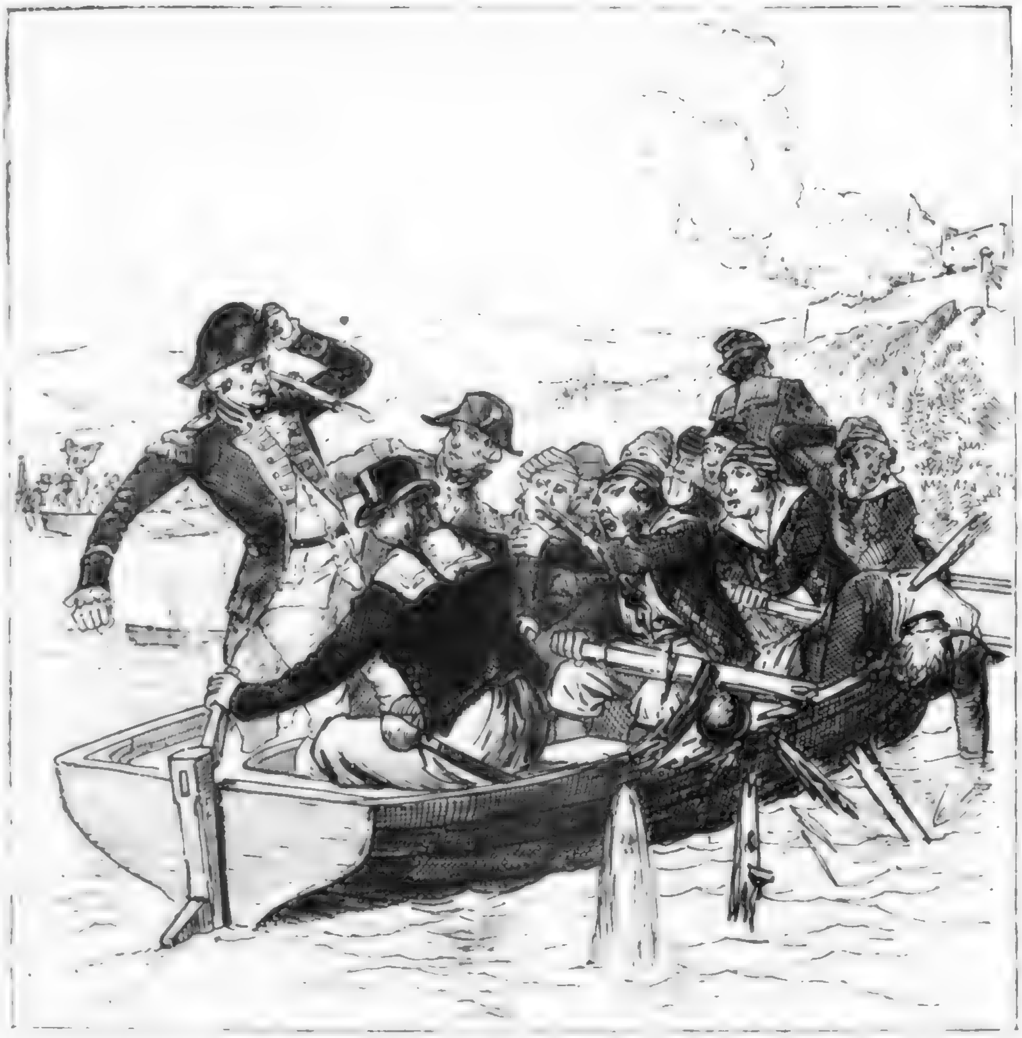
"I felt impressed," he said, "that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my King and my country as my patron. 'Well, then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero; and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!'"

But Nelson was far enough from being without interest in high quarters. Captain Suckling had been made comptroller in the navy, and was thus in a position to lend a helping hand to his nephew, who was made acting lieutenant of a 64-gun ship going out to Gibraltar. Upon his return, in the Spring of 1777, after passing a brilliant examination, he received a commission as second lieutenant on board a frigate which was fitting out for the West India Islands. He was then not quite nineteen years of age, and had fairly set his foot on the ladder of promotion.

Nelson remained on the West India Station from 1777 to 1781. We pass over his services here, with the mere

XUM

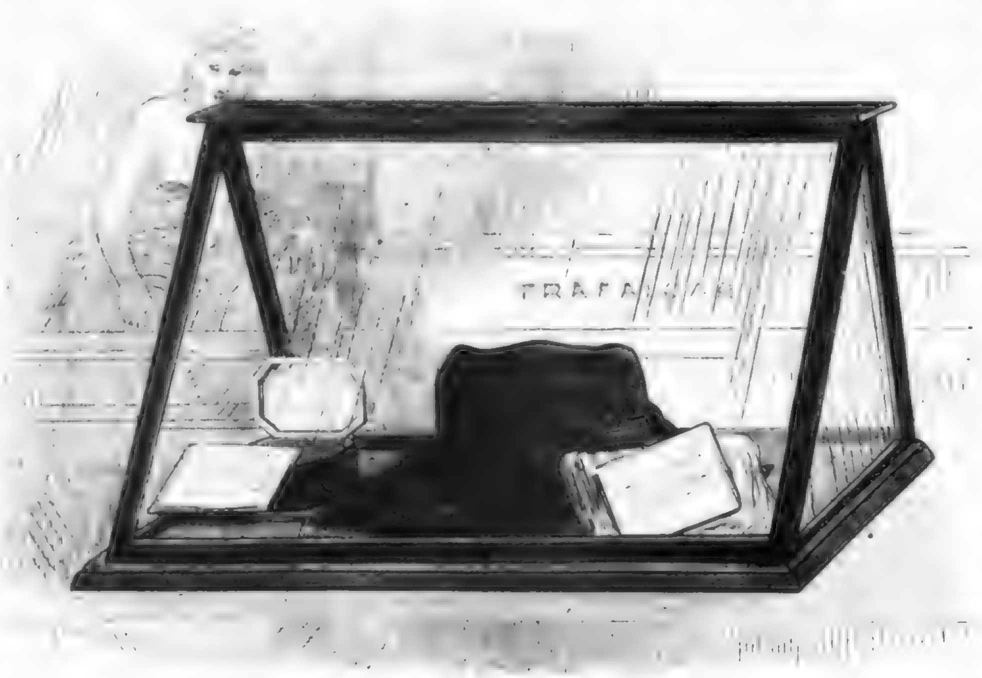
mention that he made himself conspicuous wherever there was anything to be dared or done, notably in an expedition for the capture of the castle of San Juan, seventy miles up the river of that name, which forms the outlet of Lake Nicaragua. The castle was taken from the Spaniards with little fighting, but the possession of it was worse than useless to the captors. They held it for four months; but of the 1,800 men who took part in the expedition, less than 400 returned; the others fell victims to the pestilential climate. Nelson's own vessel, the *Hinchinbrook*, had a complement of 200 men; of these, eighty-seven were stricken down by fever and dysentery in a single night. When the death-roll came to be made out, of the entire crew, only ten were left alive. Nelson, however, had been seized just before the surrender, and went down the river. When he reached the harbor, he found that the captain of the 44-gun ship *Janus* had died, and that he had been placed in command. He was, however, too ill to fill the post, and asked permission to return to England as the only means of preserving his life.



NELSON WOUNDED IN CENTRAL AMERICA

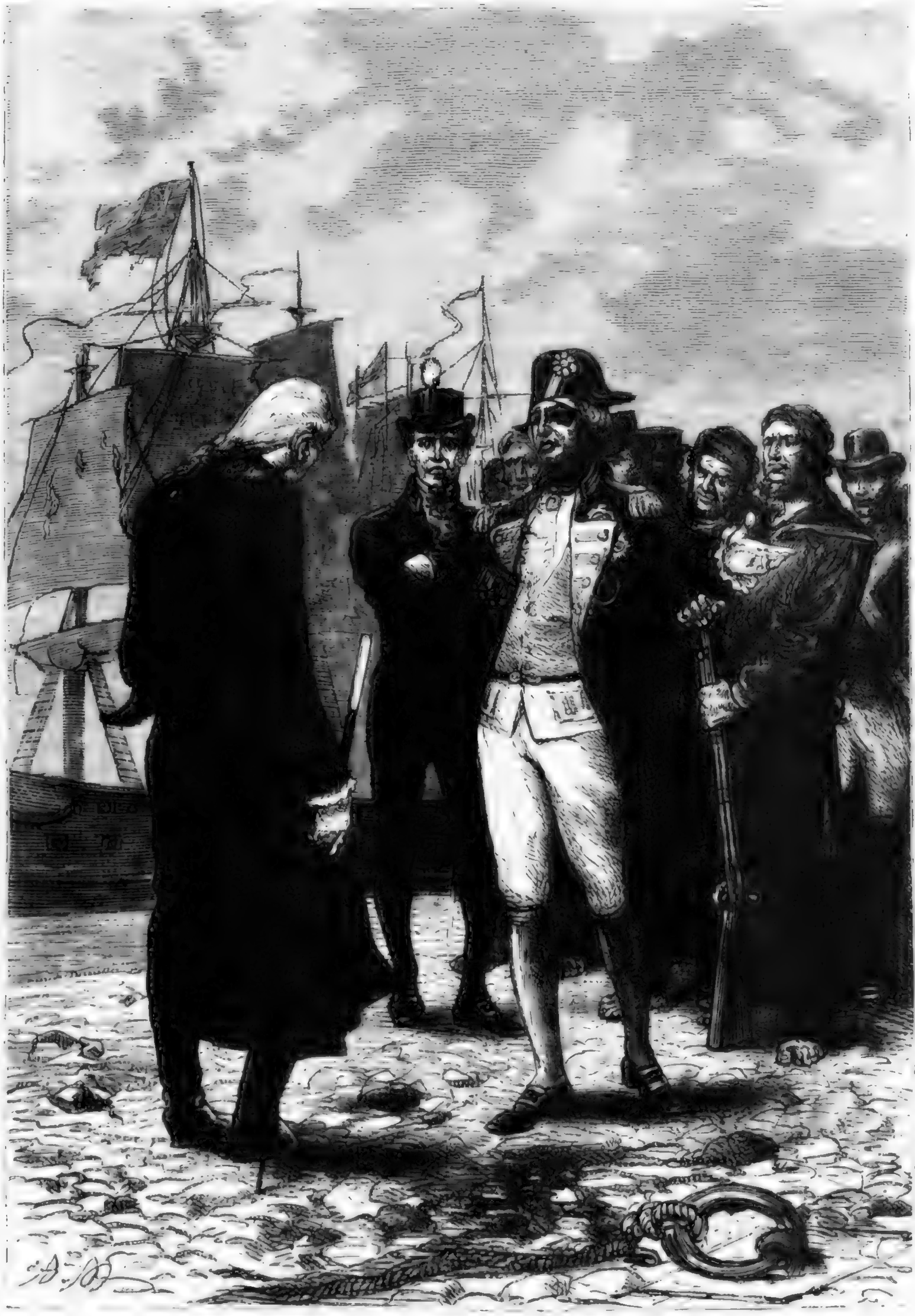
Partially recovering, he was given the command of another vessel, which was sent to the Danish seas, where he remained during the Winter. Then his vessel was ordered to Quebec. The war of the American Revolution was drawing to a close, but there was still a chance of naval fighting in the West Indies, whither Nelson asked to be sent.

One incident in this period has a little personal interest. Nelson had been ordered to convoy a fleet of transports to New York. Off Sandy Hook he found the fleet of Lord Hood, with which was Prince William Henry, soon to be made Duke of Clarence, who was trying to learn to be a sailor. Lord Hood told the prince that if he wanted any information about naval tactics, Captain Nelson was the man to impart it. The Duke of Clarence gave a rather graphic sketch of Nelson as he appeared at their first meeting: "He was the merest boy of a captain I had ever seen, dressed in a full-laced uniform, an old-fashioned waistcoat with long flaps, and his lank unpowdered hair tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length; making altogether so remarkable a figure that I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was nor what he came about. But his address and manner were irresistibly pleasing; and when he spoke on professional subjects it was with an enthusiasm that showed he was no common being."



NELSON RELICS IN GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

But the long war came to a close. Nelson's ship was paid off; he returned to England, and was for the first



SURRENDER OF THE DANISH ADMIRAL TO LORD NELSON.

time presented at Court. "I have closed the war," he wrote, "without fortune; but there is not a speck on my character." He did not for a while apply for another ship, because he was not rich enough to live on board in the customary style. To economize his half-pay, he took up his residence in France. But he soon wearied of a life of inactivity, and in 1784 was sent to the Leeward Islands, in command of a small cruiser on the peace establishment. He remained on this station until 1787, his duties being mainly confined to thwarting what he held to be the illegal traffic which the Americans were carrying on between the islands. He made himself abundantly unpopular with all parties; for nearly everybody had an interest in this trade. A prosecution was begun against him, the damages claimed being laid at £40,000; and for a time he was obliged to keep on board his ship to avoid arrest upon civil process. The Home Government took his part, after a fashion, and ordered that he should be defended at the public expense.

XUM

He had acted over and over again in direct violation of the orders of Sir Thomas Shirley, the Commander-in-chief of the Leeward Islands. Great, therefore, was his disgust when the thanks of the Government were presented to Sir Thomas "for his activity and zeal in protecting the commerce of Great Britain," and with no word of recognition for his own services. "I feel much hurt," said he, "that, after the loss of health and risk of fortune, another should be thanked for what I did against his orders. I deserved either to be sent out of the service, or, at least, to have had some little notice taken of what I had done. If this is the reward for a faithful discharge of my duty, I shall be careful, and never stand forward again."

Still, he was not without some consolations. He was paying busy court to the woman who was soon to become his wife. This was Mrs. Nesbit, the niece of Mr. Herbert, Governor of St. Nevis, a widow of eighteen and the mother of a boy of three years. The marriage took place in the Spring of 1787, Nelson then being in his twenty-ninth year. Some of the letters which he wrote during the courtship are exceedingly pleasant and graceful. "We are often separate," he wrote; "but our affections are not by any means diminished on that account. Our country has the first demand for our services, and private convenience or happiness must ever give way to the public good. . . . To write letters to you is the greatest pleasure I feel, next to receiving them from you. Absent from you, I feel no pleasure. It is you who are everything to me. Without you, I care not for this world; for I have found lately nothing in it but vexation and trouble. God Almighty grant that my sentiments may never change! Indeed, there is, as far as human knowledge can judge, a moral certainty that they cannot; for it must be real affection that brings us together, not interest or compulsion."

Alas for the imperfection of our self-knowledge! Ten years had scarcely passed before Nelson became infatuated with the wife of another, and shamelessly deserted that wife to whom, in the very act of deserting her, he wrote, "I call God to witness that there is nothing in you or your conduct that I wish otherwise." But before those dark days, there were to be years of glory and credit. Strange enough, Nelson never seems to have felt that there was anything wrong in his conduct toward his wife. Through the years during which their liaison lasted, he styled Lady Hamilton his guardian angel. The very last lines written by him were to commend her and their daughter to the care of his country; and among his last words, when he lay at the point of death, were those of fond regard for her.

Soon after his marriage Nelson returned to England and took up his residence at the paternal parsonage, where he spent his time in gardening, shooting and birdsnesting, never for a moment content unless his wife was by his side. So passed four years. Over and over again he begged to be placed upon active service. But the powers that were seemed to have forgotten his great services, and turned a deaf ear to his requests. Over and over again he was upon the point of throwing up his commission. "Not being a man of fortune," he said, "is a crime which I am unable to get over, and therefore none of the great men care about me."

At length, in the Winter of 1791-2, it was clear that war with France was inevitable. Nelson once more asked for active command, even were it only of a cockle-boat. The official reply of the Secretary of the Lords of the Admiralty was curt enough: "Sir," it ran, "I have received your letter of December 5th, expressing your readiness to serve, and have read the same to my Lords, Commissioners of the Admiralty." Almost two months passed, before any further notice was vouchsafed. But Lord Hood and the Duke of Clarence had been busy on his behalf, and on January 30th, 1792, he was appointed to the command of the 64-gun ship *Agamemnon*, which was to form part of the Mediterranean fleet, under the command of Lord Hood.

Nelson took with him his young stepson, Josiah Nesbit, as a midshipman. To him, or to some other one of the young fellows, he said, characteristically: "There are three things, young gentlemen, which you are constantly to bear in mind. First, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your King. Thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil."

It is not easy to describe the doings of Nelson during the remaining twelve years of his life without dwelling at undue length upon that troublous period of European history. When Hood's fleet arrived in the Mediterranean the South of France would willingly have formed itself into a separate republic, in close alliance with Great Britain; but the British Government had set itself against anything savoring of democracy, and the most that Hood could do was to induce the authorities of Toulon to surrender to him provisionally the possession of their city and harbor. Nelson was sent with dispatches to Sir William Hamilton, British envoy at Naples, the special object being to induce the King of Naples to furnish troops to assist in garrisoning Toulon.

Sir William was an elderly man, a very tolerable scholar, and by no means devoid of talents for business. At their first interview he was charmed with Nelson, as most men were. To his wife he said: "I am going to introduce a little man to you. He is not very handsome, but I am sure that he will one day astonish the world. I have never before entertained an officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here. Let him be put into the room prepared for Prince Augustus."

This was the first meeting between Nelson and Lady Hamilton. There was nothing at this time which boded of the evil which was to come. To his wife Nelson wrote: "Lady Hamilton is a young woman of amiable manners, who does honor to the station to which she has been raised, and she has been exceedingly kind to Josiah." He could not have been unaware that she had been raised from a very lowly position; but he could scarcely have dreamed what a degraded position hers had been until within a few years.

Emma Lyon was born about 1760, and thus was two years younger than Nelson. She was the daughter of an unmarried servant-woman. During her early years, we find her a nurse-girl, a shop-girl, a chambermaid to a lady of rank, and at about eighteen a waiter in a tavern. About this time she became the mistress of John Willett, a captain in the navy, with whom she lived several years, and acquired accomplishments which were to stand her in good stead. Willett in time grew tired of her, and made her over to a friend, with whom she soon quarreled. A noted quack, named Graham, had contrived a scheme to gull the public, by imparting the secret of health and beauty. One part of his performance consisted in displaying a beautiful woman, almost nude, as "Hygeia, the Goddess of Health." Emma Lyon played the part of the goddess, in which she made a great sensation. Charles Greville, a young man of good family and some fortune, became enamored of her. After she had borne him three children, he was on the point of making her his wife. His family were opposed to this step—none more so than his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, a man of fifty and more,

XUM

then British envoy to Naples. So much did Sir William take the matter to heart, that in 1784 he went to England in order to dissuade his nephew from thus disgracing his name. But no sooner did the learned Sir William, who had lost his wife two years before, see Emma Lyon, than his wishes took a new turn. She was not quite good enough to be the wife of his nephew, but she was quite good enough to be his own mistress. The nephew was overwhelmed with debts; the uncle was tolerably rich. A bargain was soon agreed upon. Greville's debts were to be paid up by his uncle, in consideration of which Emma Lyon (or Harte, as she was sometimes called) passed over to Sir William Hamilton as his mistress—very much, as we imagine, to her own satisfaction. This half-acknowledged, half-avowed intimacy lasted for some years. A formal marriage was at some time solemnized. Dates here are wanting, but this one thing seems fixed: in 1791, the venerable Sir William presented Emma Lyon as his wife at the Court of Naples. Bad as she might have been in past years, she was in all sorts of ways better than the Queen of Naples, over whom she had somehow come to have the controlling power. Thus matters had been standing for a couple of years at the time when Nelson first saw that "young woman of amiable manners, who did honor to the station to which she had been raised."

The British were now making efforts to detach the Island of Corsica from the French Republic. Siege was to be laid to Bastia. Nelson was sure that with the *Agamemnon* and five hundred soldiers, he could take the place; but the general commanding the land forces declared the thing impracticable, and would not furnish a man or a gun. Nelson was permitted to make the attempt, and was for the nonce made a brigadier in the army. All told, he had 1,000 artillerymen and marines, and 250 sailors. The place was held by a force nearly four times as numerous. The siege was begun on the 4th of April, and lasted till the 19th of May, when the city capitulated. "I am astonished," wrote Nelson to his wife, "when I reflect on what we have achieved—1,000 regulars, 1,500 national guards, and a large party of Corsican troops, 4,000 in all, laying down their arms to 1,200 soldiers, marines and seamen. I always was of opinion, have ever acted up to it, and never had any reason to repent it, that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen."

Nelson was soon dispatched in the *Agamemnon* to co-operate with Sir Charles Stuart in the siege of Calvi. This siege is chiefly notable from the fact that Nelson met with a severe casualty. While upon shore a shot struck the ground close by him, flinging sand and gravel into his face. He thought the matter of little consequence, and reported to Lord Hood that he should be able for duty that same evening. But the sand had hurt his right eye, and the sight of it was never regained. In a letter to his wife he briefly sums up his doings for the last three or four months, and complains bitterly of the scanty justice which was accorded to him: "One hundred and ten days I have been actually engaged at sea and on shore against the enemy. Three actions against ships, two against Bastia in my ship, four boat-actions, two villages taken and twelve sail of vessels burned. I do not know that any one has done more. I have had the honor always to be applauded by my commander-in-chief, but never to be rewarded; and, what is more mortifying, for services in which I have been wounded, others have been praised, who at the same time were actually in bed, far from the scene of action. They have not done me justice. But never mind—I'll have a gazette of my own."

British affairs in the Mediterranean had fallen into a bad way. On land, the French were rapidly gaining the ascendency, and the superiority of the English on the sea was by no means acknowledged. Lord Hood went back to England, and Admiral Hotham succeeded to the command of the fleet. Hotham was a well-meaning man, but wanting in dash and vigor. The French fleet of Toulon was superior to that of the enemy. It numbered seventeen ships-of-the-line, and five smaller vessels, with nearly 17,000 men on board. The English had the same number of large ships, but they were only half manned. The two fleets came in sight of each other, and a general action seemed imminent. A partial action took place, which resulted in favor of the English. This was almost wholly due to the skill with which Nelson manœuvred and fought the *Agamemnon*. Several vessels were taken, and Nelson was confident that if he could have had his own way the entire French fleet would have been destroyed or captured. But the bulk of it got back to Toulon, where it was reinforced so strongly that it was again superior to the enemy.

For several months Nelson was engaged in wearisome duty, his best efforts being thwarted by the incapacity of his superior officers, and of the Austrian and Sardinian land forces with which he was to co-operate. His ship had seen such hard service that she was little better than a mere hulk; her rigging was almost cut to pieces, and her hull was so damaged that for some time it was kept from going to pieces by means of cables which had been passed around it. But a better day was dawning.

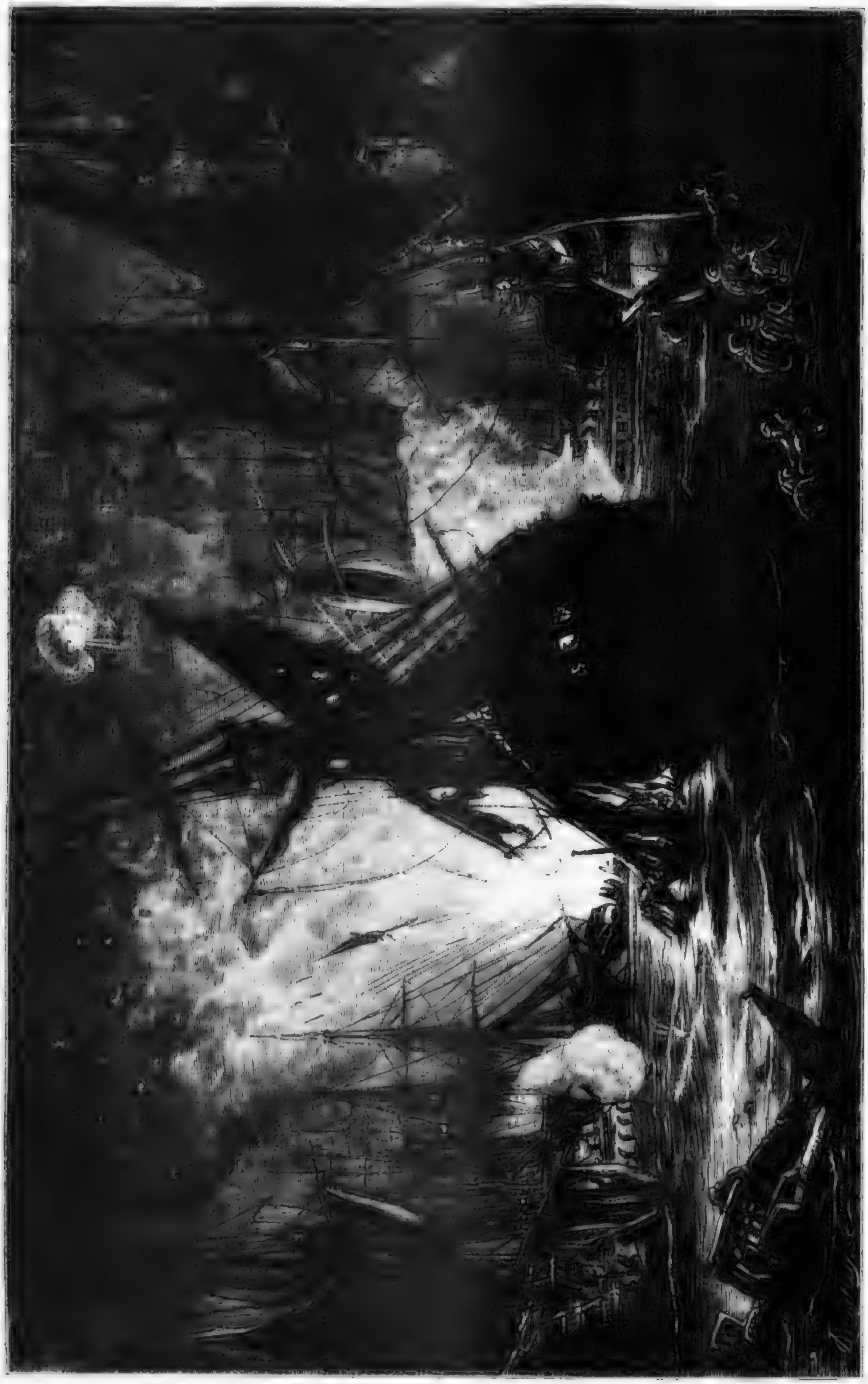
Late in 1796, Sir John Jervis was sent out to take command of the fleet, and he had learned to appreciate the worth of Nelson.

Spain was now the ally of France. The Spanish fleet, to all appearance far stronger than the British, put out to sea, and Jervis, sailing in search of it, came in sight of it on the 13th of February, 1797, off Cape St. Vincent. Then ensued the first of the great naval battles which placed Nelson indisputably at the head of his profession. The Spaniards had, in all, 27 ships-of-the-line, carrying 2,308 guns; the English had 15 ships-of-the-line, carrying 1,132 guns. We shall not go into the details of this battle of Cape St. Vincent. Suffice it to say that the victory was owing more to Nelson than to any, perhaps to all, of the other British commanders. The result was that nine of the Spanish ships were taken, and the others managed to make their escape. Jervis was made Earl St. Vincent, and Nelson, who had just before been raised to the rank of rear admiral, was knighted, and made a "Companion of the Order of the Bath," so that he could style himself "Sir Horatio Nelson."

About the middle of July, Nelson was sent to attack Santa Cruz, on the Island of Teneriffe. The attack was gallantly made, but was unsuccessful; Nelson, while stepping out of the boat, received a shot through the right elbow. His life was saved only by the promptitude of his step-son, Josiah Nesbit, who had the lacerated limb bound up with handkerchiefs, so as to stop the effusion of blood. The boat was soon rowed back to the *Theseus*, then the flagship of the admiral. Nelson ordered a rope to be thrown over the side of the ship; twisting this around his left arm, he climbed the side of the ship, saying, "Let me alone; I have yet my legs left, and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm; so the sooner it is off the better."

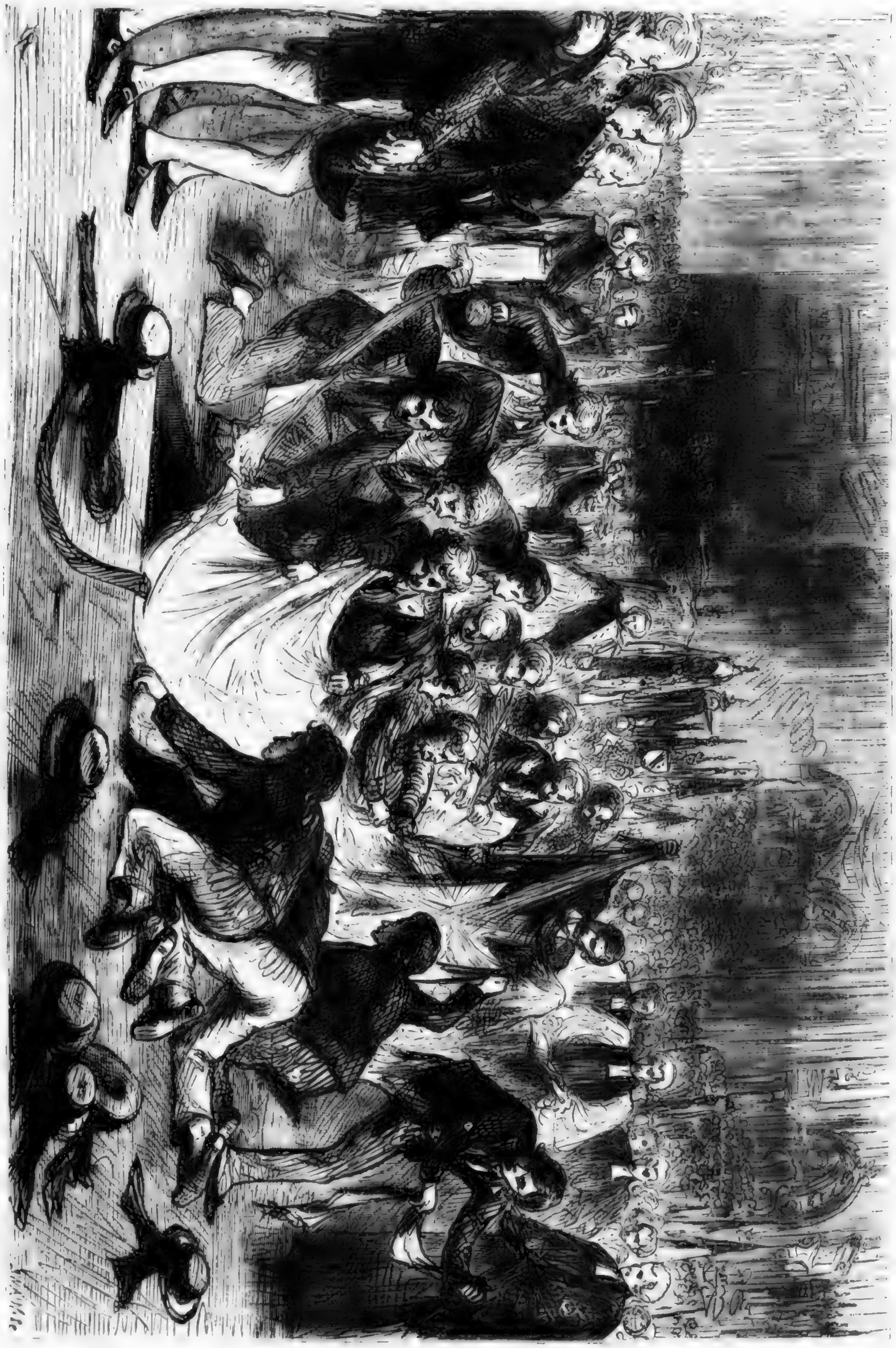
The enterprise was a total failure. In it the British lost two hundred and fifty men. Nelson was bitterly chagrined at the failure and at his own mutilation. To Lord St. Vincent he wrote, with his left hand: "I am become a burden to my friends, and useless to my country. When

XUM



THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

I leave your command I become dead to the world. I go hence, and am no more seen. I hope you will be able to give me a frigate to convey the remains of my carcass to England. . . . A left-handed admiral will never again be considered as useful; therefore, the sooner I get to a very humble cottage the better, and make room for a sounder man to serve the State." To his wife he wrote not quite so despairingly: "It was the chance of war, and I have great reason to be thankful; and I know that it will add much to your pleasure to find that Josiah, under God's providence, was principally instrumental in saving my life. I shall not be surprised if I am neglected and forgotten. Probably I shall no longer be considered as useful. However, I shall feel rich if I continue to enjoy your affection. I beg neither you nor my father will think much of this mishap; my mind has long been made up to such an event."



THE FUNERAL OF LORD NELSON

Nelson returned to England, and had abundant reason to know that he was not forgotten. Congratulations poured in upon him, and he was made a Knight of the Bath, with a pension of £1,000. By the end of November his wound was healed, and he sent a formal thanksgiving to the minister of St. George's, Hanover Square: "An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed upon him."

The year 1798 was a turning one in the life of Nelson. In April of that year he was ordered to hoist his flag on the 74-gun ship *Vanguard*, and join Earl St. Vincent at Gibraltar. His parting with his wife has a pathetic interest. An indefinable dread hung over her. There was good reason that she should apprehend that she would lose him by the chances of war. She could never have dreamed that they were to be separated by his mad infatuation for another woman. Almost the last thing which he said to her was that his own ambition was satisfied; but that he hoped to raise her to that rank in which he had long wished to see her.

We must run rapidly over the great events of the next few months. The French fleet of Toulon, with Napoleon Bonaparte on board, had got clean off, whither bound, no one could certainly know. But everything indicated that its destination was Egypt. Toward Egypt Nelson took his course, hoping to intercept the enemy. He was too quick, for when he got to Alexandria, on the 28th of June, there were no Frenchmen there, and nobody seemed to know where they were, or what they had been doing. Nelson put back to Sicily to refit his vessels, and to make ready for any emergency. People in England began to speak hardly of him, to whisper that Nelson deserved impeachment, and that Earl St. Vincent was culpable for placing so young a man upon a service so important.

Nelson himself was not without more or less of misgiving. "I cannot," he said, "to this moment learn, beyond vague conjecture, where the French fleet are gone to"; but wherever they were, if above water, he would find them out and fight them. He was sure that they were bound for Egypt, "but," he wrote to the first Lord of the Admiralty, "be they bound to the antipodes, your lordship may rely that I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action."

From Sicily, Nelson once more sailed for Egypt, and on the 1st of August, 1798, he came in sight of Alexandria. When he last saw it the port was empty. Now it was crowded with vessels, and the tricolor of France floated from the walls. It was just ten o'clock in the morning. For days and nights Nelson had scarcely eaten or slept. He at once ordered dinner to be got ready, while he gave orders for the battle. When dinner was over he said, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey." The actual position of the French fleet was not in the port of Alexandria, but in the Bay of Aboukir, a dozen miles distant. The battle began at dusk, and lasted until almost dawn. Never was a victory more absolute and complete. Of the thirteen vessels-of-the-line which composed the French fleet, nine were taken and two burned; of the four frigates, only two escaped. The British loss in this action was officially stated at 895; the French loss in killed was 5,225, besides more than 3,000 prisoners, many of them wounded. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene: it was a conquest."

Nelson had no reason to complain that honors and rewards were not heaped upon him. All sorts of potentates and powers thought that the destruction of the French fleet had given them a new lease of existence. It seemed that this victory had shut up Napoleon Bonaparte in Egypt and Syria, whence he could never emerge to trouble the world any more. He was, in the language of the day, a "dead cock in the pit." The Sultan of Turkey seems to have led off in the matter of presentations. His gift to Nelson was a pelisse of sables valued at $5,000, and a diamond aigrette valued at $18,000—the more valuable because it was taken from one of the royal turbans. "If it were worth a million," wrote Nelson to his wife, "my pleasure would be to see it in your possession." The half-mad Paul of Russia sent him a portrait of himself, set in diamonds; so, also, did the King of Sardinia.

At home, honors and rewards were accorded to Nelson. The East India Company gave him £10,000; the Turkish Company voted him a piece of plate; the City of London presented a sword to him and to each of his captains. Government did officially what was thought fitting. Nelson was made Baron of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe, with a pension of £2,000 for his own life and those of his two immediate successors, who it was now clear would not be sprung from him. Many men thought that higher rank should have been accorded to him. He should have been made an earl or a duke. Pitt, then premier, thought that it was not worth while to enter upon that question. "Admiral Nelson's fame," he said, "would be coequal with the British name; and it would be remembered that he had obtained the greatest naval victory upon record, when no man would think of asking whether he had been credited a baron, a viscount or an earl." Nelson certainly believed that the home honors accorded to him were far less than his deserts warranted.

Seventeen days after the battle of Aboukir, or of the Nile, as it is sometimes styled, Nelson sailed back to Naples, which he reached on the 22d of September. The story of the next few months is among the saddest upon record. What need is there now of telling it? Up to that time Nelson had known nothing of Lady Hamilton except as of a brilliant woman who hated the French, and was overjoyed at tidings of any disaster which had befallen them. She received him with more than open arms. From this time began that illicit intercourse between them which forms the one great blot upon the character of Nelson. It is useless to endeavor to extenuate it; there is no need of effort to exaggerate it. No more need be said than that the Court of Naples was utterly profligate, and that Nelson and his paramour were not much worse, and certainly no better, than those by whom they were surrounded.

Let us draw a decent vail over the events of the next two years. If it were lifted, the character of Nelson would be blackened by many a thing which we would gladly wish had never been put upon record, notably that of the judicial murder of Prince Francesco Caraccioli, from the infamy of which no special pleading can free the memory of Nelson and of Lady Hamilton. Southey, who everywhere wishes to think the best of Nelson, does not attempt to shield him here. He writes, sternly and sorrowfully: "Here, also, a faithful historian is called upon to pronounce a severe and unqualified condemnation of Nelson's conduct. . . . Lady Hamilton had the most devoted attachment to the Neapolitan Court, and the hatred which she felt against those whom she regarded as its enemies made her at this time forget what was due to the character of her sex, as well as of her country. . . . Doubtless the British admiral seemed to himself to be acting under a rigid sense of justice; but to all other persons it was obvious that he was influenced by an infatuated attachment—a baneful passion, which destroyed his domestic happiness, and now, in a second instance, stained ineffaceably his public character."

Late in the Autumn of 1800, Nelson returned to England, after an absence of three years. Within three months there was a formal separation between him and his wife. Lady Hamilton was his known paramour; and her venerable husband, now lapsing into second childhood, seems to have accepted the situation, and indeed

XUM

rather to have prided himself upon it. It is a sad story; perhaps the less we know of it the better is it for us.

About this time the Northern Powers, Russia, Denmark and Sweden, entered upon an alliance to uphold each other in maintaining the rights of neutral States upon the ocean; or, as Southey expresses it, "They formed a confederacy for making England resign her naval rights." The naval force of this confederation was considerable. The Danes had 23 ships-of-the-line, 31 frigates, and many smaller vessels; the Swedes had 18 ships-of-the-line, 14 frigates and sloops, and 74 galleys and smaller vessels; the Russians had 82 sail-of-the-line and 40 frigates. All of this formidable force would in all likelihood come into alliance with France in the war which seemed at hand.

The British Government saw its peril, and undertook prompt measures to break up the confederation. A fleet was sent to the Baltic. Everybody supposed that Nelson would be placed at the head of it; but red-tape influence was in the ascendency, and Sir Hyde Parker, a rather stupid admiral, was placed in command, Nelson being second to him. After all, Sir Hyde had sense enough to know that Nelson was in every way his superior, and left matters pretty much in his hands. The story of the attack upon Copenhagen is one which cannot be told at length. The Danes refused to surrender their fleet; and Nelson undertook to destroy or capture it, notwithstanding it was under the shelter of strong land batteries. The action began two hours before noon on April 2d, 1801, and lasted for five hours. The Danish force was practically annihilated. This action was fought upon Good Friday. Nelson thought it the severest one in which he had ever been engaged. The loss of the English, in killed and wounded, was 953; that of the Danes, including prisoners, was about 6,000. The result of all was the breaking up of the Northern Confederacy. Perhaps this would not have taken place had not the Czar Paul of Russia been murdered, and his son Alexander succeeded to the throne.

For this operation, honorable, perhaps, to Nelson as a commander, but disgraceful to Great Britain as a nation, Nelson was made a viscount; "an inadequate mark of reward," says Southey, "for services so splendid, and of such paramount importance to the dearest interests of England. There was, however, some prudence in dealing out honors to him step by step; had he lived long enough, he would have fought his way up to a dukedom." He had, indeed, been made a duke after a fashion. The King of Naples made him Duke of Bronté, and gave him a considerable estate in Sicily. The title *Bronté*, "Thunder," greatly pleased the admiral, and he was wont to sign his name as "Nelson and Bronté."

Poor old Sir William Hamilton wrote a curious letter to Nelson not long after the battle of Copenhagen: "We can only expect, what we know well, and often said before, that Nelson was, is, and to the last will ever be, the first. Emma did not know whether she was on her head or heels; in such a great hurry to tell your great news that she could utter nothing but tears of joy and tenderness. . . . All the company were mad with joy; but I am sure that no one really rejoiced more at heart than I did. I have lived too long to have felt ecstasies. But, with calm reflection, I felt for my friend having got to the very summit of glory—the *ne plus ultra!* that he has had another opportunity of rendering his country the most important service, and manifesting again his judgment, his intrepidity, and humanity." Sir William had overpassed the years of threescore-and-ten. Perhaps he did not care that the siren with whom he had been so discreditably connected, and who now bore his name, was the paramour of his friend, as she had been of himself, of his nephew, and of several others.

A kind of European peace was patched up by the treaty of Amiens, and Nelson went back to England. He purchased an estate at Milton, where he expected to pass his days with his friends, the Hamiltons. His various pensions and half-pay amounted to £3,400 a year; of this, £1,800 had been assigned to his wife, £350 were made over to the widow of a brother and her children, and there was £500 a year to be paid as interest upon borrowed money, so that his net income was very moderate.

The peace of Amiens was of short duration. War broke out again in the Spring of 1803, and Nelson was appointed commander of the Mediterranean fleet. Just before this Sir William Hamilton had died. "He expired," says Southey, "in his wife's arms, holding Nelson by the hand, and in almost his last words left her to his protection; calling him his dearest friend—the most virtuous, loyal and truly brave character he had ever known." In the codicil to his will are the words, "God bless him, and shame on those who do not say Amen." Could the poor old man have known that his wife was the mother and Nelson the father of a child living with them, and known as Horatia Nelson Thompson? Let us pry no further into these household mysteries. Sir William's retiring pension of £1,200 a year died with him. His wife was left destitute, except for what Nelson could give her.

For two years Nelson commanded the Mediterranean fleet, being especially engaged in the blockade of Toulon. But in spite of his unceasing vigilance, the French vessels got out early in January, 1805, and were shortly joined by the Spanish squadron off Cadiz. Whither they were bound, no one then knew. We now know what were the vast designs of Bonaparte. His purpose was to mislead the English into dividing their fleet, sending the squadrons into different waters, and then the combined French and Spanish squadrons were to return to European seas, and convoy the boats which were to carry an army for the invasion of England. He reckoned that if, for eight-and-forty hours, he could hold the narrow seas which girdle the British Isles, the invasion of England would become an accomplished fact.

The West Indies seemed to Nelson to be the immediate destination of the Franco-Spanish fleet. Thither he turned his course, but found that he had been misled. Backward and forward he traversed the broad Atlantic, until, at length, he got something like sure tidings of the whereabouts of the enemy. They had put back again, and had entered the Bay of Cadiz, whence they would be likely to come out before long. He took up a post where they could no longer elude him.

On the evening of the 20th of October, 1805, he came fairly in view of the enemy, drawn up in line of battle off Cape Trafalgar. The opposing forces were not very unequal. Nelson had twenty-seven ships-of-the-line and four frigates; the enemy had thirty-three ships-of-the-line and seven frigates; but these vessels were considerably larger, and carried more guns.

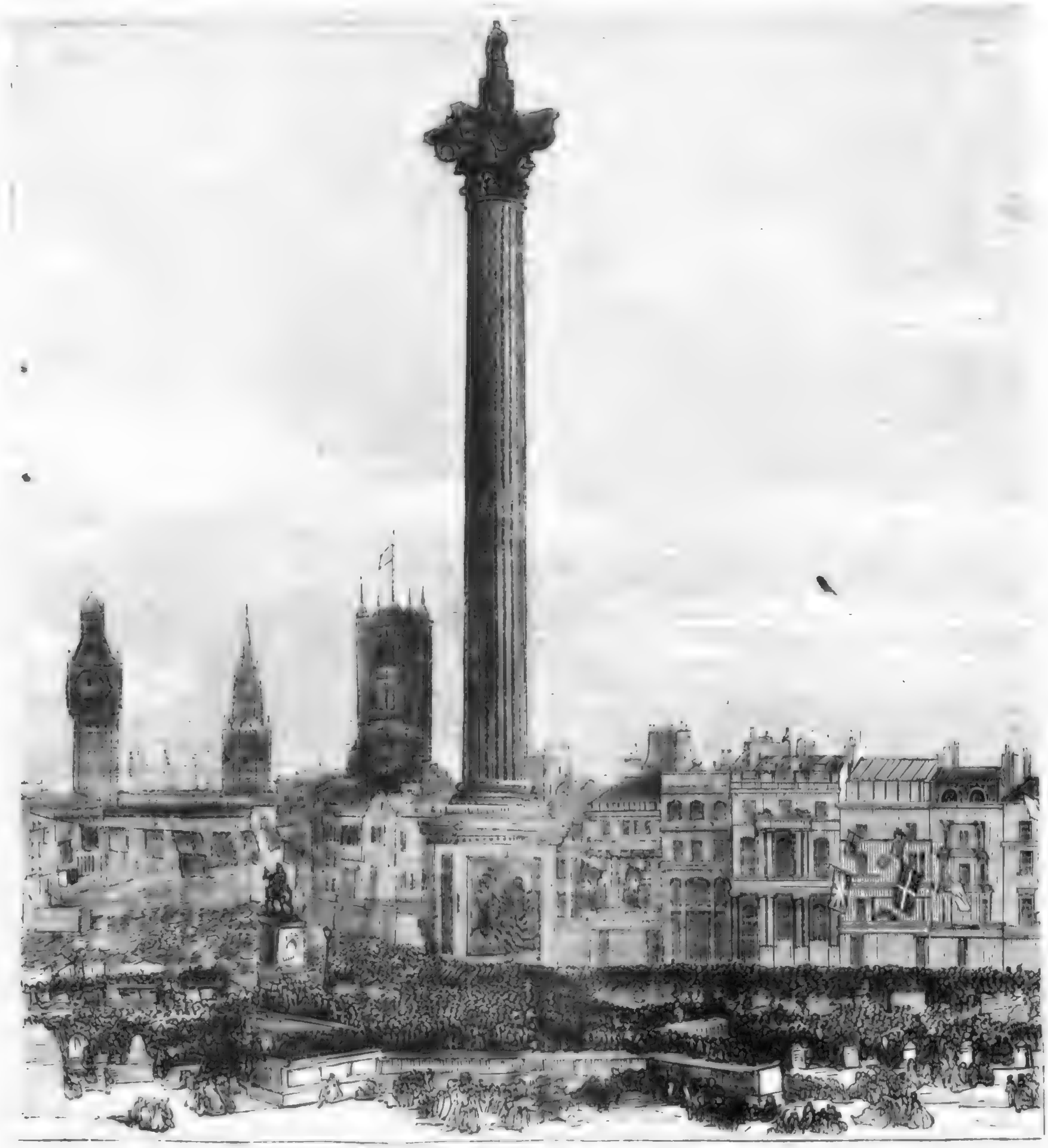
We do not undertake to describe the battle of Trafalgar. The result every one knows. The mighty fleet of the enemy was annihilated at a blow, and England stood undisputed mistress of the seas. But we must try to present something like a picture of Nelson upon this last day of his life. At daybreak of the 21st he went upon deck, scanned the position of the enemy, and gave directions for the order of attack, which was to be made in two lines, one under his own immediate command, the other under that of Collingwood. He then went into his cabin and wrote down a formal prayer for victory: "May the great God, whom I

XUM

worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct tarnish it. . . . I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the good cause which is intrusted me to defend."

The fleet of the enemy now lay about ten miles distant. While his own vessels were bearing down, Nelson wrote a notable paper. In it he commended "Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honorable Sir William Hamilton," and recited the various services which she had rendered, "without receiving any reward. . . . Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave her, therefore, as a legacy to my King and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson; and I desire that she will in future use the name of Nelson only. . . . My relations it is needless to mention; they will of course be amply provided for."

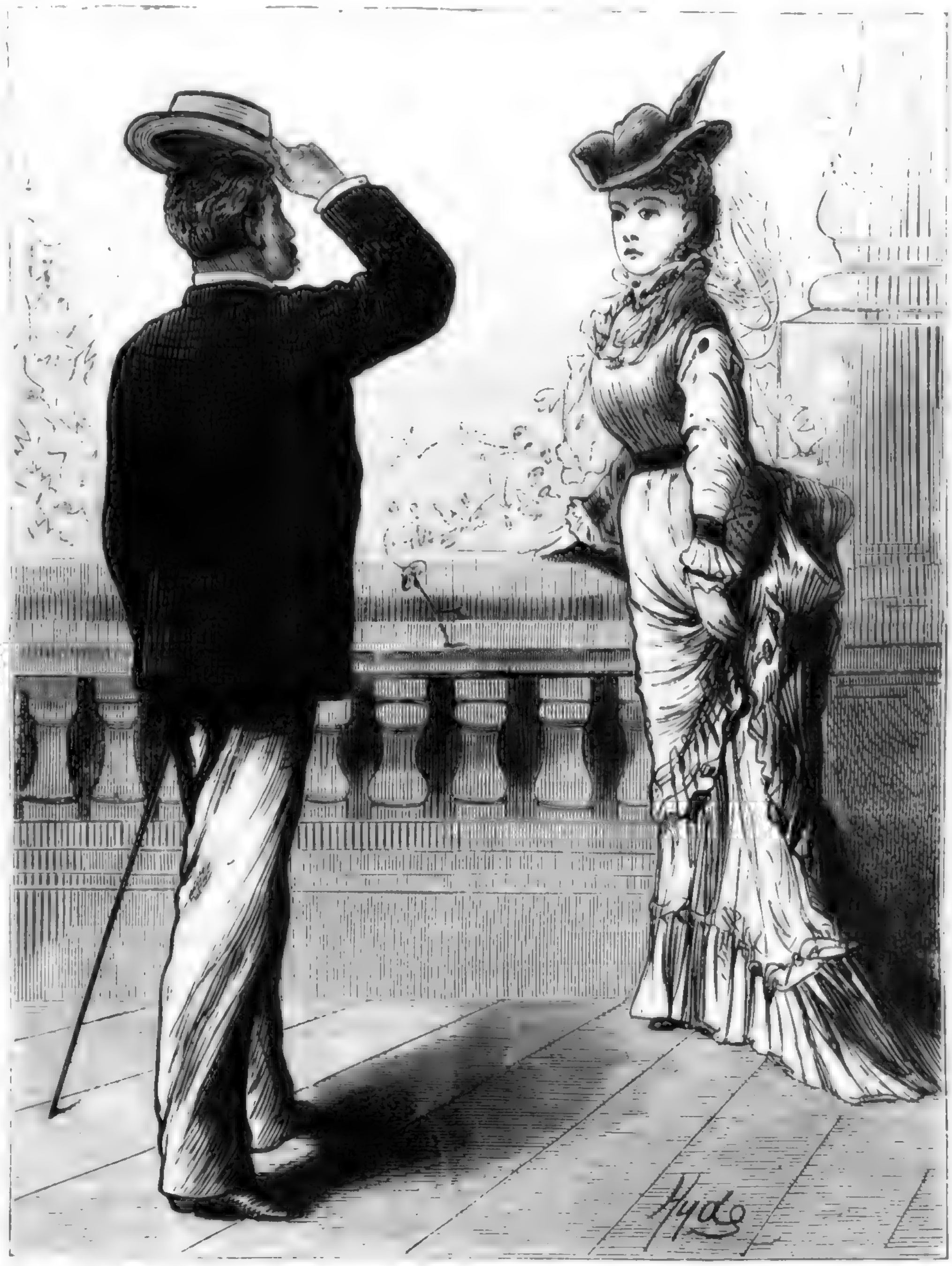
He was confident of achieving a glorious victory, and was sure that at least twenty of the enemy's vessels would be captured. Then he hoisted his famous battle signal—"England expects every man to do his duty."



THE NELSON MONUMENT, LONDON.

The action fairly began at ten minutes after noon. For some reason, and in spite of the remonstrances of his officers, he displayed upon his breast the insignia of the various orders which he had won. It was well known that sharpshooters were posted in the enemy's rigging, and these stars would make him a conspicuous mark. An hour afterward he was struck in the shoulder by a musket-ball, fired from the mizzen-top of the vessel with which he was engaged, at a distance of not more than fifteen yards. The bullet, fired from above, passed downward, and he fell, exclaiming to Captain Hardy: "They have done for me at last—my backbone is shot through." He was carried down into the cockpit, already crowded with wounded. It needed but brief examination to evince that his wound was mortal, but the fact was carefully concealed from his crew.

For an hour and a quarter more, while his life was fast ebbing away, the battle went on. Every now and then a shout announced that one vessel after another had struck its flag. Then Hardy came down, and Nelson asked: "How goes the day with us?" He was told that ten of the enemy had struck, but that five vessels appeared to be bearing down upon the *Victory*. "I hope that none of our ships have struck," said Nelson, eagerly. Being assured that there was no fear of that, he said: "I am a dead man—I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me, Hardy. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me." By this time all feeling below the breast was gone. Being asked if he felt much pain, he replied: "So great that I wish I was dead; yet," he added faintly, "one would like to live a little longer, too." Almost an hour more passed, when Hardy again came down, with news that the victory was complete; he thought that fourteen or fifteen of the enemy's vessels had been taken. "That is well," said Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." He then gave orders that anchor should be cast.



STROKE OAR.—"HE TURNED, HOWEVER, WITH EXCELLENT GRACE, TO SALUTE A FASHIONABLY-DRESSED, MIDDLE-AGED LADY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

His public duty had been performed to the full; and with faltering lips he spoke at brief intervals of his private wishes: "Don't throw me overboard; let me be buried by my parents, unless the King should order otherwise. . . . Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton. . . . Kiss me, Hardy. . . . Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" By-and-by he said to the chaplain, "I have not been a great sinner. . . . Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter, Horatia, as a legacy to my country." Then, after a pause, he murmured something only partly intelligible; but these words were audible, repeated several times: "Thank God, I have done my duty!" Such were his last words. He died at half-past four, three hours and a quarter after having received his wound, at the age of three weeks more than forty-seven years.

The British loss in the battle of Trafalgar was 1,587. That of the Spaniards was never known; but it was far greater. Twenty of the enemy's ships struck their flags. But a gale sprang up; some of the prizes went down; others were driven ashore; one made its escape to Cadiz; only four were saved. The Spanish vice-admiral, Alava, died of his wounds. Villeneuve, the French admiral, was sent to England, and was soon permitted to return to France; but died while on his way to Paris. The French Government gave out that he had committed suicide, in order to escape being tried by a court-martial. Mr. Southey says, but without any satisfactory grounds: "There is every reason to believe that the tyrant, who never acknowledged the loss of the battle of Trafalgar, added Villeneuve to the numerous victims of his murderous policy."

England was fully sensible of the mighty services which Nelson had rendered to her. To him no rewards could be given, beyond a public funeral and a tomb in St. Paul's. But public munificence was showered upon his family. His elder brother, the Rev. William Nelson, was made an earl, with a grant of £6,000 a year, and permission to inherit the Italian dukedom of Bronté. Each of his two sisters received a grant of £10,000; and £100,000 was voted by Parliament for the purchase of an estate. But no attention was given to that dying request which lay nearest to the heart of Nelson. Whether Government should have made provision for Lady Hamilton, may be an open question. Certainly the reverend earl, who, but for Nelson, would never have been more than an obscure clergyman, should not, in common decency, have utterly neglected Emma Hamilton and the daughter of that dead brother. But he did so. The poor woman retired to France, where she died in 1815, in want and misery. Horatia Nelson became the wife of Mr. Ward, a poor clergyman. She lived almost to within our own times; and a few years ago a small public subscription was raised for the maintenance of her destitute children.

PRETTY PUSS.

The slightest of pouts on the softest of lips
Of a little red mouth with its smiles in eclipse—
The least little flash under eyelids half shut,
The least little beat of the least little foot—
Like the thrill of the tigress preparing to spring—
Seem to hint that my Mabel is not quite the thing

I wish I was back in the hansom for choice;
Shall I fight, or, like Niobe, lift up my voice?
Own my conduct was vile—but I've done that before—
Pray forgiveness, and never offend any more,
Or brazen it out? "Yes, I trifled with Jane,
And I flirted with Fan—and I mean to again."

Tableau! But I'll keep on this side of the table—
There's certainly something that's *cat-like* in Mabel;
If stroked the right way you get plenty of purr,
But claws, I've a fancy, lie hid in the fur;
And she looks at this moment as prompt to assail
As the Celt who begged some one to tread on his tail.

It's perplexing. I wish I was back in the cab—
There's something infernally cat-like in Mab!

STROKE OAR.

"*Non sum qualis eram!*" This with a long-drawn sigh and a petulant shrug of the shoulders, as John Darell walked across the piazza of the Grand Union Hotel.

By this line of Latin, John wished to tell himself that he was not what he used to be; in other words, that he had in many respects deteriorated. And this was not an impulse born of the moment, but a conviction which forced itself upon him every hour of the day.

"I was once a square boy," he went on, this time with utter disregard of the classics; "but now——"

"Ah, Mr. Darell!"

The gentleman's reverie was rudely broken in upon, and by the woman, of all others, he was most anxious to avoid. He turned, however, with excellent grace, to salute a fashionably-dressed, middle-aged lady, and to take in his hand, for a second or less, a fat little palm, from whose fat little fingers diamonds seemed to protrude as a matter of course.

"And you were going straight past me," continued the lady, with well-feigned annoyance.

"Quite unintentionally, as you must be aware," replied John, his eyes dropping in spite of himself as he gave utterance to this social whopper; "but I thought you were always to be found at the Clarendon?"

"Not this year," said Mrs. Drummond. "Ray and I both thought we should like to make a change." And now the lady looked sharply at her companion. "And then, too, one has to accommodate oneself to one's traveling companions. Lord Denham prefers the Grand Union."

The most skillful physiognomist could have discovered no change in the young gentleman's countenance; all that was noble and vital in the moral and spiritual man sprang to the rescue, and, with a smile which had neither wounded pride nor a sign of a sore heart in it, he said, simply:

"Present my regards to Miss Ray, please;" and John moved a step or two away. "Our boys are off for practice, Mrs. Drummond, and it is quite time I joined them. Good-morning."

"Come in some evening, socially, do, and have a game of whist; Ray plays just as well as she used to, and Lord Denham is exceedingly fond of whist."

"Thank you, and *au revoir!*" Darell replied, the smile deepening; and as he went his way, Mrs. Drummond felt that her arrows had fallen short of their mark; and worse than this, John Darell had laughed at her.

"Stroke oar" had an added impetus that morning. It had never done its work so thoroughly, and bets ran high for the X. Club. Darell scarcely heard the cheers and compliments of the spectators; he bathed and made his toilet with unusual dispatch, and then sauntered away into the woods to think. To a manly man like John Darell, such a position was most mortifying. One year ago this very month, Ray Drummond was his promised wife. Then he was the anticipatèd possessor of half a million. The day before his death—and the last week of John Darell's stay in Saratoga—his old grandfather had made another will, leaving this handsome property to charity. Such news travels fast, and before John could have an opportunity of conveying this intelligence to his promised bride and her family, he received the following pithy communication:

"Mr. Darell.—*Dear Sir:* We are informed, by unquestionable authority, that your prospects for the future are irremediably ruined. While we sympathize with your misfortune, we must at the same time protect our own interests by annulling the engagement at present existing between you and our daughter Trusting you will find the disappointment but temporary, and many joys awaiting you in the future, Ray joins with us in wishing sincerely, etc. Your friend, Agnes Drummond."

In his wooded retreat on the borders of the beautiful Saratoga Lake, Darell read this letter for the thousandth time. He recalled the many unsuccessful attempts he had made to see the girl who had once professed such devoted love, and the letters he had written, to which no answers had been returned; and now, instead of replacing the note in his memorandum-book, he tore it into inch bits, and watched the pieces float away from him.

"There goes the last reminder of the past," he exclaimed, as the wind bore away the final bit of tinted paper; "and here goes for a little game of quits. I have played the *rôle* of heart-broken lover to my entire satisfaction, and now for a change of programme. Mrs. Drummond is kind enough to name it whist—whist it shall be!"

To some men a change of character is as easy as a change of clothes—not so to John Darell. Nature had endowed him with great steadfastness; he was a most orthodox lover. "Once in love," with him, was "always in love"; and, though obliged to feel that the passion had been entirely on one side, he could no more have stopped loving his unworthy mistress than he could have stopped breathing.

The very next evening John Darell lounged with a motive on the Grand Union piazza. He was soon the centre of a lively group; Miss R——, a sprightly little blonde, had him by the arm, and John, all gallantry and attention, became aware that a pair of prying eyes were looking at the apparent flirtation in wonder.

This was his opportunity. With a smile on his handsome face, he approached his *bête noir*, Mrs. Drummond, and in the most fashionably indifferent manner passed the compliments of the evening.

"Ray and Lord Denham have just gone to Congress Hall. I am very sorry," said the lady. "I have no doubt they will both be disappointed, for we have spoken so much of you to Lord Denham, that he really has some curiosity to see you. You know all Englishmen take great interest in our national athletic sports," she continued, as if conscious of having gone a step too far.

"I wonder if you are aware, Mrs. Drummond, what a fine compliment you have paid our mother-country ?" inquired John, his face all aglow with fun.

"Indeed, no," said the lady, wonderingly. "Have the kindness to point it out to me, I beg of you."

"With pleasure," replied Darell. "What greater praise can be given a country than such a tribute as yours—the ability of old England to keep alive in the hearts of aged men like Lord Denham a love of national sports ?"

John was beginning to enjoy his new character. This was the first time he had ever seen Mrs. Drummond change color. The words she wanted would not come, and before she could recover from her unusual loss of equilibrium her tormentor continued :

"Did you not say my lord enjoyed whist also ? I should be delighted to accept your invitation to play with him, or, rather, against him, any evening this week my lord may please to be disengaged."

"I believe he is wishing for some one to-night," said the lady, still disconcerted. "Would this evening be agreeable to you ?"

"Perfectly ;" and just then the subject of their remarks, a feeble old gentleman, short of stature, and of most diminutive appearance both physically and intellectually, approached the group.

"Allow me, Lord Denham, to make you acquainted with Mr. Darell, a friend of ours, and stroke oar of the X. Club," said Mrs. Drummond, in her politest manner.

"My lord" was inclined to be patronizing, but this did not annoy his companion. He tried to keep his eyes from wandering to the other end of the piazza, where Ray, her regal beauty made more regal by black silk and diamonds, stood quite alone. John knew she had seen him, and on that account had come no further with her aged lover.

My lord expressed himself quite delighted with the idea of a social whist-party, and suggested that Ray should be notified of the intention.

"Allow me," said John, rising ; and in a moment more he stood by the side of the woman who had jilted him, and the woman he loved best in all the world. "My lord requests, Miss Drummond, that you join our party for a game of whist, and that I escort you to your parlor," he said, in the low, earnest tones with which she was familiar.

A very pale face and a pair of blanched lips were turned for a second beseechingly toward him ; then the owner of them said, with a slight, nervous laugh :

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Darell, but you came so unexpectedly upon me, that you quite frightened me ;" and then, after a pause : "Lord Denham seems unusually fickle this evening. I thought he had quite decided to spend the remainder of the evening with some friends at the Clarendon."

Bulwer says "that the great aim of a philosopher is to reconcile every disadvantage with some counterbalance of good. Where he cannot create this, he should imagine it."

This theory John had theoretically indorsed. It seemed to him, however, as he felt once more the light hand of the woman he so ardently loved on his arm, that even with the great disadvantages of his position, there was a counterbalance of good which he would not be obliged to imagine.

He was sure now, for the first time, that Ray Drummond had fully reciprocated his passion, and that she loved him at present with an intensity equal to his own.

Lord Denham chose Ray for his partner, but Darell insisted upon an observance of rules, and, after cutting, the old gentleman had to be satisfied with a *vis-à-vis* in the person of his prospective mother-in-law.

John thought he saw a smile on Ray's pale face as she changed her seat, and he was sure it deepened as the play went on. My lord grew fidgety. With all his skill, and the skill of his partner, they were disgracefully beaten, and the fifth game, which finished the evening's amusement, found John and Ray still victorious.

"I shall bet on your club, Mr. Darell," said my lord, as he leaned back in his chair at the conclusion of the game. "And I should think you would be successful in any game you started to win. Americans do hold on so !" this last more to himself than to his companions.

"We may have learned some fair lessons, Lord Denham," replied Darell, stealing a glance at Ray, whose face was now crimson ; "for you will doubtless agree with me that we have had a most excellent teacher in persevering, thorough-going old England."

My lord extended his hand cordially, and then and there forgave his antagonist. John did not offer to touch the ladies' hands at parting, though he longed—and hated himself for longing—to take Ray's hand in his. He had conquered Mrs. Drummond and mystified Ray. There had been nothing in his manner to indicate the existence of any feeling. That he was sure of. Now he would keep his distance, and while aware that Ray had not changed, he would offer no obstacle to her marriage with the object of her and her mother's ambition.

He had beaten Mrs. Drummond with her own weapons ; but why she should have assailed him at all under the circumstances was a profound mystery. Even though Ray was lost to him, he was, nevertheless, for her own sake and the desire he felt for her future happiness, devoutly thankful that Mrs. Drummond was only her stepmother.

The day before the regatta, and it seemed as if half Saratoga was on a visit to the borders of the lake. The boat-houses were besieged by young ladies, all eager to have a look at the young men who were to participate in the next day's race. Ray Drummond drove out with a gay party. My lord remained on his sofa, husbanding his resources for the regatta proper.

Darell, who had been reading in his pleasant little room, saw the party descend from the carriage and approach the house. Quicker than lightning, he resolved upon a desperate experiment. His chum, who understood the situation, was beside him. Darell sprang and locked the door.

"That party will want to come in here and look around," he whispered to his friend. "You go out, and after a little contrive to draw them away a safe distance ; then tell Miss Drummond, as a secret, you understand, that your stroke oar has met with a serious accident, and you are anxious the other clubs should not hear of it. Say that I am unconscious, and be sure to add that I am alone."

Darell threw himself upon the bed, and his chum, glad to do a service for a friend whose love complications he had been long interested in, unlocked the door, and with a long face approached the party. It was a difficult matter to carry out the programme as Darell had arranged ; but Fate or Providence, or perhaps Chance, came to the

XUM

rescue, and our manœuvrer found himself for a moment alone with Ray.

"Don't think it strange, please," he said, and the rascal's voice really trembled, "that I do not invite you all into the house; but our stroke oar, Mr. Darell—I believe you are acquainted with him ——"

"Yes, oh, yes!" interrupted Ray; "what about him?"

"He met with a serious accident this morning, and we are waiting for the final opinion of the physician before letting it leak out. You know a person may be unconscious a long time, and then rally, and be almost as well as before it happened; and, again, he may——"

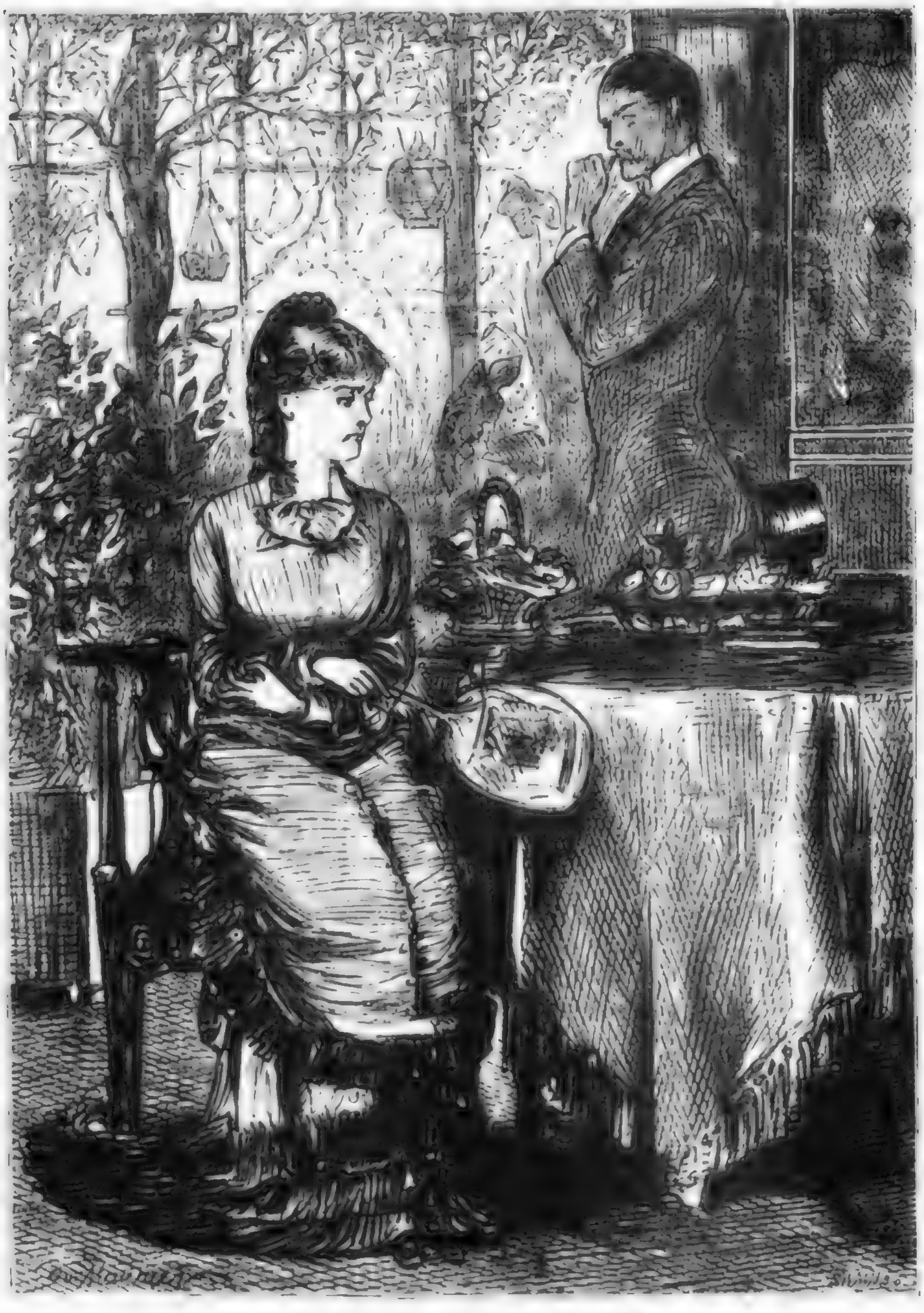
"May die, do you mean to tell me?" said Ray. "Who is with him now?"

"He is quite alone."

For a moment Ray stood irresolute, then she said:

"Go and take care of those people, and don't let them know where I am, if you can help it;" and in a second more the door of the club-house opened and shut, and Ray Drummond was alone with the man she had jilted.

"Oh, John, John!" she sobbed; "is it thus we meet again?" A warm hand pressed his forehead, warm lips touched his cheek.



PRETTY PUSS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 626.

"Oh, if he only knew! Perhaps he will die, and never find out!"

"Find out what, Ray?" and a very loving and a very sensible pair of eyes looked up into her own, and then a strong hand detained her, and, before the imposition was discovered, she had shown him all that was in her heart.

Then John told her of his desperate experiment, caused by his all-absorbing love, and promised never to do it again, if she would forgive him.

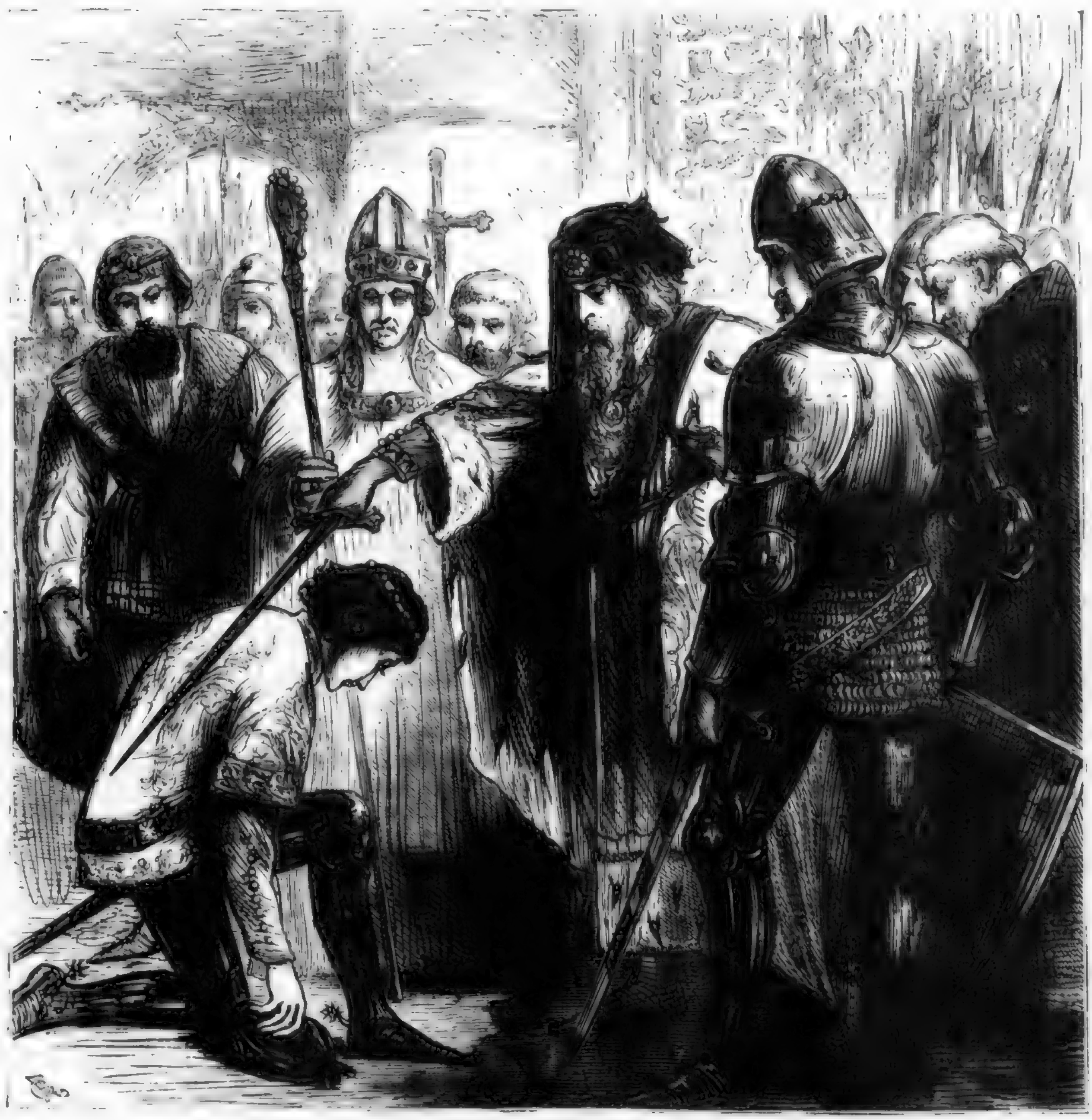
I dare not tell you whether his club won or not the next day, but I do know that on that occasion John had but one trouble; owing to the paucity of clothes worn at the regatta, he had no buttonhole to tuck Ray's flowers in; but they were fresh for the evening's ball, and his Ray was the belle of the evening.

THE KNIGHTING OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

Edward III., pursued by Philip of France, knew that when once he had crossed the River Somme, the cavalry would be sent forward to harass his march; so he stopped at a place called Cressy. He selected a good position, a gently sloping hill, topped by a thick wood; there he drew up his men. The wood covered their rear, and on the flanks he dug deep ditches. The ground he stood on had been part of his mother's dowry; he let his men know that, and thereby stimulated their determination to hold it. The Prince of Wales, called the Black Prince, from the color of his mail, the flower of European chivalry as long as he lived, who was now only in his seventeenth year, commanded the first line, having two old earls to help him; this was his first battle. Two other earls commanded the second line, and the King himself commanded the reserve. Each of the three lines contained about the same relative proportions of billmen, men-at-arms and archers; the latter arm constituted nearly half of the whole force.

The French came on eagerly, secure of their victory. Philip was only afraid that Edward would escape him. He winded his whole army in his hurry to overtake the English; and they were so excited that, when the front was ordered to halt, and stood still, it was pushed forward by the rear right up to the English front. Philip galloped about madly, and at last got a sort of half order established; he, too, divided his army into three lines.

The English had been sitting down in the ranks, quietly eating their dinners, and watching the surging sea of perspiring Frenchmen down below; but their practiced eyes saw the gradual restoration of order, and they jumped up and handled their weapons. Philip put foremost fifteen thou-



THE KNIGHTING OF THE BLACK PRINCE.—"NEVER DID KNIGHT MORE ROYALLY RECEIVE THE ACCOLADE."

sand of his Genoese bowmen. They had had a taste of English fighting before, and at first they confined themselves, as a weapon of attack, to yelling discordantly. Then, when they came near enough, they commenced in good earnest to discharge their bolts. The English archers waited their time; then, when the signal was given, after their wont, each one stepped forward one pace, and drew his bow to his ear. From this moment cloth-yard shafts snowed upon the Genoese. Their cumbrous and ill-jointed armor was pierced. They flung down their crossbows and fled precipitately. Philip was enraged; he cried: "Kill me the scoundrels, for they stop up our road without any reason!" The French knights did this, and cut down the Genoese as they came back.

Meanwhile the English were pressing forward, and began to pick off the French knights as they struggled up the hill, over the down-trodden Genoese. A perfect confusion ensued, the wounded horses plunging madly amid the crowds of Genoese; and Welsh and Cornish men, armed with dirks, skulked into the *mêlée*, and stabbed the dismounted knights. The tumult was at last in some degree abated. A blind man, the King of Bohemia, commanded in the front of Philip's army; he requested his squires to lead him into the thickest of the fight. They ranged themselves thickly around him, and he had knights on both hands. Those next him attached hand-reins to the bit of his charger, and then they all charged abreast upon the Black Prince and his men. Their second line supported them close behind, and the prince was very hard pressed. The Earl of Warwick sent off a knight at full gallop to beseech the King to bring forward the reserve. He was standing at the top of a windmill, studying the progress of the battle. When the messenger came up he said: "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" "Nothing of the sort," was the reply; "but he is in so hot a fight that he has great need of your help." "Tell him, then," answered the King, "to expect no aid from me. Let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined that, if it please God, all the glory and honor of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have intrusted him."

The prince did win his spurs; he held his ground against the fresh men of the French second line, under the Duke d'Alençon, and taking up the offensive, beat them right back on their reserve. That part of the French army, as yet unengaged—for its efforts to pass over the choked and narrow ground had been fruitless—was now attacked by the heroic boy. They were broken and dispersed.

Philip was pitched from his horse, and fled with only sixty companions; thus the battle of Cressy was gained. The French lost in it one King, the blind monarch, twelve hundred knights, and, English historians say, about thirty thousand soldiers. After the battle the King embraced his boy, and said: "Sweet son, you have this day shown yourself worthy of your spurs, and the crown for which you have so nobly fought. God grant you good perseverance!" Never did knight more royally receive the accolade.

A RACE FOR LIFE: OR, THE JUNGLE OF SATPOORA.

By H. D. Smith, U.S.R.M.

It was up the Taptee River, which empties its muddy waters into the Gulf of Cambay, that I met with an adventure which, I think, I shall remember as long as I live. It was during the height of the Sepoy rebellion, when the burning plains of India were drenched with the blood of brave men, fair women and innocent children. Talk about the cruelty of English officers blowing the mutineers from the muzzles of their field artillery! The fate was too good for the copper-colored, treacherous butchers. It is very easy for us on this side of the water to condemn the action of men whose hearts were lacerated with anguish, and whose homes had been made desolate by the very fiends they had nurtured. Think—imagine, if you can, your wife outraged, and then hacked to pieces before your eyes; your children disemboweled, and daughters reserved for the licentious embraces of some besotted despot!

But I am running off my course. I started to relate an adventure of mine which brought me in contact with the devils, and I came within an ace of slipping my moorings.

I was third lieutenant then on the old *Stingaree*, in the full bloom of health and strength, and before we dreamt of such a thing as civil war in our own boasted land. Ah, well, it is all over with now. Many a brave fellow and valued shipmate "sleeps that sleep which knows no waking," and I am well up on the list of commanders, with plenty of gray hairs, a few scars, and the stump of my left arm, which was clipped at Fort Fisher, to remind me of "the bubble reputation."

We had heard on several occasions of the beauties of the scenery ashore bordering along the banks of the Taptee, which skirted the high, picturesque hills of Satpoora, verging in point of altitude to mountains.

There was no garrison of troops near, and such was the unsettled state of the country, the great danger of running foul of wandering bands of marauders, that both officers and men were deterred from going on shore.

But the epicurean tastes of our worthy captain finally overcame the judgment and caution which was characteristic of the man. Thousands of delicious reed-birds abounded along the reedy marsh which lay between the river and the hills, wild hogs and cattle roamed through the jungle, while the far-famed golden pheasants fluttered through the mango-bushes with an air truly tantalizing. Our worthy commander, in a long-drawn sigh, expressed a wish for a brace of the noble birds; the second lieutenant of marines, Bob Travis (he sleeps now, poor fellow, in a shallow grave, hastily scooped beneath a spreading palmetto on Sullivan's Island) and myself volunteered. We were both ardent sportsmen, and, with a faint show of resistance, the offer was accepted.

The *Stingaree* was anchored about midway of the stream, some three miles from the mouth of the river, which position we had taken up to assist the escape of any European who might have slipped through the remorseless clutches of the mutineers, who at that time were in full possession of Delhi and Meerut.

Donning an old undress jacket, I slung my ammunition pouches from my shoulders, loaded my fowling-piece, one barrel of which was rifled, and, jumping into the dingy, was closely followed by Bob, who carried a heavy double-barreled Manton.

"Keep your eyes open," shouted the first luff, as we shoved off, "or the Sepoys will make a couple of vacancies with far less ceremony than the Examining Board at Washington!"

Five minutes afterward we were standing on the muddy bank, the boat returned to the *Stingaree*, leaving us to roam at pleasure.

As I before remarked, the game abounded; bird after bird was knocked over, with the keen zest of a sportsman long debarred from the amusement his heart craves for.

It was close upon meridian, when the vertical rays of the sun warned us to seek shelter. In our wanderings from point to point we had imperceptibly increased our distance from the vessel.

At first we had been extremely cautious, peering behind every bush in the full expectancy of beholding a full-fledged Sepoy; but not a sound, nor the crackling of a twig, was heard, and our apprehensions were soon lulled to rest. So much so, that when Bob suggested an hour's repose amid the luxuriant foliage which crowned the sloping sides of the Satpoora Hills, I yielded a ready assent.

My mouth watered for the juicy orange, the delicious mangosteen, the golden banana or refreshing pineapple.

Skirting the reedy marsh, which was covered with mud and water ankle-deep, we struck into a rocky defile leading into a thicket or jungle, possessing all the magnificent characteristics of tropical verdure.

Banian-trees of immense size towered on high, mingled with the mango, cocoanut and beetur. Creepers and vine-trailers, covered with scarlet flowers, hung in festoons from the thick, interlaced branches, through which the powerful rays of the sun never penetrated. A cool muddar or rivulet crept through the thicket, completing a picture that would almost rival fairyland.

"Halloo, Jack!" shouted my companion, in a voice that would have astonished a battalion. "What the deuce do you call this?"

I hastened forward in the direction my shipmate had taken, while the echoes of his summons rumbled through the rocky cliffs, dying away in the gloomy recesses of the jungle.

Reaching Bob's side, he pointed out to me some stone arches and fallen columns, with scattering *débris* of stone extending back. It was the ruins of some old Hindoo temple, the first I had ever seen, and with no little curiosity I proceeded to examine the curiously carved remnants of stone, relics of a bygone and almost forgotten age.

I do not know what impelled me to glance sharply to my left, where the jungle, dark and sombre, frowned in solemn silence. Crouching behind a pepur-bush, I beheld a dark, supple and fierce-looking native. He was half naked, clad only in a dirty cummarbund, but in his hand I noticed a long-barreled musket, along which his snakish eyes were glancing with an expression by far too expressive to be mistaken.

"Jump for your life, Bob!" I whispered. "Follow me!" and with a single bound I sprang behind a huge block of granite.

Bob, like a sensible mariner as he was, did not stop to ask the why or wherefore, but with an agility very commendable to the corps, followed close in my tracks, while I dashed forward, I knew not whither.

A broken archway of stone, the approach to which was so narrow as only to allow one of us to pass at a time, afforded the only visible place of refuge. We took possession of it, sank to cover behind a large block of granite, which formed a rest for our guns; at the same instant a sudden yell ascended, from the dense, interlaced branches of the jungle, which made my flesh creep, clean fore and aft.

A score of tawny devils sprang suddenly into life, some clothed in fluttering rags of brilliant hues, others nearly naked, but all well armed with swords, tulwars and firearms. The entire absence of uniform proclaimed them at once to be the guerrillas of India—otherwise known as Pindaroons.

Their leader, a huge Mahratta, shouted to his followers to support him as he thrust the tall jungle-grass aside, disdaining all concealment. He paid the full penalty of his rashness by receiving the conical ball of my rifle. The fellow threw up his arms, turned half round, falling heavily to the earth.

A rattling volley of musket-balls pattered around us, a yell of vengeance burst from the Pindaroons' throats, but they wisely refrained from risking another encounter, contenting themselves with the fact that their prey was before them, run to earth.

The sun poured down with fearful intensity, but we dared not relax our vigilance for a moment. We had crafty foes to deal with.

Hungry, thirsty and tired, Bob and myself lay side by side, watching the sun slowly descend the western arch of heaven, occasionally wondering whether our long absence from the *Stingaree* had as yet given rise to any alarm in the minds of our brother officers.

What would not I have given for a glass of iced wine! but there was no tattywallah to drench the hot mattings and cool the air, no punkah, no noisy hubble-bubble; but, stretched on the hot earth, shading the slanting rays of the sun from our eyes, with our cheeks pressed against the butts of our guns, we watched the narrow pass before us, while the shadows increased in length, and from the jungle came the howl of the jackals, the harsh croak of cannibal birds, and the shrill bark of a pariah dog.

The deep shades of twilight rapidly merged into gloom, relieved here and there by fireflies, as they buzzed noisily through the sultry air.

Under cover of the darkness, Bob reconnoitred the rear of our position by making a breach through the crumbling wall.

Covered with dust, and bleeding from innumerable scratches received from thorns and brambles, he regained my side.

"They imagine they have us safe here, like rats in a trap," he whispered, as he wiped the sweat from his forehead; "but we'll teach them a Yankee trick."

And, faith, he did. He was a smart fellow, that same Bob Travis, if he was a marine.

I omitted to mention that one side of the position we held sloped precipitously to the left in the direction of the thicket. Bob had remarked it, and a smile of grim satisfaction lit up his features as he bent his face close to mine, motioning me to pass through the breach.

I obeyed, while he, poising several large stones on the edge of the declivity, bade me be ready to make a rush.

I saw the drift of his plan, and it struck me at once as a good one. I took a hasty glance at the clear, starry heavens above me, saw the Southern Cross gleaming in all its beauty, wondered if I ever would be permitted to gaze at the glorious North Star again; and then came the crashing, grinding and pounding of the stones as they rolled with increasing velocity down the hill.

The bait took at once. A wild, unearthly scream of vengeance rose from the lurking-places of the Pindaroons as they spread through the jungle, while we rapidly and silently clambered over the impediments in our way, gliding toward the marsh in exactly an opposite direction from that pursued by our enemies.

I had taken the bearings as well as I was able, previous to starting; but what with the dark shades of the almost impenetrable jungle, bewildered by the rank undergrowth and occasional hedges of thorns forcing us to turn aside, and even to crawl on our hands and knees, I made but a poor "land fall" when finally we emerged from the forest.

Before us was a narrow strip of hard, firm ground; further on loomed the dark, oozy marsh, while in the distance I caught a shimmer of the waters of the Taptee, as the strong light of the full moon shone full upon the sluggish sheet of water.

A distant shout, a yell of baffled rage and hate, reached our ears as the soft evening breeze swept over the jungle. It was a warning not to be mistaken or neglected, so, grasping our faithful weapons, which were ready for instant use, we left the shadow of the jungle, took to the narrow strip of earth which bordered the salt marsh, and resolutely pressed forward toward the river-bank.

So far as the Pindaroons were concerned, they did not occasion us much uneasiness, for we felt able to cope with them, now that there was a fair field before us. Still we did not linger, but advanced at a good round pace, until an exclamation from Bob, who as usual brought up the rear, caused me to "heave to," and look back in the direction from whence we had come

No wonder Bob turned pale in the ghastly light of the moon, and I—well, I may have been a shade or two whiter than the marine. At all events, there was good reason for it.

Advancing at a gallop, their bright accoutrements gleaming in the rays of the moon, were at least a dozen Sowars, or privates of a native light cavalry troop, led by a sergeant. The gleam of the silver facings on their uniforms was reflected back from the drawn sabres they flourished above their heads, while a savage shout escaped them as they spurred their jaded steeds to increased efforts.

"Now, Bob, we must take a short cut for it, and perhaps we may dodge the Sepoys in the marsh. Hurrah! there flashes the anchor-light of the *Stingaree.* Keep your eye on that, Bob, my hearty, and now crowd on all sail. Follow in my wake."

Turning at right angles, we entered the marsh, splashing through the mud and water, which we sent in showers on all sides. Sinking ankle-deep at every step, our progress was necessarily slow, but the distance to be traversed was shortened by over one-half.

I was fully aware that we had different men to deal with than when we encountered the Pindaroons. The Sepoys would follow us to the bitter end. They were brave as they were remorseless.

A sharp volley from their carbines whistled around us, cutting the reeds and sending an increased shower of mud and water into the air, but, fortunately, no damage was done. The next instant, with a loud "Whoop!" the Sepoys spurred their horses into the soft, yielding ooze, where they sank to their saddle-girths.

There was but little opportunity for concealment, the moon revealing every movement with unerring accuracy.

XUM

I glanced over my shoulder. One Sowar, evidently anxious to distinguish himself and gain promotion, had outstripped his fellows—in fact, he was within easy pistol-range, and gaining every moment.

At that most critical moment, poor Bob, who had been puffing like a grampus from the unusual exertions he had put forth, gave out entirely, half fainting as he sank to my feet.

"Save yourself, Jack; never mind me. I can do no more. Tell mother when——"

"Belay your infernal jaw-tackle! Do you think I am one of your marines?" I muttered, as I stepped in front of him.

A tall tuft of grass partially shielded us from the trooper, who was coming on at a slashing gait, considering the nature of the morass.

I shall never forget that exciting tableau. I was standing astride of poor Bob, catching my breath, and quieting my muscles before venturing to try a shot on the cavalryman. His silver-gray uniform, faced with scarlet, gave evidence of hard service. His dark face gleamed with an ominous expression from beneath his white helmet, from which streamed a horsehair plume. His long sword-blade flashed in the moonlight; the foam-flecked horse, with distended nostrils, floundered knee-deep through the quivering mire, while I brought my gun to my shoulder, sighting along the rifled barrel. The tufted grass waved in the cool night-breeze, revealing the glitter of my weapon, but too late for the Sepoy to escape the doom which foreshadowed him.

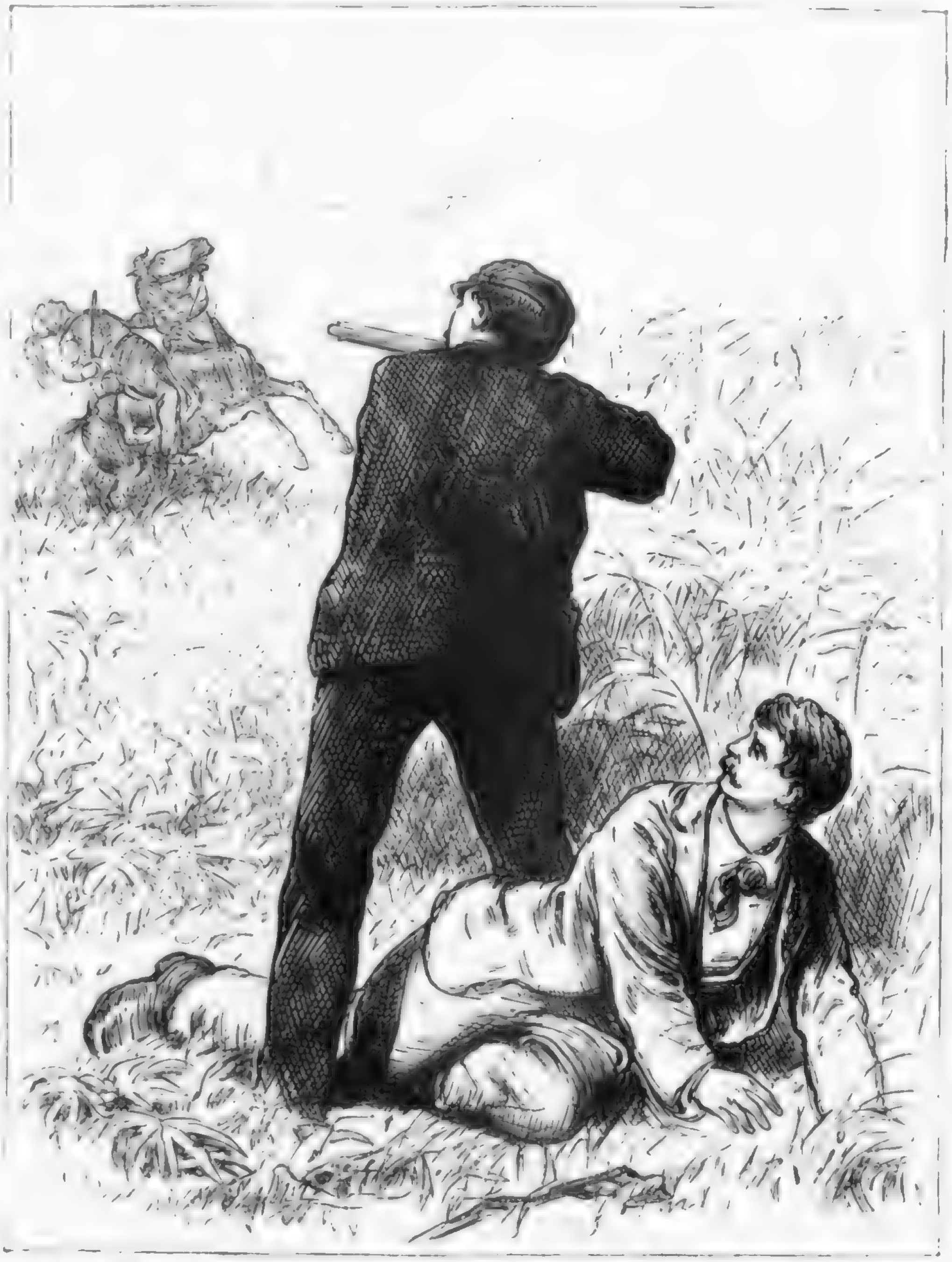
In vain he attempted to make his jaded horse rear and receive the bullet intended for the rider. The sharp crack of the rifle was followed by the death-cry of the Sowar, who fell headlong from the saddle to die in the slough of the morass. The horse, trained by long service, made no attempt to evade my grasp. Bob, by this time, had recovered his feet, but was so weak in his limbs as to be almost helpless. I helped him into the saddle, clung on to the leathers myself, and away we went, drawing a second volley from the incensed Sepoys.

They were within easy range, but the jerky motions of their horses disconcerted their marksmanship—to which fact we no doubt owed our lives.

You may depend my heart gave a leap when I beheld the launch paddling in shore with short, nervous strokes. The oars had been double-banked, and I could see the captain of the gun standing in the bows with the lock-string in his hand.

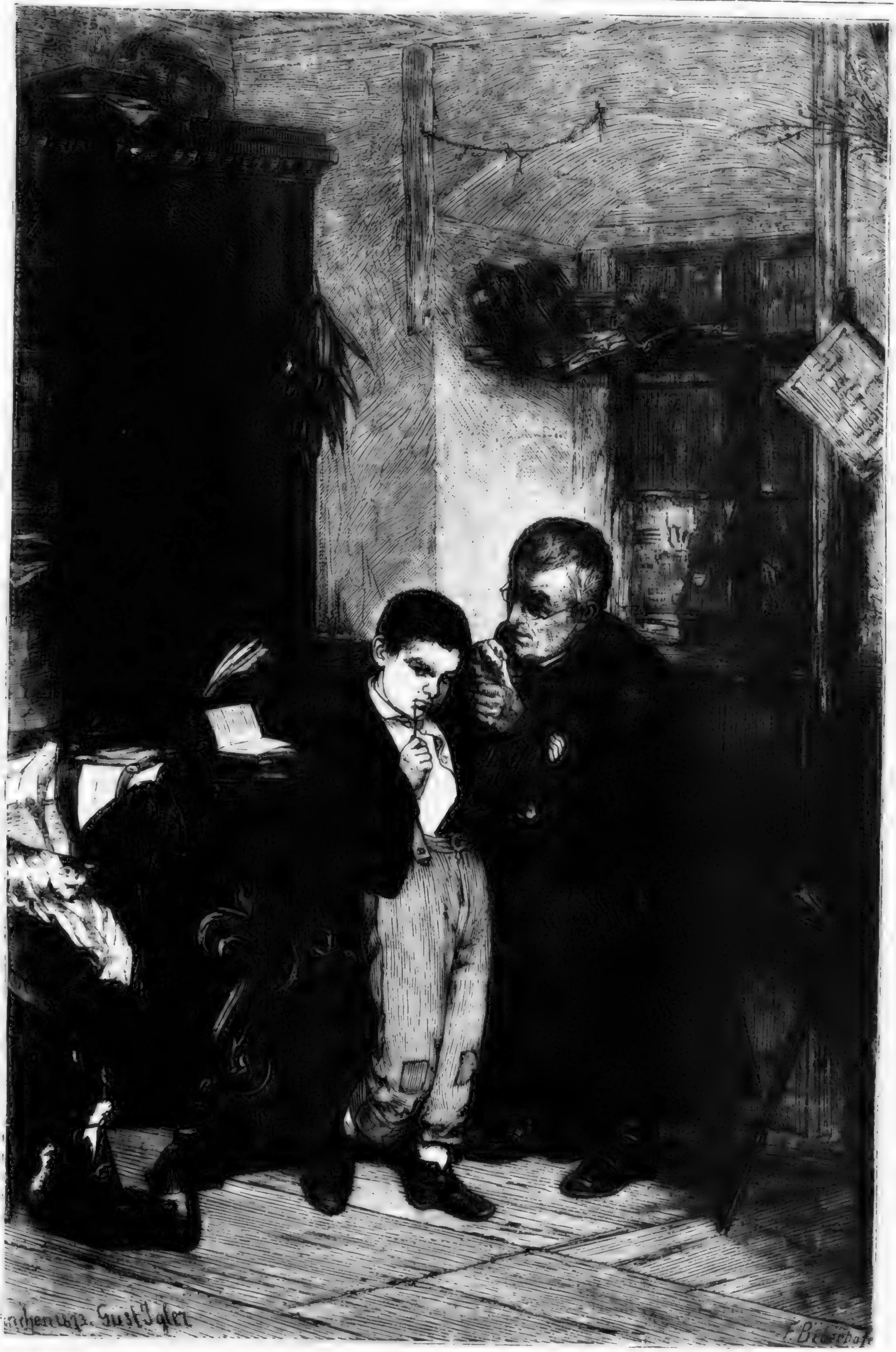
I drew to one side; the hiss of grape and canister greeted my ears with a cadence far sweeter than the music of an orchestra. The Sepoys, or what was left of them, were in their turn flying for their lives, spurred on by the contents of the howitzer following them in the rear.

Well, we were saved, but I never went shooting on the Satpoora Hills again, and the captain—so he said—had lost all taste for pheasants.



A RACE FOR LIFE.—"THE SHARP CRACK OF THE RIFLE WAS FOLLOWED BY THE DEATH-CRY OF THE SOWAR, WHO FELL HEADLONG FROM THE SADDLE."

A PERPETUAL BOUQUET.—A simple method of covering fresh flowers with alum crystallizations is as follows: Make baskets of pliable copper wire, and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves—in fact, any flowers but full-blown roses, and sink them in a solution of alum of one pound to the gallon of water—after the solution has cooled, as their colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold faster than if dipped in a hot solution. When you have a light covering of distinct crystals that cover completely the articles, remove carefully, and allow it to drain for twelve hours.


nchen 1873. Gust Igler
F. Bieberhof

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

XUM

HOW HAILSTONES ARE FORGED IN THE CLOUDS.

By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.S., Etc.

Hail is, in its most perfect form, by no means simply frozen rain. Under special conditions that sometimes present themselves, raindrops are frozen into little balls of hard ice as they pass through very cold regions of the air in their fall. In such instances the hail assumes the form of small round spherules of translucent or absolutely clear ice, of homogeneous texture throughout, and with smooth outer surfaces. All that is necessary for the production of hail of this character is that there should be rain deposited in a warm upper region of the atmosphere, and that this should have to fall through a very cold current of wind beneath. Hail, however, much more commonly presents itself as opaque white grains that look like miniature snowballs rather than frozen raindrops. The form which is, perhaps, on the whole, most commonly seen, and which is familiarly known as sleet, is of this nature. It consists of small white and opaque bodies, not more than one-tenth of an inch across, and not infrequently either soft or hollow within, and incased externally with a coating of hard ice. In all such circumstances the hail is primarily and essentially composed of snowflakes which have been partially thawed, and then frozen again before the liquefaction has been complete. In such cases the snowflakes are primarily deposited in a high and cold region of the air, and then pass, during their subsequent fall, first through a warmer stratum of the atmosphere, and then through a very cold current nearer to the ground.

The most superficial consideration of the physical history of hail at once brings into prominent notice the remarkable fact that, notwithstanding its frozen condition, it is much less certainly and absolutely a production of Winter than snow. It is capable of occasionally presenting itself in the season of Winter; but as a general rule its grandest and most impressive manifestations of itself take place in warm seasons and climates, rather than when and where the reign of Winter has been established. It habitually waits until the earth is clothed with its garment of luxuriant vegetation, and it is quite a frequent visitant to the land of the olive and the vine. It is very common in regions that are of quite tropical heats. It is by no means a stranger on even the sun-scorched plains of India. Sir Joseph Hooker speaks of hail lying as thick beds of ice in sheltered nooks of the Sikkim Himalaya, and in the forest regions which intervene between the mountains of that district and the lower plains. Within the present century hail has been seen knee-deep in the streets of tropical Mexico. It is very common indeed in many parts of the sunny latitudes of Southern Europe. There can be few observant persons who are not aware that the most serious hailstorms, even in temperate climates, occur in the seasons of Springtide and Summer, rather than in Winter. It will be remembered that the hailstorm which, in 1879, left its devastating track in the southwestern precincts of London, and which did so much damage at Richmond and Kew, presented itself there in the approximately midsummer month of August.

Another notable circumstance which also stands prominently out in the physical history of hailstorms, goes very far to account for the fact that they are so generally prevalent in warm seasons and places, rather than in cold. In their most perfect development, they are invariably associated with the occurrence of lightning and thunder. The heaviest and most destructive falls of hail are, indeed, incidental features in violent thunder-storms. It scarcely ever happens that a heavy fall of hail is not immediately preceded by lightning and thunder.

The ordinary forms of hail which are precipitated in connection with thunder-showers in most temperate countries, fall upon the ground with a sharp rattle, which indicates the frozen solidity of the hailstones, but which is nevertheless quite innocent of all mischievous effects. The size of each hailstone is, in such circumstances, so diminutive that scarcely any mechanical result ensues, even when it strikes upon brittle and frail bodies, although it may be moving with considerable velocity at the time. A hailstone that is a quarter of an inch in diameter scarcely weighs more than a couple of grains. But the case is far otherwise when the heavy artillery of the sky is brought into play. The hailstones then fall with a destructive violence that can scarcely be conceived until it is seen. Leaves are stripped from the trees, and frail objects of all kinds are shattered into fragments; even sheets of corrugated iron which are exposed to the direct violence of the storm are riddled into holes. A hailstorm which occurred in the neighborhood of Richmond, London, on the 2d of August, in 1879, although its operation was limited to an area of fourteen square miles, inflicted a loss, in broken glass alone, which was estimated at £30,000. A hailstorm of a similar character which visited the eastern suburb of London on the 19th of May, in 1809, and which was described by Luke Howard, the well-known historian of the climate of London, broke 200,000 panes of glass. A hailstorm which burst over the northern part of London on the 30th of July, in 1826, is said to have been scarcely less destructive in its effects.

The Richmond hailstorm took place during the night which followed the 2d of August, 1879. Distant lightning was observed playing incessantly about the horizon from nine o'clock in the evening, and a little before two o'clock in the early morning of August 3d the storm burst over Richmond and the neighborhood, in the midst of a violent squall of wind, accompanied by flashing lightning and rolling thunder. The chief fury of the storm was experienced between Ealing and Kingston. Hail fell during about ten minutes, and many of the hailstones were so large that they could not be put into drinking-glasses of an ordinary size. Individual specimens amongst them weighed a quarter of a pound. One bolt-shaped piece of ice was picked up at Teddington which was nearly 4¼ inches long. The greater part of the hailstones were, however, from 1½ to 2 inches across, and were molded into the form of flattened spheroids. All the glass which had a northern and northeastern exposure in the track of this storm was broken.

The stones which fell upon this occasion were, nevertheless, of moderate dimensions in comparison with those which are sometimes met with in hotter climates. The illustration on page 636 (Fig. 1) very graphically represents the condition in which the roofs of dwelling-houses are sometimes left after they have been bombarded by stones of such calibre.

The engraving in this illustration was made from a photograph which was taken immediately after the storm. One hailstone which was picked up from the ground upon this occasion was found to weigh nearly three pounds. It is said that stones fell at Cazorta, in Spain, in 1829, which weighed nearly four pounds and a half. The German

XUM

meteorologist, Kaemtz, describes a mass of hail that was reported to have fallen in Hungary in 1852, as measuring 39 inches in two directions, and as being 28 inches thick. In every case, however, where dimensions of this character are concerned, it is tolerably certain that the ice-mass described as having fallen from the sky as hail, is the result of the sudden agglomeration and adhesion together of a more or less considerable number of separate hailstones under the influence of regelation—under the circumstance of the partial melting of the contiguous surfaces of ice when the separate hailstones are violently driven together, and of their immediately afterward freezing together at the surfaces of contact when the pressure of the mechanical impact is relieved. The lumps of ice which are commonly found lying upon the ground after a heavy fall of hail are unquestionably of this character. Instances are well known in which panes of windows have been covered with a continuous coating of hail during the striking against them of a drifting hailstorm. It is quite conceivable that in some circumstances hailstones may even get frozen into a continuous mass when they are violently driven together during their passage through the air by the whirling of the wind. The storm-wind is ordinarily of such force during a discharge of hail that even the heaviest hailstones are carried along by it in an almost horizontal drift. The peculiar sound which is heard on the approach of a severe hailstorm, and which has been aptly likened to the noise made by the galloping of a large flock of sheep over hard, rocky ground, has been referred by some meteorologists to the clashing together of the ice-masses in the air, under the surging and irregular movements of the wind. As will presently be apparent, there is another explanation of at least one part of this sound which is also held to be probable. But whatever may be its source, the sound is, at any rate, one which is so peculiar that it can at once and at all times be recognized by practiced ears as the warning note which is associated with the approach of hail.

There, nevertheless, are hailstones formed in the air as primary and quite independent accretions, which are of very considerable size and weight, and which acquire their full dimensions without any fusion together of separate masses; and these primary hailstones of independent formation are at once to be distinguished by certain features of a very remarkable character. They invariably contain a central nucleus, or kernel, of partially melted and subsequently re-frozen and closely compacted snow. But this nucleus is either incased, or girdled round, by hard, transparent ice of a distinctly crystalline formation; and in some instances the ice-crystals are of very large size, and of the most beautifully regular geometrical forms. Small supplementary nuclei of soft white ice, and of a flattened form, are also not infrequently found imbedded in amongst the outside crystals. The two woodcuts that accompany this portion of the text (Figs. 2 and 3) are very excellent representations of hailstones of this character, drawn to their natural size. They are exact portraits of hailstones that fell during a violent storm in the Thrialeth Mountains, near Bjeloi Kliutsch, a short distance south of the Caucasus, on the 9th of June, 1869, and are, perhaps, the most interesting and instructive pictorial illustrations of crystalline hailstones that have ever been made. These figures are copied from drawings which were prepared at the time by Mr. H. Abich, a Russian gentleman of considerable scientific attainments, residing on the spot, and which were afterward engraved and published in a Russian scientific journal.

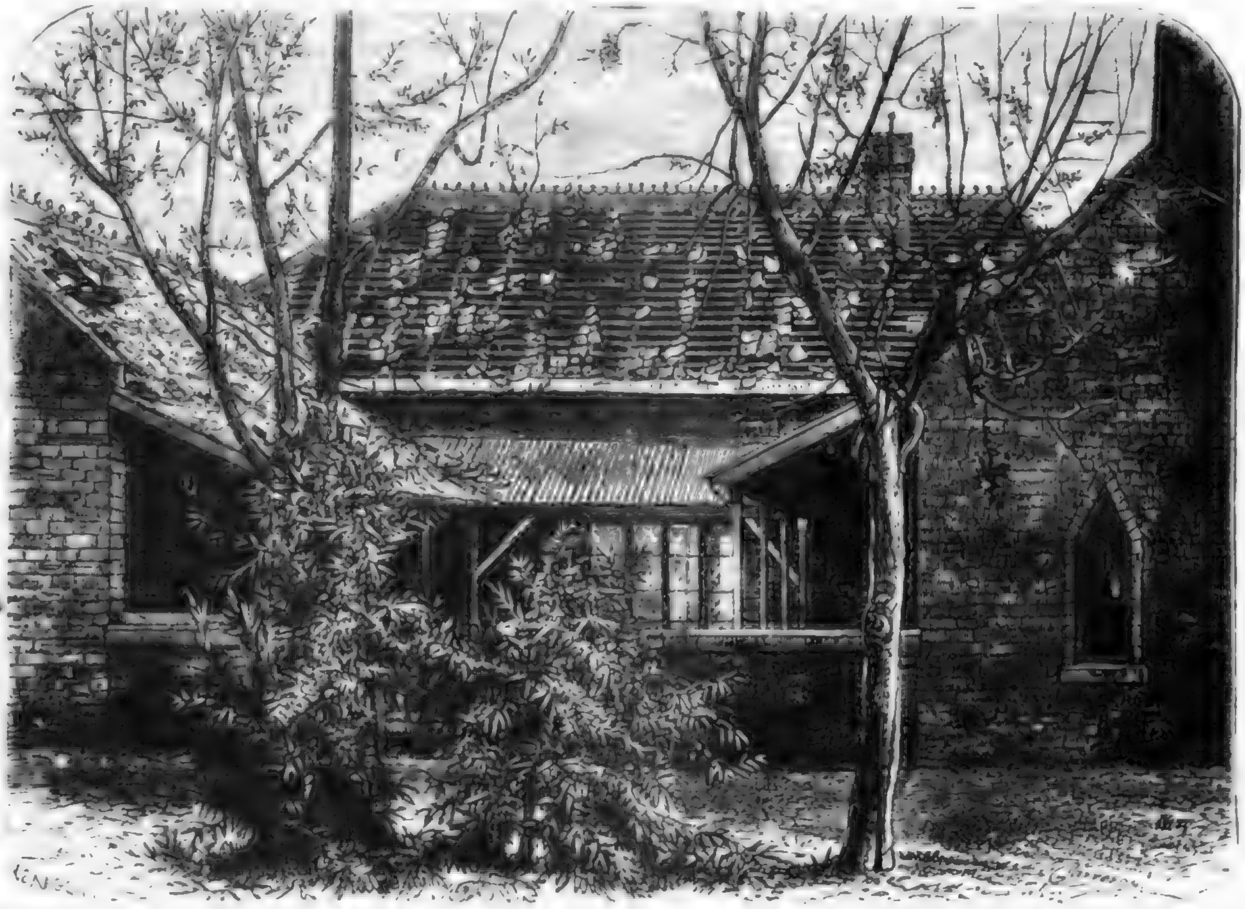
Some of the crystalline hailstones which fell on this memorable occasion were nearly three inches across, and weighed four ounces. The specimens from which these and some other analogous illustrations were drawn were immediately after the storm picked out of an iron vessel into which they had fallen. In all of these instances it was obvious that two quite distinct classes of operations, whether simultaneous or consecutive, had been concerned in the work of construction. In all there was a central frozen mass of tolerably pure white ice, rendered opaque and opalescent by the infiltration into its substance of minute air-bubbles. This mass was, however, most opaque in two parts, in the very middle of the central nucleus and in an outer investing shell; and between this opaque inner kernel and the outer shell there was more transparent ice, marked radially by six spoke-like lines of a glistening hue, and inclined to each other by quite regular angles of sixty degrees. The glistening rays lost themselves gradually in both the inner nucleus and outer shell, into which they passed by their opposite extremities. The entire central radiated mass was nipped in, or compressed, at the sides, and it was surrounded along the circle of largest diameter by a zone, or wreath, of large crystals of bright transparent ice, which were, for the most part, of exquisitely regular geometrical symmetry. Some of these large crystals were quite distinct and isolated from the rest, whilst others were connected by their sides, and, as it were, partially fused together. The greater part of them were molded into the form of six-sided columns, with obtuse rhomboidal prisms capping their ends. But there mingled amongst these other broader varieties of more or less flattened and tabular shape, and often rounded away by incipient fusion at the edge. As a rule, the outward or longitudinal growth of the crystal appeared to have occurred in a plane corresponding more or less nearly with the rim of the wheel-like, flattened mass. But occasionally well-developed crystals appeared also on the flattened sides of the spheroidal mass, and when detached from it, left pits on its surface which corresponded with the completion of the pyramidal forms of crystallization in that direction These large hailstones melted away so slowly that on the morning following the storm there still remained in the iron vessel in which they had been caught a considerable number of them, changed into the condition of clear lenses of ice.

The shapes sketched by Abich derive an additional interest from the circumstance that they closely correspond with an account of the intrinsic mechanism of crystalline hail which was given by Captain Delcros, a French officer of engineers, in 1819, and which was published about that time in a scientific journal by M. Arago. A hailstorm at that period ravaged a large portion of the western districts of France. The hailstones shattered the roofs as well as the windows of the houses, knocked off the branches of the trees, devastated the cultivated fields, and wounded and killed living animals feeding upon the pastures. Captain Delcros had sections cut of some of the most remarkable and characteristic of the stones that fell, and he found that they consisted of masses of compact white and opaque ice, inclosed within cases of clear crystals. Fig. 4 is a copy of one of the drawings in section which Captain Delcros made. It represents a small central nucleus of opaque ice surrounded by a thick coating of bluish ice, marked by radial lines running from the centre to the outer circumference, and yet again surrounded by a coating of concentric layers. This external coat was in its turn incased in a congeries of large crystalline pyramids of clear ice, connected together by a packing of smaller crystals inserted between. The clear crystals, however, constituted a complete case, instead of being limited to a circumferential wreath, as they were in the specimens

XUM

described by Mr. Abich. Hailstones are not infrequently met with in which successive concentric layers of clear bluish and of opaque white ice occur, alternating with each other, as represented in Fig. 5.

These coats, which are arranged over each other like the coats of an onion, have been sometimes familiarly spoken of by observers as consisting of alternate layers of ice and snow. The German meteorologist, Kaemtz, in alluding to large hailstones, says that they are composed of alternate layers of snow and ice, and that they are covered externally by a thick coat of ice. He also states that completely formed hailstones invariably have a snowy nucleus. Large hailstones occasionally assume a distinct, pear-like form, with a protuberance at one side, as if they had enlarged most rapidly in the direction of their fall. Descartes and some other observers held that this somewhat irregular, pear-like shape was in reality due to the hailstones being the fragments of shattered spheres of larger dimensions. This, however, has never been satisfactorily proved, and the meteorologists of the present day more incline to the opinion that the pear-like shape is the natural and original form in which the hailstone is cast.



APPEARANCE OF A SMALL DWELLING-HOUSE IN A SUBURB OF PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL, IMMEDIATELY AFTER A HAILSTORM, JUNE, 1874.

It will now, after this preliminary description of the composite structure of crystalline hailstones, be easy to understand what the chief difficulty is that scientific men have had to contend with in their attempt to explain the way in which these chilled shot of the sky are formed. Crystals of large size, in most other circumstances, are conceived to require considerable intervals of time for their construction. They are so slowly and deliberately built up by the methodical and orderly aggregation of their molecules upon geometrical lines, that the finest crystals are almost universally found to be those which have occupied most time in their growth. But how can there possibly be any deliberate and slow aggregation of the component molecules in the case of hail? A mass of ice weighing three or four ounces cannot be poised in the air like a snowflake, whilst its prisms and pyramids are being deliberately fashioned by the slow and delicate process of molecular attraction and adjustment. The hailstone which is precipitated with the force of a projectile from the air must be the creation of an instant, notwithstanding the cunning regularity and methodical order of its lines.

There is, no doubt, very much that has yet to be ascertained in regard to the process by which these beautiful ice-crystals are fabricated in the sky; but the direction in which the solution of these unknown agencies has to be sought is indicated, in no doubtful way, by one of the characteristics of the hailstorm, which has already been incidentally alluded to—the circumstance, namely, that it is so invariably associated with lightning and thunder. This association, indeed, has been a matter of the most familiar experience from very early days. The first great hailstorm of which there is any authentic record had "fire mingled with the hail," and "fire ran along the ground", as the hail fell to the earth. In the La Braconière storm, described by Captain Delcros, incessant lightnings flashed over a tract twenty geographical miles wide, and extending from the Tyrol to Lower Saxony. In the Georgian storm the precipitation of hail was preceded by lightning and thunder, and the lightnings flashed unceasingly from the clouds as it drifted away. In the Richmond storm lightning and thunder commenced eighty minutes before midnight; the hail began to fall seventy-five minutes after midnight, and the lightning was then still seen for another half hour.

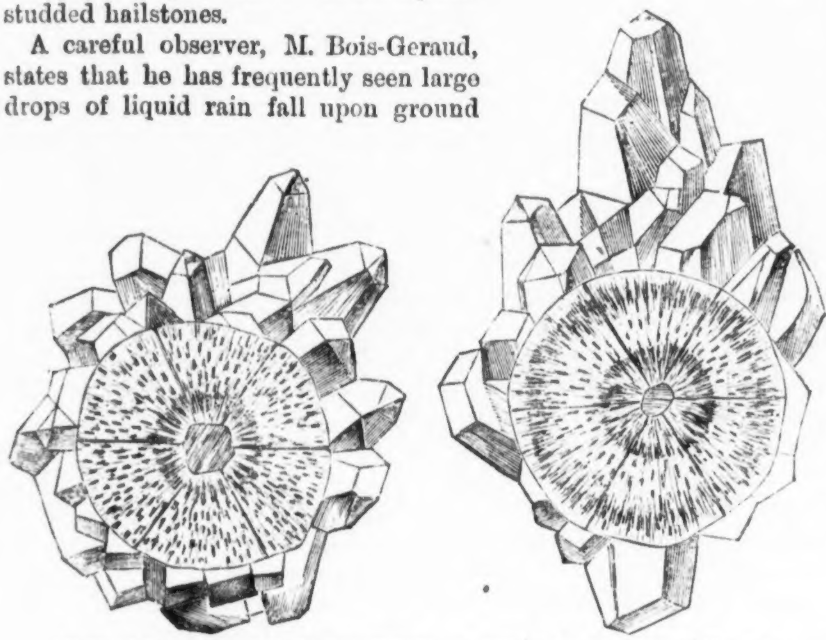
In order to apprehend the full force of this connection, it must be carefully kept in mind that one of the essential effects of a powerful electrical discharge through the atmosphere is the violent expansion of the tract of air that lies in its path. Thunder is incidentally a conse-

XUM

quence of this result. Air does not remain rent, as solid bodies do, after it has been torn asunder by a disruptive operation of this character. The air which has been driven away by the expansion along the track of the discharge, is immediately forced back by the elastic resistance which it meets, and by the superincumbent pressure of the surrounding mobile mass; and the air-particles, in consequence, strike together by a sudden impulsive clash. This is the source of the sonorous vibration which rumbles on into the roll of the thunder. But whenever air is suddenly and violently expanded in this way, it is chilled by the expansion. A large amount of sensible heat becomes latent and insensible with the production of a corresponding amount of cold. In the case of the passage of a discharge of lightning, the expansion is both very sudden and very large, and the cold is, in the same degree, intense. Such, in all probability, is the source of the cold which, in the formation of hail, converts aqueous vapor into aggregations of ice.

Some curious and ingenious experiments of M. Dufour, of Lausanne, which were described in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* for 1861, seem to tend to confirm the idea that crystalline ice can be produced by electrical discharges in this way. M. Dufour caused small spherical drops of water to float in a mixture of almond oil and chloroform, and found that he could then reduce them to very low temperatures without freezing them. But when, in such circumstances, he passed a smart shock of electricity through them, they were instantaneously turned into small spherical masses of solid ice, which had white snow-like nuclei within, and hard transparent ice-crystals surrounding and inclosing the central mass and radiating out from it, exactly as occurs in the crystal-studded hailstones.

A careful observer, M. Bois-Geraud, states that he has frequently seen large drops of liquid rain fall upon ground possessing a temperature considerably higher than 32° Fahr., and converted into solid ice at the instant of contact by the mere influence of the mechanical shock. It is, perhaps, not unworthy of note that the distinguished electrician, M. de la Rive, regarded the whizzing noise which accompanies the fall of hail as being mainly a brush-discharge of electricity; and, in support of this opinion, he cited the fact that thunder generally ceases to be heard so long as the actual deposit of the hailstones continues—a circumstance which is well authenticated, but which some other observers have been inclined to attribute to the roar of the hail being loud enough to smother the sound of the thunder.



CRYSTALLINE HAILSTONES WHICH FELL ON THE 9TH OF JUNE, 1869, NEAR TIFLIS, IN GEORGIA.

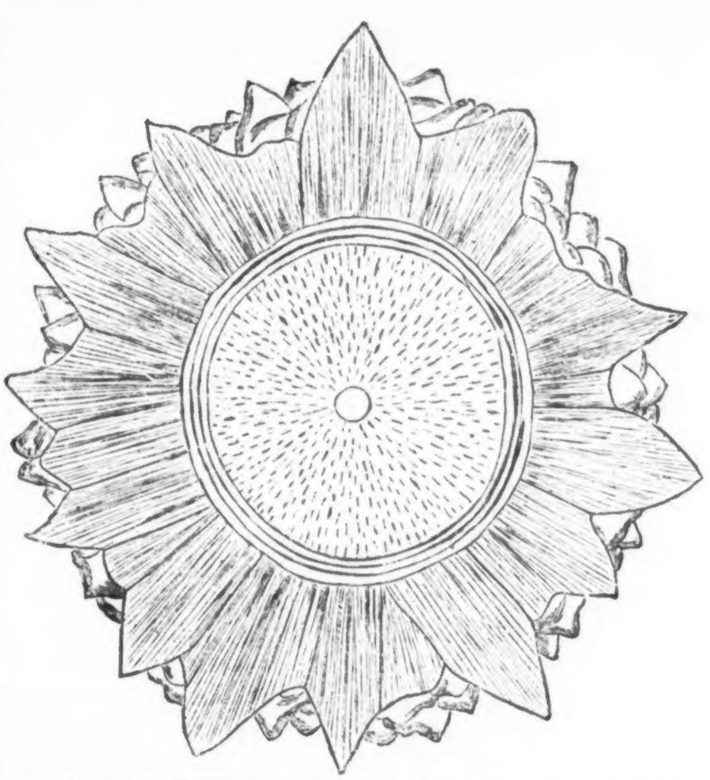
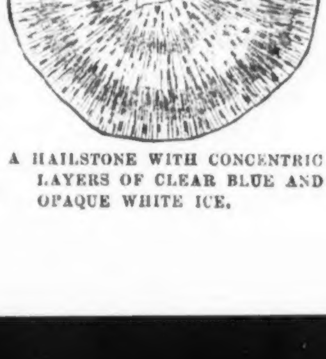


DIAGRAM REPRESENTING A SECTION OF A CRYSTALLINE HAILSTONE THAT FELL IN ONE OF THE WESTERN PROVINCES OF FRANCE ON THE 4TH OF JULY, 1819.

The production of hail, however, requires a copious supply of free moisture, as well as the instantaneous production of intense cold. This condition is very obviously and satisfactorily explained by the fierce conflict of wind which is the never-failing accompaniment of hail. The hailstones are whirled to the earth in the midst of a violent squall, which seems to burst in quick succession from all points of the compass. Hot and cold currents of wind are suddenly driven together, and from the mingling of these currents aqueous vapor is deposited. Sir John Herschel long ago pointed out that an extremely cold current of air must be suddenly projected into the midst of warm air thoroughly saturated with moisture to form hail. The water of the ice-cataract is supplied by the winds, and its cold is furnished by the lightning.

It is almost universally noticed that hailstorms restrict their ravages to comparatively narrow belts of land. In England the devastated area is rarely more than a mile or two miles long, and a few hundred yards broad. The Richmond storm, which was of exceptionally large extent, was seven miles long and two miles broad. Much larger tracts are, however, sometimes laid under contribution in other parts of the world. A hailstorm which passed over France in 1788, and which caused damage that was estimated as amounting to $4,938,000, left the mark of its track from the Western Pyrenees to the Baltic Sea, an extent of quite six hundred miles. It moved over this range in two parallel bands eight miles asunder, and with a breadth of four miles for one of the



A HAILSTONE WITH CONCENTRIC LAYERS OF CLEAR BLUE AND OPAQUE WHITE ICE.

bands and of eight miles for the other, and it traveled at the rate of forty miles an hour. Heavy rain, without hail, fell in the interval that lay between the parallel bands. A fringe of heavy rain almost always attends upon the precipitation of hail. The actual fall of hail is rarely prolonged at one place for more than eight or ten minutes. It will at once be perceived that the belt-like deposit of the hail is a natural consequence of its being due to the mingling of oppositely moving currents of wind. The hail falls where such antagonistic currents overlap at their edges.

Mr. Abich's account of what he observed in the great storm near Tiflis comprises all the main features which characterize the production of these destructive disturbances of the atmosphere, and is, on that account, worthy of being again referred to with some fullness of detail. The three previous days in the neighborhood were warm and still, with a very gentle southwest wind and a steady barometer. About five o'clock on the evening of the 9th of June, a dense obscuration of the sky toward the north and east gave indication of an approaching thunderstorm. This developed itself so rapidly that there was scarcely opportunity, after it had appeared, to find shelter beneath a shed before the storm burst with excessive fury. The storm-wind swept up with "tearing speed," and the gusts came intermittingly from the northeast and from the east-southeast. The flashing of the lightning and the rolling of the thunder were almost unceasing; and then, in a moment, with a roaring, rattling noise, a cataract of hailstones of the size of hens' eggs was discharged, almost with the impetuosity of an explosion. These fell in all directions, and with the utmost diversity of slant, sometimes being drifted along in a nearly horizontal course. It was immediately noticed that the stones were of irregular outline and sharp-cornered, although often broken and shattered by the fall. A closer examination of them showed that the irregularity and sharpness were due to the piling together on the outside of the large and symmetrically formed crystals of transparent ice which have been already alluded to. The precipitation of these large crystalline bodies continued for about twelve minutes, and the storm then swept away amidst the prolonged rolling of retreating thunder and with a deluge of rain. Panes of glass in dwelling-houses were in many instances drilled with even round holes, which thus indicated the great momentum of the frozen projectiles.

It has been remarked that the sky very commonly assumes a distinctively characteristic appearance before the precipitation of hail. The blue color is not of its usual deep tint, and fine threads of cirrus cloud are deposited in the higher regions of the atmosphere. The air near the ground becomes oppressively warm, and the high temperature diminishes very rapidly upward, the thermometer often indicating a lower reading than 32° Fahr. at an elevation of 5,000 feet, notwithstanding a quite insupportable heat below. A powerful upcast of the heated air then sets in, carrying with it copious loads of redundant moisture, which is very soon piled up, as it is condensed into heavy cumulus clouds. The ascending moisture-laden air at last becomes suddenly and intensely chilled, and simultaneously with this the discharge of lightning begins. The higher region of the cirrus clouds is charged with the usual positive form of electrical fire, which is the constant and natural production of the vapors that rise from the positively electrified surface of the sea. But the storm-clouds which are generated in the heated upcast from the land, as was first shown by the distinguished electrician, M. Peltier, are as constantly saturated with *negative* electric force.

This electrical antagonism of the higher and lower layers of the clouds, no doubt, has much to do with the flashings of lightning and the whirlwind commotions which ensue. In the South African colony of Natal, the storm-cloud may often be seen to arise as a small wisp of vapor in the clear sky hanging over the seaward slopes of the Drakenberg Mountains, which then begins to revolve and enlarge until it is matured into a thunderstorm. The discharges of lightning after this occur, and the thunderstorm sweeps down from the mountains into the lower plains. It is well known that hail is sometimes formed in very high regions. M. de Saussure noticed hail eleven times during his sojourn of thirteen days on the Col du Géant, at an elevation of 11,000 feet. The Chamounix guide, Balmat, experienced a hailstorm on the summit of Mont Blanc, on the memorable occasion when he passed a night there; and it is said that hail is continually found beneath the snow on the top of that mountain.

It was at one time a dogma of meteorology that hail does not fall during the night. This is, however, certainly a mistake. It will be remembered that the severe hailstorm at Richmond made a notable protest against this assumption, as it occurred in the small hours immediately following midnight. It is nevertheless true that heavy hailstorms do most commonly take place shortly afternoon and during the period of the greatest heat of the day. The exact time, however, which seems to be most favorable for the formation of hail varies very much in different places. It is influenced to a considerable extent by the physical circumstances which are concerned in setting up strong air-currents. The near proximity of high mountains and deep valleys certainly tends to the frequent production of hail. M. Despine, an Italian meteorologist, who carefully investigated the situations which were most liable to hail in Sardinia in 1840, came to the conclusion that the direction of high mountain-chains obviously exerted a strong influence. All the situations which were most frequently visited by hail held a somewhat similar relation to the high mountains. This, of course, may be looked upon as a natural consequence of the power which mountains possess to inaugurate violent conflicts of oppositely moving winds.

The discovery of the intimate physical relation that exists between the precipitation of hail and electrical disturbance very soon and very naturally suggested the idea that it might, perhaps, be possible to prevent hail by relieving the electrical tension of the clouds through the instrumentality of lightning conductors. Twenty-five years ago M. Arago inclined to regard this notion with some favor, and suggested that the service might, perhaps, be most efficiently performed by sending captive balloons up into the storm-clouds. Various experiments were actually tried in some of the vine districts of France, and a name was invented for the apparatus that was thus brought into use to tap the aërial reservoirs of the lightning. It was called "paragrêle," to indicate its close kinship with the "paratonnerre," or lightning conductor. There is an obvious reason, however, why no anticipation of success from any expedient of this kind can be reasonably entertained. Hailstorms produce their destructive effects not where the electric disturbance originates, but long after they have been launched upon their impetuous and quite irresistible career. What paragrêle could reasonably be expected to produce any appreciable effect upon a whirlwind sweeping along at the rate of forty miles an hour, and dropping its ice-bolts in its path? Hence the paragrêle is no longer regarded with either confidence or hope by meteorological science, although it still has some advocates amongst sanguine enthusiasts.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Domestic Water Motors.—Pygmy motors of small power for domestic purposes, such as driving a sewing-machine, or coffee-mill, have been very ably developed by the French. Two of the best of these are illustrated in the accompanying diagrams. Fig. 1 represents the hydraulic motor of M. Dufort, as seen exteriorly; and Fig. 2 shows its interior arrangement, at one-third of the natural size. It is simply a tiny water-wheel or turbine, 6 centimètres in diameter, and 1 centimètre (rather less than ⅓ inch) in thickness, provided with 20 vanes. The water under pressure enters at A, as shown by the arrow, and passes by the pipe C to the wheel, which it drives round, then escapes at E. The flow of the water is regulated by the rack and pinion B, worked from the outside by the side lever (Fig. 1), which starts or stops the machine. The motor scarcely weighs 5 kilogrammes (11 pounds), and its speed of rotation can be varied between 60 and 18,000 turns per minute. It can be actuated either by compressed air, steam or water. Fed with water at a pressure of 36 mètres, it will expend 250 litres of the same, thereby performing a kilogrammètre of work per second, which is power enough to work a sewing-machine or a small lathe. Fig. 3 represents a motor designed for sewing-machines by Herr Schmid, of Zurich. It is a piston machine with an oscillating cylinder, and acts like a steam-engine, but with water under pressure instead of steam. An air reservoir serves to regulate the working. Fig. 4 shows it installed to drive a sewing-machine, A being the stop-cock for letting on the water, B the inflow pipe, C the outflow pipe, E the brake put in action by the pedal or foot-board of the machine, F the belts or cords for transmitting the motion, and G the fly-wheel. With a water pressure of 25 mètres, and an expenditure of 150 to 450 litres, it can drive two machines at a speed of from 100 to 300 turns per minute. Its weight does not exceed 7 kilogrammes.

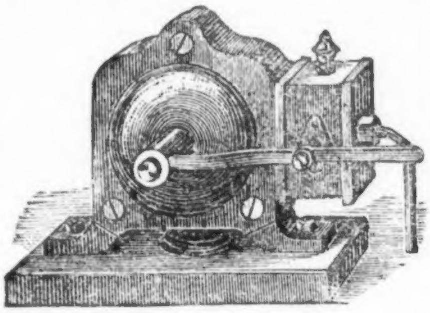


FIG. 1.

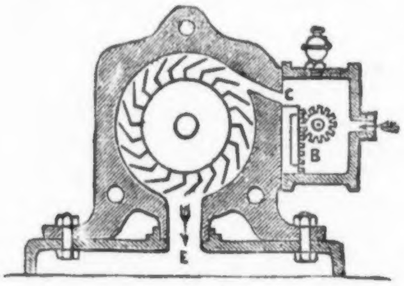


FIG. 2.

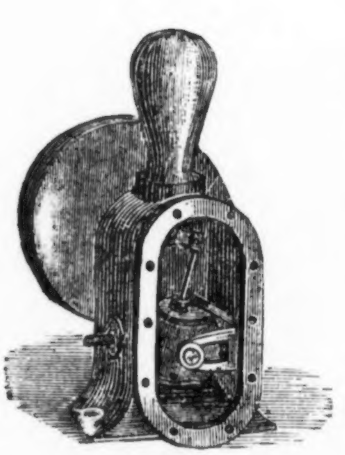


FIG. 3.

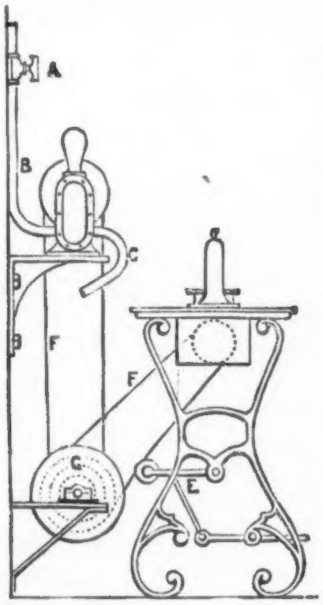


FIG. 4.

Observations on the Course of Lightning.—Professor Colladon, of Geneva, has made some interesting observations on the course of lightning when it strikes trees and houses. He holds that the great discharges which injure trees and houses seldom or never happen while the lightning has an unobstructed course—which it has along the thin upper branches of trees, where birds and their nests are often left quite uninjured by its descent. But it is where the electric current reaches the thick stem that the tree becomes a worse and worse conductor; and it is here, therefore, that the tree is what is called "struck"—*i. e.*, here that the electricity, failing to find an unobstructed channel to the earth, accumulates its masses, and gives out shocks which rend the tree. And the same is true of houses whose lightning-conductors stop short of the ground. Professor Colladon has also shown that the close neighborhood of a pool of water is a great attraction to the electric current, and that the electricity often passes down a house or tree till it is near enough to dart straight across to the water; and he thinks that, where possible, lightning-conductors should end in a spring or pool of water. Professor Colladon believes that lightning descends rather in a shower—through a multitude of vines, for instance, in the same vineyard—than in a single main stream. It divides itself among all the upper branches of a tree, and is received from hundreds of atmospheric points at once, instead of, as has been usually supposed, from one. Electricity is rain—a number of tributaries from a wide surface, not a single torrent.

Imitations of Stained Glass.—On this subject a correspondent writes: "An excellent imitation of stained glass, which, if carefully executed, it is impossible to distinguish from real *vitrail*, and which from its comparative cheapness is suited for adoption in private houses, may be produced by skillful combination of sheets of colored gelatine; the sort used for making cosaques will do. (A thicker sort can be obtained abroad.) Several thicknesses of it must be used, according to the shade desired, or the amount of light which will penetrate it when in position. Different colors should be pieced together, and have a thick boundary of opaque paper to separate them, to represent the lead of real stained windows. The different parts should be shaped and joined, and the lines and hatchings painted in, working over a black and-white cartoon drawing, just as is done in real stained glass works. If gelatine of the desired color cannot be obtained, it may be prepared by coloring dissolved gelatine with dyes, and then pouring it out and allowing it to dry in films on a sheet of glass. The transparency when finished should be protected by being inclosed between glass."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Be slow to anger, but when you get there be quick.

He who aspires to the top will be very likely to topple.

A young man of society, when out making a call, may wear two watches and yet not know when it is time to go home.

"My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little barefooted urchin. "She eats cold victuals, sir."

The man with new tight shoes and an ingrowing nail seems to be the one who is always selected by fate to be compelled to run for a train.

The Pleasantest Face.—The most pleasant face in the universe to a workingman is the face of the clock when it smiles at six in the evening.

A kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt. Always remember that, girls, and never kiss without the mustache—always kiss within it.

"John, how many times have I told you always to eat bread with your meat?" "Papa, how many times have you told me never to do two things at a time?"

A man stole up behind a lady in a dark room and kissed her, and when he found it was his wife, and she found it was her husband, they were both as mad as wet hens.

When a boy is ordered against his will to take the coal-scuttle down-stairs and fill it, it is astonishing the number of articles he will accidentally strike the scuttle against before getting back.

"You don't like to make calls," said an uncle to his nephew. "But you must make calls," he continued; "for there's always pleasure derived—if not when you enter, at least when you come out."

A servant who prided herself upon being employed in a genteel family, was asked the definition of the term. "Where they have two or three kinds of wine, and the gentleman swears," was the reply.

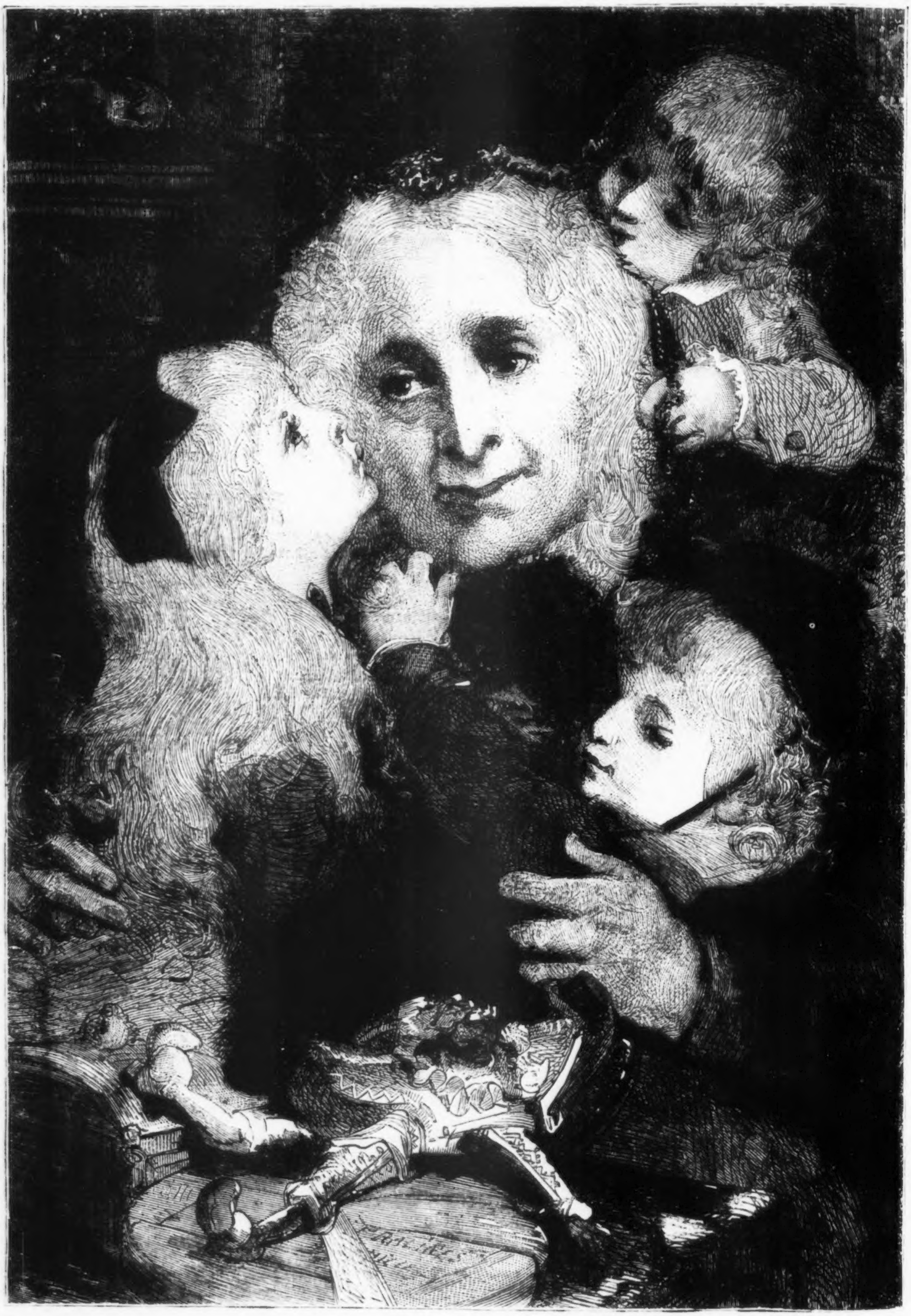
A little boy having been at a children's evening party, his papa was told that he chose the biggest girl to dance with—so asked him: "How old was she?" He said: "I would not be so rude as to ask her."

Two Irishmen were passing some blackberry bushes. "What's these, Mike?" inquired Pat of his companion. "Nothing but blackberries," said the latter. "But they're red, Mike." "Well, Pat, blackberries are always red when they're green."

A judge of much experience says: "I have never had a breach of promise case before me in which the mother of the girl did not know more about it than her daughter. She always suspects the fellow is a rascal, and accordingly gets ready for him."

"Don't waste your time clipping off the branches," said a woodman to his son, "but lay your ax at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his ax at the root of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy—and then went a-fishing. Truly there is nothing like filial obedience.

XUM



DEAR GRANDMOTHER